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THE ART OF LIVING

THE DWELLING

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

I

MR. AND MRS. JULIUS CÆSAR, who, as you may remember, divide their income into parts with mathematical precision, were not as well off in this world's goods at the time of their marriage as they are now. Neither Mr. Cæsar's father nor Mrs. Cæsar's grandmother were then dead, and consequently the newly wedded pair, though set up by their respective families with a comfortable income, felt that it was incumbent upon them to practise strict economy. Then it was that Julius conceived what seemed to them both the happy idea of buying a house dirt cheap in a neighborhood which was not yet improved, and improving the neighborhood, instead of paying an exorbitant price for a residence in a street which was already all it should be.

"Why," said Julius, "shouldn't we buy one of those new houses in Sunset Terrace? They look very attractive, and if we can only induce two or three congenial couples to join forces with us we shall have the nucleus of a delightful colony."

"Besides, everything will be nice and new," said Mrs. Julius, or Dolly Cæsar, as her friends know her. "No cockroaches, no mice, no moths, no family skeletons to torment us. Julius, you are a genius. We can just as well set the fashion as follow meekly in fashion's wake."

So said, so done. Julius Cæsar bent his intellect upon the matter and soon found three congenial couples who were willing to join forces with him. Before another twelve months had passed, four baby wagons—one of them double-seated—were to be seen on four sunny grass-plots in front of four attractive, artistic-looking villas on Sunset Terrace. Where lately sterility, mortar, and weeds had held carnival, there was now an air of tasteful gentility. Thanks to the example of Dolly Cæsar, who had an eye and an instinct for such matters, the four brass door-plates shone like the sun, the paint was spick and span, the four gravel paths were in apple-pie order, the four grass-plots were emerald from timely use of a revolving lawn sprinkler, and the four nurse-maids, who watched like dragons over the four baby wagons, were neat-looking and comely. No wonder that by the end of the second year there was not a vacant house in the street, and that everybody who wished to live in a fashionable locality was eager for a chance to enter Sunset Terrace. No wonder, too, that Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cæsar were able, by the end of the fourth year, to emerge from Sunset Terrace with a profit on the sale of their villa which made it rent free for the entire period, and left them with a neat little surplus to boot, and to settle down with calm minds on really fashionable Belport Avenue, in the stately mansion devised to them by Mrs. Cæsar's grandmother.

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"Mr. Cæsar's father."

Now, it must be borne in mind that a Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cæsar can sometimes do that which a Mr. and Mrs. George J. Spriggs find difficulty in accomplishing. Spriggs, at the time of his marriage to Miss Florence Green, the daughter of ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Homer W. Green, conceived the happy idea of setting up his household gods in Locust Road, which lies about as far from Belport Avenue in one direction as Sunset Terrace in the other. Both are semi-suburban. It also occurred to him at the outset to join forces with three or four congenial couples, but at the last moment the engagement of one of the couples in question was broken, and the other three decided to live somewhere else. To have changed his mind then would have involved the sacrifice of one hundred dollars paid to bind the bargain to the landowner. So it seemed best to them on the whole to move in, as they had to live somewhere.

"It's just a little bit dreary, isn't it?" said Florence Spriggs, pathetically, as she looked out of her bow window at the newly finished street which was not finished, and at the grass-plot where there was no grass. "But I sha'n't be a bit lonely with you, George."

"I wonder if the color of this house has been changed," said Spriggs, presently, as he glanced up at the façade and from that to the other houses in the block, each of which was vacant. He and Florence had gone out after dinner to take a stroll and survey the neighborhood which they hoped to improve.

"Of course it hasn't! How could it be?" said Florence.

"Somehow it looks a more staring shade of yellow than it did the first time we saw it. And I don't fancy altogether the filigree work on the door, or that Egyptian renaissance scroll set into the eastern wall, do you, dearest? However, we're in now and can't get out, for the title has passed. I wonder who will buy the other houses?"

They were soon to know. They were alone all winter, but in the early spring

"Julius, you are a genius."

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a family moved in on either side of them. The houses in Locust Road, like those in Sunset Terrace, were of the villa order, with grass-plots, which were almost lawns, appurtenant. Though less pleasing than those which had taken the more discerning eye of Mrs. Julius Cæsar, they were nevertheless comparatively inoffensive and sufficiently tasteful. Neighbor number one proved to be of an enterprising and imaginative turn. He changed the color of his villa from staring yellow to startling crushed strawberry, supplemented his Egyptian renaissance scroll and filigree with inlaid jewel and frost work, stationed a cast-iron stag in one corner of the grass-plot and a cast-iron Diana with a bow in another, and then rested on his laurels. Neighbor number two was shiftless and untidy. His grass-plot did not thrive, and the autumn leaves choked his gravel path. His windows were never washed, his blinds hung askew, and his one maid-of-all-work preferred the lawn to the laundry as a drying-room. His wife sunned herself in a wrapper, and he himself in his shirt sleeves. A big mongrel dog drooled perpetually on the piazza or tracked it with his muddy feet, and even the baby-wagon wore the appearance of dilapidation and halted because of a broken spring.

"I sha'n't be a bit lonely with you, George."

The Spriggses tried to be lenient and even genial with both these neighbors, but somehow the attempt was not successful. Neighbor number one became huffy because Spriggs took no notice of his advice that he embellish his grass-plot with a stone mastiff or an umbrella and cherub fountain, and neighbor number two took offence because Spriggs complained that the ventilator on his chimney kept Mrs. Spriggs awake by squeaking. Mrs. Spriggs did her best to set them both a good example by having everything as tasteful on the one hand and as tidy on the other as it should be. In the hope of improving them she even dropped suggestive hints as to how people ought to live, but the hints were not taken. What was worse none of the other houses were taken. As Spriggs pathetically expressed it, the iron stag on the one side and the weekly wash on the other kept purchasers at bay. He tried to buoy himself up by believing that a glut in the real estate market was the cause why the remaining villas in Locust Road hung fire, but this consolation was taken away from him the following spring when an active buying movement all along the line still left them without other neighbors. The unoccupied villas had begun to wear an air of dilapidation, in spite of their Egyptian renaissance scrolls and the presence of a cast-iron Diana. To crown the situation the baby of neighbor number two caught diphtheria from being left in its halting wagon by the maid-of-all-work too near the cesspool on the lawn, and was kissed by the Spriggs baby before the fact was discovered. If there is one thing more irritating to the maternal mind than another, it is to have dear baby catch something from the child of people whom you repro-

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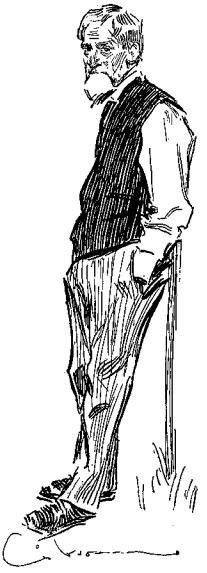
bate. One feels that the original horrors of the disease are sure to be enhanced through such a medium. When the only child of the Julius Cæsars died of the same disease, contracted from a germ inhaled on Belport Avenue, the parents felt that only destiny was to blame. On the other hand, though the Spriggs baby recovered, Mrs. Spriggs never quite forgave herself for what had happened. Before the next autumn Spriggs parted with his estate on Locust Road for so much less than he had paid for it that he felt obliged to accept the hospitality of his wife's father, ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Green, during the succeeding winter.



"In his shirt sleeves."

The moral of this double-jointed tale is two-fold; firstly that the young householder cannot always count upon improving the neighborhood in which he sets up his goods and chattels after marriage, and secondly, that, in case the neighborhood fails to improve, a tenancy for a year or two is a less serious burden than absolute ownership. It is extremely pleasant, to be sure, to be able to declare that one has paid for one's house, and I am aware that the consciousness of unencumbered ownership in the roof over one's head affords one of the most affecting and effective opportunities for oratory which the free-born citizen can desire. The hand of many a husband and father has been stayed from the wine-cup or the gaming-table by the pathetic thought that he owned his house. As a rule, too, it is cheaper to pay the interest on a mortgage than to pay rent, and if one is perfectly sure of being able to improve the neighborhood, or at least save it from degeneration, it certainly seems desirable to be the landlord of one's house, even though it be mortgaged so cleverly that the equity of redemption is merely a name. But in this age of semi-suburban development, when Roads and Terraces and Parks and Gates and other Anglo-European substitutes for streets serve as "springes to catch woodcocks," a young couple on real estate ownership bent should have the discerning eye of a Mrs. Julius Cæsar in order not to fall a prey to the specious land and lot speculator. If you happen to hit on a Sunset Terrace, everything is rose color, but to find one's self an owner in fee on a Locust Road, next door to crushed strawberry and a cast-iron stag, will palsy the hopes of the hopeful.

What attractive, roomy, tasteful affairs many of these semi-suburban villas, which are built nowadays on the new Roads, Terraces, Parks, Gates, and even Streets, are to be sure. There are plenty of homely ones too, but it is a simple matter to avoid the Egyptian renaissance scroll, and the inlaid jewel work and stained-glass bull's eyes if one only will. They seem to be affording to many a happy solution of the ever new and ever old problem, which presents itself to every man who is about to take a wife, whether it is preferable to live in the city or the country. These new suburbs, or rather outlying wards of our large cities, which have been carved out of what, not many years ago, was real country where cows browsed and woods flourished, must be very alluring to people who would fain live out of town and still be in it. When, by stepping on an electric car or taking the train, you can, within a quarter of an hour, be on your own piazza inhaling fresh air and privileged to feast your eyes on a half acre or less of greensward belonging to yourself, there would seem to be strong inducements for refusing to settle down in a stuffy, smoky, dusty, wire-pestered city street, however fashionable. Rapid transit has made or is making the environs of our cities so accessible that the time-honored problem presents itself under different conditions than

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formerly. There is no such thing now as the real country for anybody who is not prepared to spend an hour in the train. Even then one is liable to encounter asphalt walks and a Soldier's monument in the course of a sylvan stroll. But the intervening territory is ample and alluring.

For one-half the rent demanded for a town house of meagre dimensions in the middle of a block, with no outlook whatever, new, spacious, airy, ornamental homes with a plot of land and a pleasing view attached, are to be had for the seeking within easy living distance from nearly every large city. When I begin to rhapsodize, as I sometimes do, I am apt to ask myself why it is that anybody continues to live in town. It was only the other day that I happened, while driving with my wife in the suburbs, to call her attention, en-

"He looked tired — he always does."

thusiastically, to the new house which Perkins has secured for himself. You may remember that Perkins is the thin nervous lawyer with four daughters, who is solicitous as to what will become of them when he is dead. We drove by just as he came up the avenue from the station, which is only a three minutes' walk from the house. He looked tired — he always does — but there was already a fresh jauntiness in his tread as though he sniffed ozone. He looked up at the new house complacently, as well he might, for it is large enough even for four daughters, and has all the engaging impressiveness of a not too quaintly proportioned and not too abnormally stained modern villa, a highly evolved composite of an old colonial mansion, a Queen Anne cottage and a French château. Before he reached the front door, two of his daughters ran out to embrace him and relieve him of his bag and bundles, and a half-hour later, as we drove back, he was playing lawn-tennis with three of his girls, in a white blazer with pink stripes and knickerbockers, which gave his thin and eminently respectable figure a rather rakish air.

"Barbara," I said to my wife, "why isn't Perkins doing the sensible thing? That's a charming house, double the size he could get for the same money in town—and the rent is eight hundred or a thousand dollars instead of fifteen hundred or two thousand. He needs fewer servants out here, for the parlor-maid isn't kept on tenter-hooks to answer the door-bell, and there is fresh air to come back to at night, and the means for outdoor exercise on his own or his neighbor's lawn, which for a nervous, thin-chested, sedentary man like Perkins is better than cod-liver oil. Think what robust specimens those daughters should be with such opportunities for tennis, golf, skating, and bicycling. On Sundays and holidays, if the spirit moves him and his wife and the girls to start off on an exploring expedition, they are not obliged to take a train or pound over dusty pavements before they begin; the wild flowers and autumn foliage and chestnut-burrs are all to be had in the woods and glens within a mile or two of their own home. Or if he needs to be undisturbed, no noise, no interruption, but nine hours sleep and an atmosphere suited to rest and contemplation on his piazza or by his cheerful, tasteful fireside. Why isn't this preferable to the artificial, restless life of the city?"

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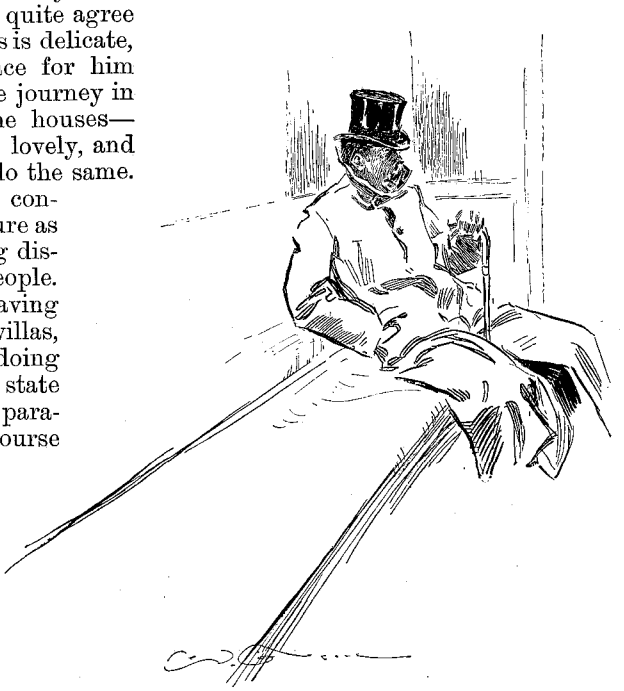
"And yet," said Barbara, "I have heard you state that only a rich man can afford to live in the country."

Women certainly delight to store up remarks made in quite another connection, and use them as random arguments against us.

"My dear Barbara," said I, "this is not the country. Of course in the real country, one needs so many things to be comfortable nowadays — a large house, stables, horses, and what not— it has always seemed to me that a poor man with social or cultivated instincts had better stay in town. But have not Perkins and these other semi-suburbanites hit the happy medium? They have railroads or electric cars at their doors, and yet they can get real barn-yard smells."

"I doubt if they can," said Barbara. "That is, unless they start a barn-yard for the purpose, and that would bring the health authorities down upon them at once. If this *were* the country, I could entirely thrill at the description you have just given of your friend Mr. Perkins. The real country is divine; but this is oleomargarine country. On the other hand, however, I quite agree with you that if Mr. Perkins is delicate, this is a far healthier place for him than the city, in spite of the journey in the train twice a day. The houses— his house in particular, are lovely, and I dare say we all ought to do the same. He can certainly come in contact with nature—such nature as there is left within walking distance — easier than city people. But to console me for not having one of these new, roomy villas, and to prevent you from doing anything rash, I may as well state a few objections to your paradise. As to expense, of course there is a saving in rent, and it is true that the parlor-maid does not have to answer the door-bell so often, and accordingly can do other things instead. Consequently, too, Mrs. Perkins and the four girls may get into the habit of going about untidy and in their old clothes. A dowdy girl with rosy cheeks and a fine constitution is a pitiable object in this age of feminine progress. Mr. Perkins will have to look out for this, and he may require cod-liver oil after all. Then there is the question of schools. In many of these semi-suburban paradises there are no desirable schools, especially for girls, which necessitates perpetual coming and going on trains and cars, and will make education a wearisome thing, especially for Mrs. Perkins. She will find, too, that her servants are not so partial to wild flowers and chestnut-burrs and fresh air as her husband and daughters. Only the inexperienced will apply, and they will come to her reluctantly, and as soon as she has accustomed them to her ways and made them skilful, they will tell her they are not happy, and need the society of their friends in town. Those are a few of the drawbacks to the semi-suburban villa; but the crucial and most serious objection is, that unless one is very watchful, and often in spite of watchfulness, the semi-suburbanite shuts



"The electric car at the fag end of the day."

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"I call it Henley's Folly."

himself off from the best social interests and advantages. He begins by imagining that there will be no difference; that he will see just as much of his friends and go just as frequently to balls and dinner-parties, the concert and the theatre, the educational or philanthropic meeting. But just that requisite and impending twenty minutes in the train or electric car at the fag end of the day is liable to make a hermit of him to all intents and purposes by the end of the second year. Of course, if one is rich and has one's own carriage, the process of growing rusty is more gradual, though none the less sure. On that very account most people with a large income come to town for a few months in winter at any rate. There are so many things in life to do, that even friends with the best and most loving intentions call once on those who retire to suburban villas and let that do for all time. To be sure, some people revel in being hermits and think social entertainments and excitements a mere waste of time and energy. I am merely suggesting that for those who wish to keep in close touch with the active human interests of the day, the semi-suburban villa is somewhat of a snare. The Perkinses will have to exercise eternal vigilance, or they will find themselves seven evenings out of seven nodding by their fire-side after an ample meal, with all their social instincts relaxed."

Undeniably Barbara offered the best solution of this question in her remark, that those who can afford it spend the spring and autumn in the country and come to town for the winter months. Certainly, if I were one of the persons who are said to have too much for their own good, I should do something of the kind. I might not buy a suburban villa; indeed, I would rather go to the real country, where there are lowing kine, and rich cream and genuine barnyard smells, instead of electric cars and soldiers' monuments. There would I remain until it was time to kill the Thanksgiving turkey, and then I would hie me to town in order to refresh my mental faculties with city sights and sounds during the winter-spring solstice, when the lowing kine are all in the barn, and even one who owns a suburban villa has to fight his way from his front door through snow-drifts, and listen to the whistling wind instead of the robin red-breast or tinkling brook. Patterson, the banker, is surely to be envied in his enjoyment of two establishments, notwithstanding that the double ownership suggests again the effete civilizations of Europe, and was once considered undemocratic. Patterson, though his son has been through the Keeley cure, and his daughter lives apart from her husband, has a charming place thirty-five miles from town, where he has many acres and many horses,

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cows, and sheep, an expanse of woods, a running stream, delicious vegetables and fruit; golf links, and a fine country house with all the modern improvements, including a cosey, spacious library. Then he has another house—almost a palace — in town which he opens in the late autumn and occupies until the middle of May, for Patterson, in spite of some foibles, is no tax dodger.

Yes, to have two houses and live half of the year in town and the other half in the country, with six to eight weeks at the seaside or mountains, so as to give the children salt air and bathing, or a thorough change, is what most of us would choose in case we were blessed with too much for our own good. But, unfortunately or fortunately, most of us with even comfortable incomes cannot have two houses, and consequently must choose between town and country or semi-country, especially as the six or eight weeks at the sea-side or mountains is apt to seem imperative when midsummer comes. According, therefore, as we select to live in one or the other, it behooves us to practise eternal vigilance, so that we may not lose our love of nature and wreck our nerves in the worldly bustle of city life, or become inert, rusty, and narrow among the lowing kine or in semi-suburban seclusion. In order to live wisely, we who dwell in the cities should in our spare hours seek fresh air, sunlight, and intercourse with nature, and we whose homes are out of town should in our turn rehabilitate our social instincts and rub up our manners.

Regarding the real country, there is one other consideration of which I am constantly reminded by a little water-color hanging in my library, painted by me a few years ago while I was staying with my friend Henley. It represents a modest but pretty house and a charming rustic landscape. I call it Henley's Folly. Henley, who possessed ardent social instincts, had always lived in town; but he suddenly took it into his head to move thirty miles into the country. He told me that he did so primarily for the benefit of his wife and children, but added that it would be the best thing in the world for him, that it would domesticate him still more completely, and give him time to read and cultivate himself. When I went to stay with him six months later, he was jubilant regarding the delights of the country, and declared that he had become a genuine farmer. He pished at the suggestion that the daily journey to and from town was exhausting, and informed me that his one idea was to get away from the bricks and mortar as early in the afternoon as possible. Just two years later I heard with surprise, one day, that the Henleys had sold their farm and were coming back to town. The reason — confided to me by one of the family—was that his wife was so much alone that she could not endure the solitude any longer. "You see," said my informant, "the nearest house of their friends was four miles off, and as Henley stayed in town until the last gun fired, the days he returned home at all, and as he had or invented a reason for staying in town all night at least once a week, poor Mrs. Henley realized that the lot of a farmer's wife was not all roses and sunshine." From this I opine that if one with ardent social instincts would live wisely he should not become a gentleman farmer merely for the sake of his wife and children.

II

Whether we live in the city or the country, it must be apparent to all of us that a great wave of architectural activity in respect to dwelling-houses has been spreading over our land during the past twenty years. The American architect has been getting in his work and showing what he could do, with the result that the long, monotonous row of brick or freestone custom-made city houses, and the stereotyped white country farm-house with green blinds and an ell or lean-to attached, have given place to a vivid and heterogeneous display of individual effort. Much of this is fine and some deadly, for the display includes not merely the generally tasteful and artistic conceptions of our trained native architects, who have studied in Paris, but the raw notions of all the builders of custom-made houses who, recognizing the public de-

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"Throw the responsibility on their wives."

sire for striking and original effects, are bent upon surpassing one another. Therefore, while we have many examples, both urban and suburban, of beautiful and impressive house architecture, the new sections of our cities and suburbs fairly bristle with a multiplicity of individual experiments in which the salient features of every known type of architecture are blended fearlessly together. The native architect who has neither been to Paris nor been able to devote much time to study has not been limited in the expression of his genius by artistic codes or conventions. Consequently he has felt no hesitation in using extinguisher towers, mediæval walls, battlement effects, Queen Anne cottage lines, Old Colonial proportions, and Eastern imagery in the same design, and any one of them at any critical juncture when his work has seemed to him not sufficiently striking for his own or the owner's taste.

Satisfactory as all this is as evidence of a progressive spirit, and admitting that many of even these lawless manifestations of talent are not without merit, it is nevertheless aggressively true that the smug complacency of the proprietor of the suburban villa, which is hedged about by a stone rampart of variegated rough stone on an ordinary building lot, has no justification whatever. Nor has the master of the castellated, gloomy, half-Moorish, half-mediæval mansion, which disfigures the fashionable quarter of many of our cities, occasion to congratulate himself on having paid for a thing of beauty. The number of our well-trained architects, though constantly increasing, is still small, especially as compared with the number of people of means who are eager to occupy a thing of beauty; then, too, even the trained architect is apt to try experiments for the sake of testing his genius, on a dog, so to speak—some confiding plutocrat with a love of splendor who has left everything to him.

The result is that grotesque and eye-distressing monsters of masonry stand side by side on many of our chief avenues with the most graceful and finished specimens of native architectural inspiration. As there is no law which prevents one from building or buying an ugly house, and as the architect, whose experiment on a dog tor-

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tures the public eye, suffers no penalty for his crime, our national house architecture may be said to be working out its own salvation at the public expense. It is the duty of a patriotic citizen to believe that in this, as in other matters of national welfare, the beautiful gradually will prevail; and assuredly the many very attractive private residences which one sees both in the city and the country should tend to make us hopeful.

Why is it that the rich man who would live wisely feels the necessity for so large a house in the city? Almost the first thing that one who has accumulated or inherited great possessions does nowadays is to leave the house where very likely he has been comfortable and move into a mammoth establishment suggesting rather a palace or an emporium than a house. Why is this? Some one answers that it is for the sake of abundant light and extra space. Surely in a handsome house of twenty-five or thirty feet front there should be light and space enough for the average family, however fastidious or exacting. In the country, where one needs many spare rooms for the accommodation of guests, there are some advantages in the possession of an abnormally large house. But how is the comfort of the city man enhanced by one, that is, if the attendant discomforts are weighed in the same scale? It has sometimes seemed to me that the wealthy or successful man invests in a prodigious mansion as a sort of testimonial; as though he felt it incumbent on him to erect a conventional monument to his own grandeur or success, in order to let the public entertain no doubt about it. But so many otherwise sensible men have deliberately built huge city houses that this can scarcely be the controlling motive in all cases. Perhaps, if asked, they would throw the responsibility on their wives. But it is even more difficult to understand why a sensible woman should wish one of the vast houses which our rising architects are naturally eager to receive orders to construct. A handsome house where she can entertain attractively, yes: an exquisitely furnished, sunny, corner house by all means; a house where each child may have a room apart and where there are plenty of spare rooms, if you like; but why a mammoth cave? She is the person who will suffer the discomforts to be weighed in the same scale, for the care will fall on her. We have in this country neither trained servants nor the housekeeper system. The wife and mother who is the mistress of a huge establishment wishes it to be no less a home than her former residence, and her husband would be the first to demur were she to cast upon others the burdens of immediate supervision. A moderate-sized modern house is the cause of care enough, as we all know, and wherefore should any woman seek to multiply her domestic worries by duplicating or trebling the number of her servants. To become the manager of a hotel or to cater for an ocean steamship is perhaps a tempting ambition for one in search of fortune, but why should a woman, who can choose what she will have, elect to be the slave of a modern palace with extinguisher towers? Merely to be able to invite all her social acquaintance to her house once a year without crowding them? It would be simpler to hire one of the many halls now adapted for the purpose.

The difficulty of obtaining efficient servants, and the worries consequent upon their inefficiency, is probably the chief cause of the rapid growth of the apartment-house among us. The contemporary architect has selected this class of building for some of his deadliest conceits. Great piles of fantastically disposed stone and iron tower up stories upon stories high, and frown upon us at the street-corners like so many Brobdingnagians. Most of them are very ugly; nevertheless they contain the homes of many citizens, and the continuous appearance of new and larger specimens attest their increasing popularity. Twenty years ago there was scarcely an apartment-house to be seen in our cities. There was a certain number of hotels where families could and did live all the year round, but the ten-story monster, with a janitor, an elevator, steam heat, electric light, and all the alleged comforts of home was

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practically unknown. We have always professed to be such a home-loving people, and the so-called domestic hearth has always been such a touchstone of sentiment among us that the exchange of the family roof for the community of a flat by so many well-to-do persons certainly seems to suggest either that living cheek by jowl with a number of other households is not so distasteful as it seems to the uninitiated, or else that modern housekeeping is so irksome that women are tempted to swallow sentiment and escape from their trammels to the comparatively easy conditions of an apartment. It does seem as though one's identity would be sacrificed or dimmed by becoming a tenant in common, and as though the family circle could never be quite the same thing to one who was conscious that his was only a part of one tremendous whole. And yet, more and more people seem to be anxious to share a janitor and front-door, and, though the more fastidious insist on their own cuisine, there are not a few content to entrust even their gastronomic welfare to a kitchen in common.

It must be admitted, even by those of us who rejoice in our homes, that there is much to be said in favor of the apartment-house as a solver of practical difficulties, and that our imaginations are largely responsible for our antipathy. When once inside a private apartment of the most desirable and highly evolved kind one cannot but admit that there is no real lack of privacy, and that the assertion that the owner has no domestic hearth is in the main incorrect. To be sure the domain belonging to each suite is comparatively circumscribed; there is no opportunity for roaming from garret to cellar; no private laundry; no private backyard; and no private front-door steps; but to all practical intents one is no less free from intrusion or inspection than in a private house, and it may also be said that reporters and other persevering visitors are kept at a more respectful distance by virtue of the janitor in common on the ground floor. The sentiment in favor of limited individual possession is difficult to eradicate from sensitive souls, and rightly, perhaps, many of us refuse to be convinced;

"All Irish."

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but it remains true that the woman who has become the mistress of a commodious and well-managed apartment must have many agreeable quarters of an hour in congratulating herself that perplexities concerning chores, heating, lighting, flights of stairs, leaks, and a host of minor domestic matters no longer threaten her peace of mind, and — greatest boon of all — that she now can manage with two or three servants instead of five or six.

In this newly developed fondness for flats we are again guilty of imitating one of the effete civilizations—France this time—where it has long been the custom for families to content themselves with a story or two instead of a house; though we can claim the size and style of architecture of the modern apartment pile as our special brand upon the adopted institution. The introduction of the custom here seems to me to be the result of exhaustion of the female nervous system. The American housewife, weary of the struggle to obtain efficient servants, having oscillated from all Catholics to all Protestants, from all Irish to all Swedes and back again, having experimented with negroes and Chinamen, and returned to pure white, having tried native help and been insulted, and reverted to the Celtic race, she—the long-suffering — has sought the apartment-house as a haven of rest. She — the long-suffering — has assuredly been in a false position since the Declaration of Independence declared that all men are created equal, for she has been forced to cherish and preserve a domestic institution which popular sentiment has refused to recognize as consistent with the principles of Democracy. Our National creed, whether presented in the primer or from the platform, has ever repudiated the idea of service when accompanied by an abatement of personal independence or confession of social inferiority. Therefore the native American woman has persistently refused, in the face of high wages and of exquisite moral suasion, to enter domestic service, and has preferred the shop or factory to a comfortable home where she would have to crook the knee and say "Yes, ma'am." At the same time the native American woman, ever since "help" in the sense of social acquaintances willing to accommodate for hire and dine with the

"And Swedes."

family has ceased to adorn her kitchen and parlor, has been steadily forced by the demands of complex modern living to have servants of her own. And where was she to obtain them? Excepting the negro, only among the emigrants of foreign countries, at first among the Irish, and presently among the English and Swedes, all of whom, unharassed by scruples as to a consequent loss of self-respect, have been prompt to recognize that this field of employment lay open to them and was undisputed. They have come, and they still come in herds to our shores, raw and undisciplined, the overflow from their own countries; and as fast as they arrive they are feverishly snapped up by the American house-wife, who finds the need of servants more and more imperative; for some one must do the elaborate cooking, some one must do the fine washing, some one must polish the silver, rub the brasses, care for the lamps, and dust the bric-a-brac in her

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handsomest establishment. And no one but the emigrant, or the son and daughter of the emigrant, is willing to.

The consequence is that, though the native American woman is as resolute as ever in her own refusal to be a cook or waitress in a private family, domestic service exists as an institution no less completely than it exists in Europe, and practically under the same conditions, save that servants here receive considerably higher wages than abroad because the demand is greater than the supply. There is a perpetual wail in all our cities and suburbs that the supply of competent cooks, and skilled laundresses and maids is so limited, and well-trained servants can command practically their own prices. The conditions of service, however, are the same. That is, the servant in the household of the freeborn is still the servant; and still the servant in the household where the mistress, who has prospered, would originally have gone into service had she not been free-born. For there is no one more prompt than the American house-wife to keep a servant when she can afford one, and the more she is obliged to keep the prouder is she, though her nervous system may give way under the strain. By this I do not mean that the servants here are ill-treated. On the contrary, the consideration shown them is greater, and the quarters provided for them are far more comfortable on this side of the water than abroad. Indeed, servants fare nowhere in the world so well as in the establishments of the well-to-do people of our large cities. Their bedrooms are suitable and often tasteful, they are attended by the family physician if ill, they are not overworked, and very slight checks are put on their liberty. But they are undeniably servants. The free-born American mistress does not regard her servants as social equals. She expects them to stand up if they are sitting down when she enters the room. She expects them to address her sons and daughters as Mr. Samuel and Miss Fannie, and to be called in turn Maggie or Albertine (or Thompson or Jones, *à l'anglaise*) without a prefix. She does her best, in short, to preserve all the forms and all the deference on the one hand, and the haughtiness or condescension on the other which govern the relations between servant and mistress abroad. From the fact that we need so many more servants than formerly, to care properly for our establishments, the servant here is becoming more and more of a machine. That is, she is in nearly the same category with the electric light and the furnace. We expect him or her to be as unobtrusive as possible, to perform work without a hitch, and not to draw upon our sympathies unnecessarily. The mistress of one or two girls is sure to grow friendly and concerned as to their outside welfare, but when she has a staff of five or six, she is thankful if she is not obliged to know anything about them. The letter which appeared in a New York newspaper some years ago, from an American girl, in which she declared that she had left service because her master and his sons handed her their dripping umbrellas with the same air as they would have handed them to a graven image, was thoroughly in point. The reason the native American girl will not become a servant, in spite of the arguments of the rational and godly, is that service is the sole employment in this country in which she can be told with impunity that she is the social inferior of anyone else. It is the telling which she cannot put up with. It is one thing to be conscious that the person you are constantly associated with is better educated, better mannered, and more attractive than yourself, and it is another to be told at every opportunity that this is so. In the shop, in the factory, and in other walks of life, whatever her real superiors may think of her, they must treat her as a

"Free to become the first lady in the land."

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social equal. Even that shrill-voiced, banged, bangled, impertinent, slangy, vulgar product of our mammoth retail dry-goods system, who seems to believe herself a pattern of ladylike behavior, is aware in her heart that she does not know how to behave, and yearns to resemble the well-bred woman whom she daily insults. But the happiness, of her life, and its main-spring, too, lies in the consciousness that she is free to become the first lady in the land, and that she herself is to be her sole critic and detractor. Why is she not right in refusing to sacrifice her independence? Why should she sell her birth-right for a mess of pottage?

An anomalous condition of affairs is presented by this contract between the free-born American woman as a mistress and as a revolter against domestic service, and it seems to me that one of two things must come to pass. Necessarily we shall continue to have cooks, waiting-maids, and laundresses; at least our food must be prepared, our drawing-rooms dusted, and our linen ironed by some one. But either we shall have to accept and acknowledge the existence among us of a class, recruited from foreign emigrants and their descendants, which is tarred with the brush of social proscription in direct violation of democratic principles, or we must change the conditions of domestic service—change them so that condescension and servility vanish, and the contract of service becomes like the other contracts of employment between man and man, and man and woman.

It is fruitless now to inquire what the free-born American woman would have done without the foreign emigrant to cook and wash for her. The question is whether, now that she has her, she is going to keep her, and keep her in the same comfortable and well-paid but palpable thraldom as at present. If so, she will be merely imitating the housewives of the effete civilizations; she will be doing simply what every English, French, and German woman does and has done ever since class distinctions began. But in that case, surely, we shall be no longer able to proclaim our immunity from caste, and our Fourth of July orators will find some difficulty in showing that other nations are more effete in this respect than ourselves. Twenty-five years more of development in our houses, hotels, and restaurants, if conducted on present lines, will produce an enormous ducking and scraping, fee-seeking, livery-wearing servant class, which will go far to establish the claim put forth by some of our critics, that equality on this side of the water means only political equality, and that our class distinctions, though not so obvious, are no less genuine than elsewhere. In this event the only logical note of explanation to send to the Powers will be that social equality was never contemplated by the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and that, though it is true that any man may become President of the United States, there are as great inequalities in morals, intellect, and manners among sons of liberty as among the subjects of the Czar. To this the Powers will be justified in uttering a disappointed and slightly ironical "Oh!"

But perhaps the foreign emigrant will have something to say on the subject. Perhaps the horde from across the seas, now lured by high wages, will decrease in numbers, or it may be that their descendants here will learn through contact with the free-born revolter against domestic service to revolt too.

What would the free-born American mistress do then? With the free-born revolter still obdurate, and the foreign emigrant ceasing to emigrate or recalcitrant, she would be in an unpleasant fix in her elaborate establishment conducted on effete principles. In this practical dilemma, rather than in an awakened moral sense, seems to lie our best hope of regeneration, for it cannot be denied that the free-born American mistress is doing all she can at present to perpetuate the foreign idea of domestic service, and it seems probable that so long as the foreign emigrant is willing to be bribed the true principles of democracy will be violated. Already the difficulty of obtaining servants is inducing home-loving families to seek the apartment-house. A more distinct dearth would speedily change the relations between mistress and servant into

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that of contractor and contractee, as in other employments in this country. It may be that the descendants of the emigrant will be unable to resist the lure offered them, and that the free-born mistress will triumph. If so, we shall become no better and possibly no worse than the effete civilizations we promised to make blush by the worth of our institutions.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

By Augustine Birrell

IT is part of the melancholy of middle age that it dooms us to witness one by one the extinguishment of the lights that cast their radiance over youth. When I was at Cambridge, in the early 'seventies, the men we most discussed were Newman, Froude, Carlyle, and Ruskin—Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold. The names of Swinburne and George Meredith were indeed hotly canvassed by a few, but neither of these distinguished men was then well enough known to youngsters to allow of general conversation about their merits. To have read "The Shaving of Shagpat," "Rhoda Fleming," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," was to betray a curious taste and a desire to be wise above your fellows, while Mr. Swinburne's splendid verses were for the time the badge of a coterie. So it was about the names I have mentioned the battle raged most furiously, and of them all but one is left.

Nor can it be said — death makes no difference. When a great writer whose books we read as they came forth warm from his heart goes over to the majority, he does not forthwith join the ranks of the dead but sceptred sovereigns who rule us from their urns. To those who come after us he may or may not be able to make out a title to possession of their memories; but for us the personal note, the emotion once awakened by the living voice, interferes with a cool literary judgment. The Johnson of Boswell is known to us all, and is the only Johnson we do know; but he is not the Johnson of Bennet Langton or Beauclerk or Levett. A single interview, had we ever had one, with the sage in Bolt Court would put Boswell out, and to that extent destroy the purely literary impression of the world's greatest biography. The charm for us about the men I have named is that they and we were alive at the same time.

Mr. Froude's death is a personal infliction upon the Old World and the New. He had many friends, and not a few enemies, in both hemispheres. He was a strenuous man who enjoyed himself in many ways, and could adapt himself to a great variety of circumstance. With sorrow he was indeed well acquainted—he knew what it was to be both bitterly disappointed and cruelly wounded. He carried about with him in all his wanderings much sad human experience; his philosophy of life was more sombre than sweet. I do not think anybody who knew him would have described him as a happy man. But for all that he managed to enjoy himself heartily enough.

"The storm has passed away, the dripping trees are sparkling in the warm and watery sunset. Back, then, to our inn, where dinner waits for us, the choicest of our own trout, pink as salmon with the milky curd in them, and no sauce to spoil the delicacy of their flavor. Then bed, with its lavender-scented sheets and white curtains, and sleep—sound sweet sleep that loves the country village and comes not near a London bedroom."—("Short Studies," Fourth Series, p. 351.)

And his enjoyment of books, if they were the right sort, was as keen as his love of a trout-stream. He was an old-fashioned scholar who read books for

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fun or to find reasons for his preconceptions, or (it may be) stories with which to pelt his enemies. The note of personal enjoyment or eager animosity runs through most of his "studies." Just before starting for South Africa he bethinks himself of what Aristotle and Goethe have said about Euripides, and how, ever since Oxford and "the statutory four plays" he had left Euripides unread, and so he slips him into a coat-pocket, and "for six weeks Euripides became an enchanter for me, and the Grecian world was raised from the dead into a moonlight visibility with softest lights, and shadows black as Erebus."

Here in foggy London he would sit the live-long day reading with unflagging zest those tremendous folios, the "Historia sui Temporis" of Thuanus, the book Johnson regretted he had never translated. Froude may have hated correcting proofs or groping among manuscripts at Hatfield, but he loved reading about men and women, and never wearied of repeopling the silent past.

"For the mere hard purposes of history, the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' are the most effective books which ever were written. We see the hall of Menelaus, we see the garden of Alcinous, we see Nausicaa among her maidens on the shore, we see the mellow monarch sitting with ivory sceptre in the market-place dealing out genial justice. Or, again, when the wild mood is on, we can hear the crash of the spears, the rattle of the armor as the heroes fall, and the plunging of the horses among the slain. Could we enter the palace of an old Ionian lord we know what we should see there; we know the words in which he would address us. We could meet Hector as a friend. If we could choose a companion to spend an evening with over a fireside, it would be the man of many counsels, the husband of Penelope."—("Short Studies," i., p. 332.)

With all his faults thick as autumn leaves upon him, Froude was a great writer well equipped to play a great part. It may be his fate to stand corrected, just as it is Freeman's fate to be superseded, but he will long continue to be read—who can doubt it?—not merely for the vivacity of his too often misleading descriptions and for the masculine vigor of his style, but for the interest of his peculiar point of view, the piquancy of his philosophy, the humor of his commentary, for his quick insight into certain phases of faith and shades of character. And, when all is said and done, these things are at least as interesting as anything else. Never let us speak disrespectfully of accuracy, of research, of stern veracity, of unbiased judgments, or lightly confer the grave title of historian upon hasty rhetoricians who have refused to take pains; but the fact remains that for the ordinary thinking man who has taken his degree, an ounce of mother-wit is often worth a pound of clergy, and that even the so-called history of an inaccurate genius may be not only more amusing but more profitable reading than the blameless work of a duller nature.

The first thing that must strike the mind of anyone who looks at Froude's writings as a whole is their amazing sameness of object, or, at all events, point of view. It is always the same nail he is hammering on the head. It reminds one of Pope's ruling passion. It crops up everywhere and at all times, firing his zeal wherever he is. What is that object? Why to counteract what he calls "the Counter-Reformation;" to denounce monkery; to unfrock priests by stripping them of all sacramental pretensions; to topple over everything standing between man and the Force which called him into being; to preach good works and plain home-spun morality. This was Froude's work from 1849 to 1894. If only he was about this business he did not mind blundering about his facts; a misquotation or two never disturbed his night's rest. He wanted to get at men's minds, not to store their memories. Sacerdotalism, whether enthroned in the Vatican or burning borrowed candles in Lambeth, was the enemy at whose head he aimed his blows. It was for this he wrote his "History" in twelve octavo volumes. Had Henry VIII. not chanced to be the majestic lord who broke the bonds of Rome and married a wife in

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spite of a Pope, Froude would have left him severely alone ; but doing what Henry did, Froude put on his royal livery, and did him suit and service, striking on his behalf many a cruel and one or two unmanly blows. His excuse must be his devouring hate. With him the sermon was always more important than the text. In his secret soul we suspect Froude cared no more for Henry than Carlyle did for Frederick.

James Anthony Froude was born in Devonshire, in 1818. From his two early books, "Shadows of the Clouds" (1847), and "The Nemesis of Faith" (1849), which are clearly partly autobiography, we carry away a rather disagreeable impression of his youth. His father, Archdeacon Froude, was a masterful Anglican of the old high-and-dry school, who thought doubts ill-bred and Non-conformity vulgar. The doors of his rectory were not open to free currents of opinion. He had no copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress" in his library. The eldest son, the brilliant and short-lived Hurrell, took to High-Churchism and the cult of the Royal Martyr as some boys take to drink, and having turned it into a hobby-horse, rode merrily away. The younger son, though very impressionable to personal influences, was cast in a different mould, and from the moment when he first realized that Anglicanism was not everything, began to be uncomfortable in an atmosphere of priests, parishioners, and penny-clubs. A painful struggle began, and the choice between wounding a father's feelings and choking his own thoughts had to be made. When we recall how Thomas Arnold was induced to believe it wicked to entertain a doubt as to the existence of a triune God, we need not wonder that an imperious archdeacon and a friendly bishop managed, by a judicious mixture of kicks and kisses, to wheedle a young man of vague opinions and no excessive scrupulosity of disposition into Holy Orders. Froude, it is tolerably plain, never loved the Church of England. Years after Newman had left the English Episcopal Church he was able to write with a sad sincerity: "Can I wipe out from my memory or wish to wipe out those happy Sunday mornings, light or dark, year after year, when I celebrated your communion rite in my own Church of St. Mary's, and in the pleasantness and joy of it heard nothing of the strife of tongues which surrounded its walls." Froude entertained no such fine feelings. He had been kidnapped into the ministry. When the time came to regain his freedom, he leapt for joy. "My living is resigned — my employment gone. I am again free, again happy, and all the poor and paltry net-work in which I was entangled, the weak intrigues which, like the flies in summer, irritate far worse than more serious evils—I have escaped them all. . . . All I really grieve for is my father." —("The Nemesis of Faith," p. 76.)

It is certainly difficult to discover in Froude's writings any traces of departed fervor or unction, and yet if he never had any how are we to account for his close relations with Newman, and his share, such as it was, in the "Lives of the Saints?"

In the earlier of the two sketches which make up the little book "Shadows of the Clouds," which was published anonymously in 1847, and gave great annoyance to the Archdeacon, Froude boldly deals with the subject of the "Lives of the Saints."

"I thought you knew me too well to be surprised at my taking to the 'Lives of the Saints,' taking to anything that offered itself. You know I affect to be a philosopher who does not believe that truth ever shows herself completely in either of the rival armies that claim so loudly to be her champions. She seems to me to lie like the tongue of the balance, only kept in the centre by the equipoise of contending forces, or rather, if I may use a better illustration, like a boat in a canal drawn forward by a rope from both sides, which appear as if they would negative each other and yet produce only a uniform straightforward motion. I throw myself on this side or on that as I please without fear of injuring her. The thought of the great world sweeps on its own great road, but it is its own road; quite an independent one, not in the least resembling that which Catholic or Prot-

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estant, Roundhead or Cavalier, have carved out for it."

This is not a very pious passage, and I find it impossible to believe that Froude's Neo-Catholicism was ever more than a piece of eclecticism, a boyish tribute to Newman, for whom his admiration outlasted his faith. A visit to Ireland, paid just after his degree, introduced Froude, for the first time in his life, to Evangelicalism, as it was called, that Evangelicalism for which, so Newman tells us in his "Apologia," he had learned to entertain a profound contempt, but which affected his young disciple very differently. In Ireland Froude met men "who had gone through as many, as various, and as subtle Christian experiences as the most developed saint in the Catholic calendar. I saw it in their sermons, in their hymns, in their conversation." He tells us of a clergyman, afterward a bishop, in the Irish Church, who declared in his hearing that the theory of a Christian priesthood was a fiction; that the notion of the sacraments, as having a mechanical efficacy, irrespective of their conscious effect upon the mind of the receiver, was an idolatrous superstition; that the Church was a human institution; that it might have bishops in England and dispense with bishops in Scotland and Germany; that a bishop was merely an officer; that the apostolical succession was probably false as a fact, and if a fact implied nothing but historical continuity. Froude listened to these blasphemies without terror, and returned to Oxford to take up his residence as a fellow, convinced at least of this, that a holy life was no monopoly of the sacramental theory. It was now a mere question of time when Froude should run off the Catholic rails. He read Carlyle's "French Revolution," and contrasted the Scottish author with the Oxford one. "For the first time now it was brought home to me that two men may be as sincere, as faithful, as uncompromising, and yet hold opinions far asunder as the poles. I have before said that I think the moment of this conviction is the most perilous crisis of our lives; for myself it threw me at once on my own responsibility, obliged me to look for myself at what men said, instead of simply accepting all because they said it."—("Nemesis of Faith," p. 156.)

Such a mood means revolt, and before long J. A. Froude was a heretic. What faith was he now to pursue? Positive theological opinions were evidently out of his beat. He might admire his Irish friends and their beauty of holiness, but the Evangelical doctrine of the Atonement would have proved as much a stumbling-block as the miracle of the Mass. Froude's historical imagination came to his assistance. A Devonshire man, he was English to the core, and having quarrelled with priests and popes his thoughts turned to the great discomfiture which befell priests and popes at the Reformation. He very quickly grew excited. He had early perceived that the object of the Tract writers was to unprotestantize England — to make John Bull once more a Catholic, full of reverence for saints and shrines and priests and mysteries; or, as he puts it in "The Nemesis of Faith," p. 151, "to make England cease to produce great men, as we count greatness—and for poetry, courage, daring enterprise, resolution, and broad, honest understanding substitute devotion, endurance, humility, self-denial, sanctity and faith." This is to put the case fairly enough, and from this time forward Froude was, before everything else, a Protestant, preaching a Broad-Protestant John Bullism as opposed to Catholic piety and submission. Theology, properly so called, he abandoned, though as he grew older and became more conservative he discouraged free thought and regretted the days when plain people took their creed from their parson, just as they did their meat from their butcher, with only a very occasional threat of changing their custom. In scientific research and the origin of species he simply took no interest whatever. He would have us believe that his faith in the Judge of all the earth was unwavering, but his readers will find it hard to recall to mind any passage which even approaches the tone or temper of devotional religion. Certainly, on the whole, Froude's antipathies seem stronger than his affections.

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Once rid of his Orders and robbed of his fellowship Froude naturally turned to literature, and to literature on its historical side. He had from the first a passion for expressing himself forcibly and clearly. "Oh! how I wish I could write! I try sometimes; for I seem to feel myself overflowing with thoughts, and I cry out to be relieved of them. But it is so stiff and miserable when I get anything done. What seemed so clear and liquid comes out so thick, stupid, and frost-bitten, that I myself who put the idea there can hardly find it for shame if I go look for it a few days after." The man who could write thus was bound ultimately to succeed, and by dint of taking pains Froude obtained the mastery of his pen, and for the last forty years of his life was a great, though careless, artist in words.

The growing devotion to Carlyle was a little puzzling in the opinion of some keen though unfriendly critics, who had opportunities of judging not wholly free from affectation. His talk of "the piety of Oliver and the grandeur of Calvin" did not carry conviction with it. It was Carlyle's humor to fancy himself a Puritan, and he perhaps was one to this extent, at all events, that he would not allow any one but himself to tirade against "old Jews' clothes;" but how did Froude squeeze himself into that gallery?

The true Froude, that is, the Froude apart from his animosities and pet foes, is to be found in such a passage as this:

"We should draw no horoscopes; we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. Revolutions, reformations—those vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium—have not borne the fruit which they looked for. Millenniums are still far away. These great convulsions leave the world changed—perhaps improved, but not improved as the actors in them hoped it would be. Luther would have gone to work with less heart could he have foreseen the Thirty Years' War, and in the distance the theology of Tübingen. Washington might have hesitated to draw the sword against England could he have seen the country which he made as we see it now."—(February, 1864; "Short Studies," vol. i., p. 28.)

I have exhausted my space. Froude's "History" is justly open to much animadversion. Perhaps his greatest work is his much-abused but most remarkable "Life of Carlyle."

The last book of his is his "Erasmus"—lectures delivered at Oxford from the chair to which he was appointed on the death of his bitter critic, Freeman, by Lord Salisbury—one of those very Neo-Catholics Froude so heartily abhorred. Froude felt no obligations to his patron, and with the shades of the prison-house gathering round him set to work at his old task with all his old vigor. He took as his text the letters of Erasmus, and selecting from them those passages which most interested him as he read them, translated them from the Latin into racy English, passing upon them as he went along his familiar commentary. The result is a most fascinating volume. Erasmus seems alive once more. Whether Froude's Erasmus is the true Erasmus is of course matter of controversy. All Mr. Froude would ever have said is, "It is my notion of Erasmus. What is *yours?*" Good history or bad, it is a blow in the face of Neo-Catholicism, and perhaps that is all Mr. Froude ever meant it to be.

Personal controversy Mr. Froude avoided. He seldom replied to his maddened foes. He made no great pretensions, and held himself aloof from professional authorism. He enjoyed country life and country pursuits, and the society of cultivated women. He has gone from us, leaving the fight in which he took so fierce a part still raging and unsettled. The ranks are closing up and his old place already knows him no more.

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A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES

By Bret Harte

It was Andrew Jackson Sutter, who despising Mr. Cutter for remarks he heard him utter in debate upon the floor,
Swung him up into the skylight, in the peaceful, pensive twilight, and then keerlessly proceeded, makin' no account what *we* did—
To wipe up with his person casual dust upon the floor.

Now a square fight never frets me, nor unpleasantness upsets me, but the simple thing that gets me—now the job is done and gone,
And we've come home free and merry from the peaceful cemetery, leavin' Cutter there with Sutter—that mebbee just a stutter
On the part of Mr. Cutter caused the loss we deeply mourn.

Some bashful hesitation, just like spellin' punctooation—might have worked an aggravation onto Sutter's mournful mind,
For the witnesses all vary ez to wot was said and nary a galoot will toot his horn except the way he is inclined.

But they all allow that Sutter had begun a kind of mutter, when uprose Mr. Cutter with a sickening kind of ease,
And proceeded then to wade in to the subject then prevadin': "Is Profanity degradin'?" in words like unto these:

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"Onlike the previous speaker, Mr. Cutter of Yreka, he was but a humble seeker—and not like him—a cuss——"

It was here that Mr. Sutter softly reached for Mr. Cutter, when the latter with a stutter said: "accus-tomed to discuss."

Then Sutter he rose grimly, and sorter smilin' dimly, bowed onto the Chairman primly—(just like Cutter ez could be!)

Drawled "He guessed he must fall back as—Mr. Cutter owned the pack as—he just had played the Jack as——" (here Cutter's gun went crack! as Mr. Sutter gasped and ended) "every man can see!"

But William Henry Pryor—just in range of Sutter's fire—here evinced a wild desire to do somebody harm—

And in the general scrimmage no one thought if Sutter's "image" was a misplaced punctooation—like the hole in Pryor's arm.

For we all waltzed in together, never carin' to ask whether it was Sutter or was Cutter we woz tryin' to abate.

But we couldn't help perceivin', when we took to inkstand heavin', that the process was relievin' to the sharpness of debate.

So we've come home free and merry from the peaceful cemetery, and I make no commentary on these simple childish games,

Things is various and human—and the man ain't born of woman who has got enough acumen to say wot's another's aims!

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THE CITY OF DREAM

By Rosamund Marriott-Watson

When Spring was mine and all the ways were green,
And all the valleys veiled in golden mist,
And all the shadows pearl and amethyst,
Through the dim maze of morrows unforeseen
Fair and far-glimmering as the dusky fire
That lights a pine-wood when the sunset dies—
Faint as the cuckoo calling as it flies—
Sweet as the Spring's own secret-smitten lyre—
Now shining clear with sun-washed roof and spire,
Now, wrapped and compassed round with mysteries—
A haunted palace bowered in ancient trees—
I knew the City of my Heart's Desire.

. . . . . .

Even as a late-remembered tryst, it drew
My wandering feet forever to the quest:
Dreaming, I saw it through the gray dawn dew,
Waking, I dreamed for aye to find the clue,
Past this tree-shadowed slope—that blue hill's crest—
Eager I sought my paradise anew
With every sun that fared from east to west.

. . . . . .

The autumn evening closes, mild and gray,
Lit by a fading sunset's narrow gleam,
And still to-morrow-wards I turn and say
—"There, peradventure, I shall find the way"—
And still a strange voice calls by wood and stream,
And still the vision glimmers strangely bright—
The wide world o'er I wander, wander, yet,
And still to-morrow-wards my face is set
To seek the city of my heart's delight.
By pastoral plains with purple rivers twined,
By gardens red with amaranth and rose,
Where crumbling towns lie steeped in rich repose,
The gray towers sleeping in the sun and wind,
By gabled street and grassy orchard-close,
I go—and all as painted shadows seem—
Nor moved to linger, nor to look behind
I pass, and many a happy pleasaunce find,
But never the town, the country, of my dream.

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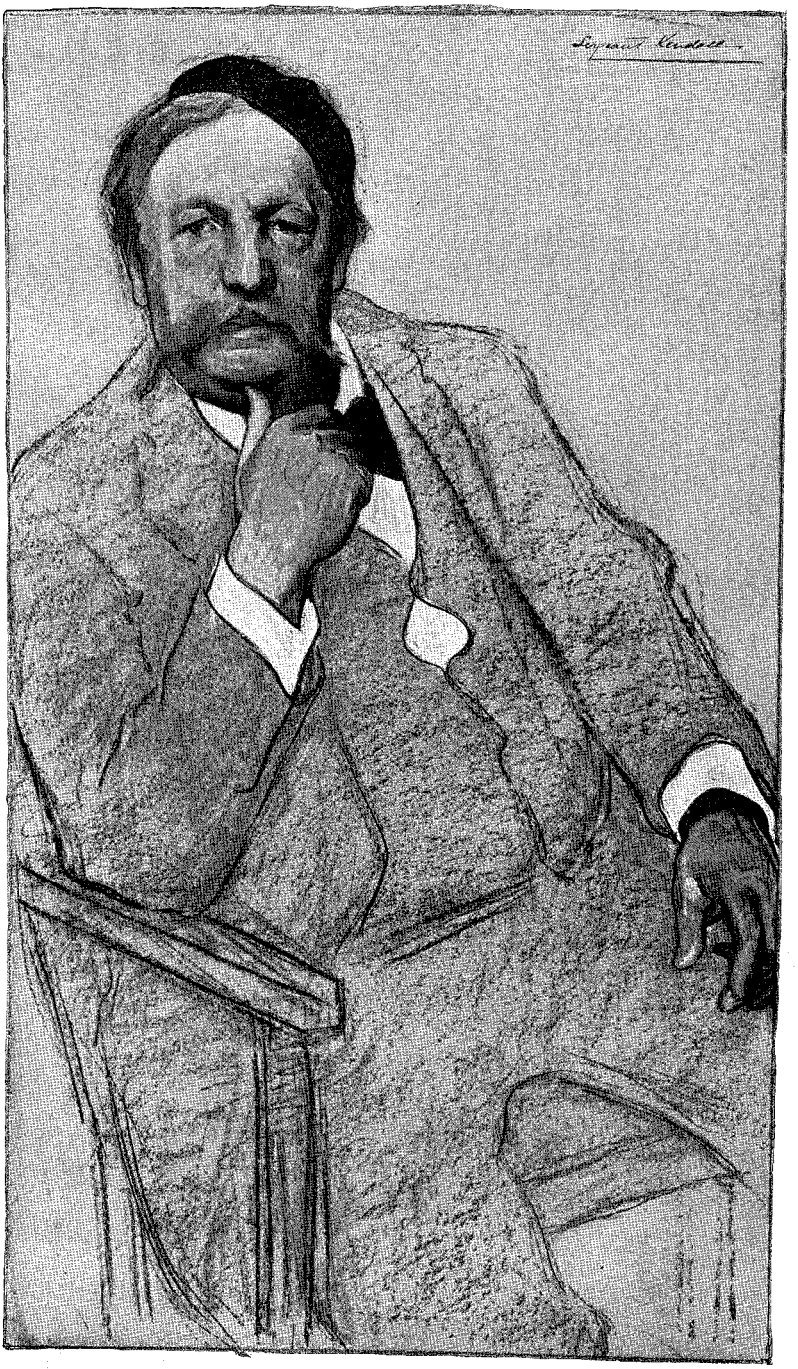

Elihu Vedder.

From the pastel by William Sergeant Kendall.

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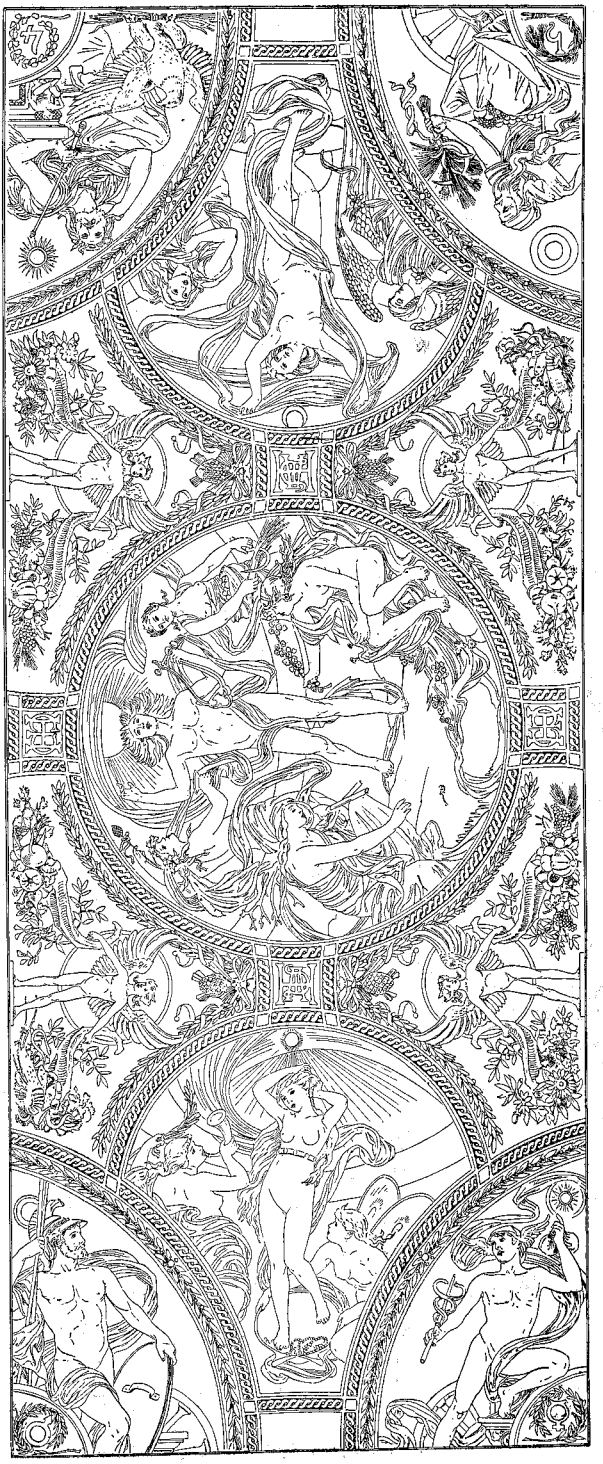

Diagram of the Huntington Ceiling.

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Lazarus.

RECENT WORK OF ELIHU VEDDER

By W. C. Brownell

MR. VEDDER'S recent work, some of which is herewith reproduced, attests his undiminished vitality, but is also particularly noteworthy just at the present time for the relief into which it brings his individual artistic attitude—his æsthetic point of view. It stands out, as indeed all his painting does, very boldly against the background of the current art-for-art's-sake gospel, and in pleasantly serene disregard of the contemporary tyranny of this gospel seems to assert that art has its intellectual side after all. It is sufficiently varied and important to constitute, taken together, an interesting and emphatic example of painting that addresses the mind as well the sense. It is interesting as well as agreeable, significant as well as representative. Whatever view one takes of the province of painting, and nowadays it is the part of wisdom, I should say, for any one but a practitioner or a professor to take all views, the striking contrast that Mr. Vedder presents to most of his compatriot contemporaries of anything like his calibre is piquant and suggestive.

No one needs to be reminded that explicit story-telling and cogent moral-enforcing have ceased to be the aim of the painter. What is called and stigmatized as "literary painting" has few and inconsiderable advocates and devotees. But there is a distinction to be observed between the plastic art that usurps and that which parallels the province of literature. Holbein and Hogarth are not less painters in anyone's estimation because their work

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is indued with a significance which to the pure painter is surplusage. If your pictorial composition, in addition to its appeal to the eye, is a focus of intellectual interest and a stimulus of thought and imagination, it enforces its sensuous appeal prodigiously. Conceive otherwise of a great portrait, for example. Is Velasquez's "Innocent X." the mere affair of solidity and surface that the modern emulator of Velasquez in general achieves? It is, on the contrary, in a sense, the epitome of an epoch, and appeals to the psychologist as much as to the amateur. Or, if this be fanciful, take a great landscape and inquire how much it depends for its interest on the sensible excess of the painter's feeling over the natural representation that is its mere material.

Portraits and landscape, however, are not Mr. Vedder's field of effort, which is the field of the imagination. And in this field even the addition to impressionism of the element of suggestiveness or divination and the element of personal emotion are both insufficient. What is required above everything else is thought, the intellectual faculty. And that, I think, is what is largely characteristic of his work; it is penetrated with thought, with reflection, with significance. This is the trait that classes it with the honorable tradition of painting, that keeps it in line with the orderly evolution of the painting that is permanently interesting and attaching instead of merely attractive and pleasing. He does not rest content with aspect, but enforces aspect with meaning. You are not through with a picture of his when you have taken it in. Nor do you return to it again merely for the delight of the eye. Neither is it that sort of symbolic hieroglyphic that casts the heavy burden of its interpretation on you. The painter himself has done the work for you, leaving you the task of appreciation, and, if you like, criticism, for which however he has himself furnished you abundant material. It appeals to your culture, your reading occasionally even, but mainly to your mental zest in seizing and following the thought which the painter has been at the pains of thinking and expressing, and with which he has enriched and enwrapped the mere material of his picture.

Take, for instance, "The Enemy Sowing Tares," here reproduced. The subject is a simple one in the Scripture story. All that an art-for-art's-sake painter, so to speak, would require to illustrate it would be a field, night, and a man sowing tares. The result would, one may imagine, be rather flat, except for the sensuous interest of the accidents; the mind would have little pabulum. Here, on the other hand, you note a dozen phases of significance. The theme is universalized; the man has become the arch-enemy, the night is weird and awe-inspiring, the tares represent the foe of the Church—money—sown at the foot of the cross, its symbol and starting-point; the fallen tabellum indicates a later date than primitive Christianity; there is, in a word, food for thought, for speculation even, added to the qualities of painting. Whether one is pleased or moved by it or not, the work is in the line of the classic, the persistent, tradition. Mr. Vedder has not passed his life in Rome for nothing. His attitude is in harmony with the spirit of the Sistine and the Stanze, which was terribly unconscious of art for art's sake, but sympathy with which in a master of indisputable power is, as I began by saying, especially interesting at the present time, when painting has become so generally an affair of aspects and accidents.

Point of view, however, is one thing, and its illustration quite another. It is not merely his attitude that makes Mr. Vedder's art interesting, it is its character, his attitude being given. A painter may conspicuously class himself with a tradition that has never yielded to the somewhat indolent absorption of impressionism in what is called Nature, or to the submersion of thought in emotion, of meaning in appearance, without for that escaping flatness. Its significance is probably what M. Bouguereau would claim as the cardinal characteristic of his art. Certainly convention is as constant a peril of the classic tradition as of the art in revolt against it, and though perhaps not

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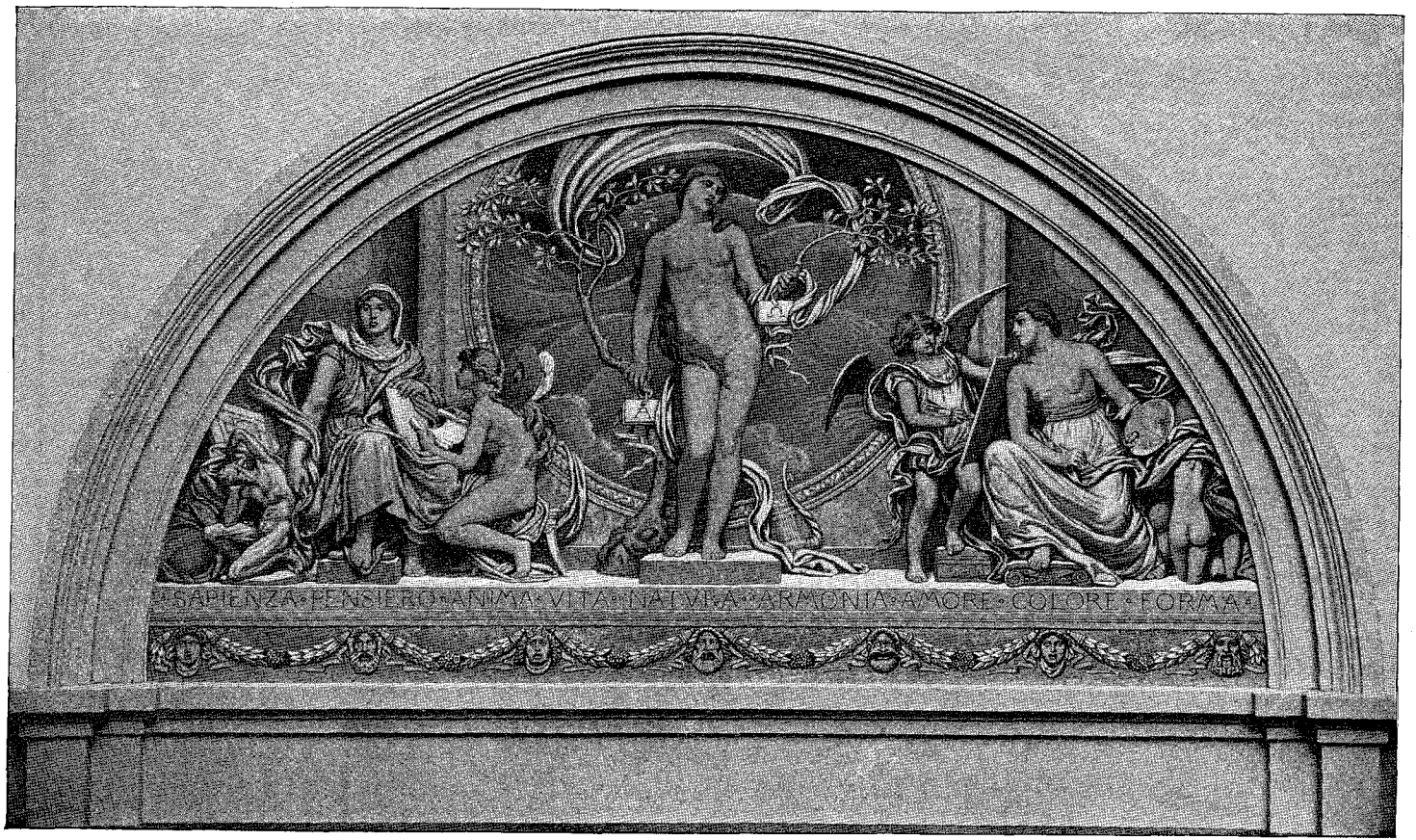

Panel for the Bowdoin College Art Building.

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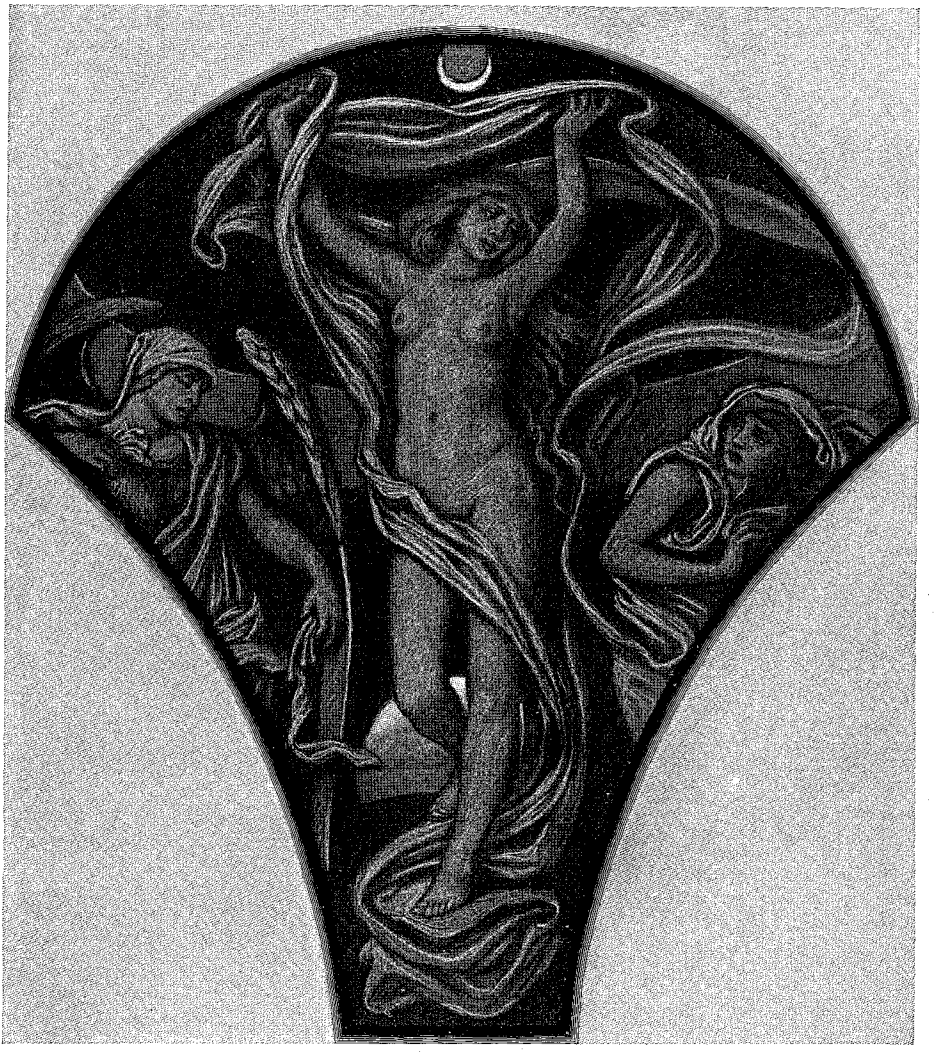

"Luna"—Study for the Huntington Ceiling.

more so, since convention is the inevitable concomitant of every point of view that gets itself established, a method is nevertheless freer than a system. In saying, therefore, that Mr. Vedder's painting is a product of mind as well as of sense and emotion, one only clears the ground for adding the really important thing about it, the quality of mind, namely, that it illustrates and expresses.

And this is as individual and original in itself as its author's association with the tradition he follows is noticeable in contrast with the current painting. In the way he conceives and executes a subject he is as eminently characteristic as he is classic. The impasto touch is as unprofitable in eulogy as in censure, and I do not mean to ascribe absolute originality in any large sense to the charming and interesting decorative pieces of the Huntington dining-room and the Bowdoin College art building. Decorative ceilings and panels which should exhibit absolute originality as their most marked characteristic would probably be nearly as markedly grotesque. Examples are not wholly lacking. I mean only to note that these pieces are particularly interesting and charming within the necessarily re-

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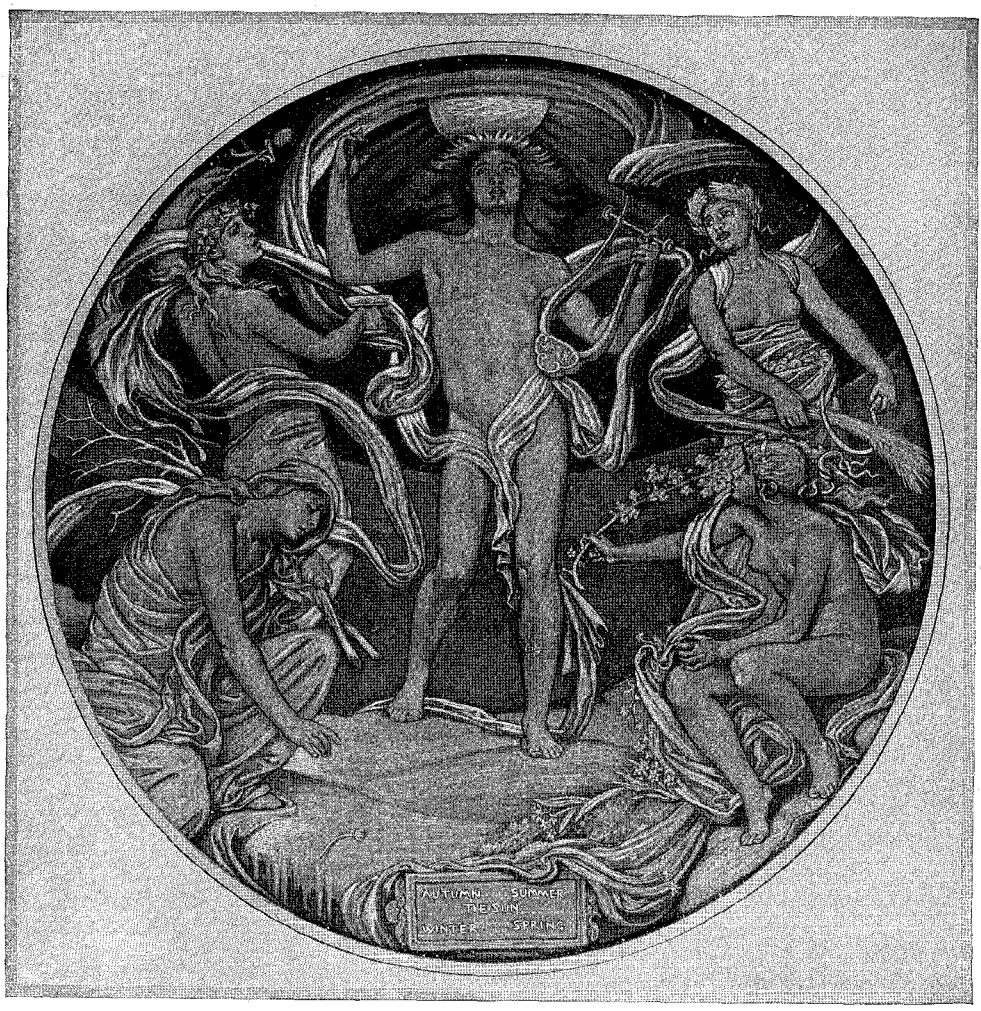
stricted limits that the decorative convention imposes. They are, in the first place, evidently considered, and in consequence have a look that only the lack of culture that mistakes slap-dash for spontaneity could find artificial. The Huntington ceiling might, perhaps, have been treated in a freer way, with a larger sweep, more characteristic of the painter's genius ; one misses a little the sense of swing everyone has learned to associate with the illustrator of the Rubáiyát, and one can conceive of a Vedder composition flung across a ceiling that would be more largely moving. At the same time the space is contracted, and the pictures were manifestly conditioned by the niggardly opportunities afforded by the architecture, which provided for a heavily coffered gold-loaded structure, leaving only an interstitial effect for the painter to attain. If one wishes the figures were larger and the composition pulled out a bit, that in itself implies one of the best of good faults, and besides, as I say, it is not a fault at all, but a misfortune. There is, by way of compensation, a condensed look that is extremely agreeable, and the composition is packed full of interest and variety. Apollo, Luna, Fortune, Zephyr, are common properties of the decorative painter; but here and in the Bowdoin tympanum



Study for the Central Panel of Ceiling in the Huntington Dining-room.

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they are used to express a scheme that is at once elaborate and clear, complicated enough to compel, and simple enough to reward, repeated inspection. The strength and grace of the male, and the suave luxuriance of the female figures are what every cultivated amateur has learned to expect of their author's native inclination for what is large and noble in form.

The general way in which these figures are treated is noteworthy. Each is, so to speak, thoroughly respected and sustains an organic rather than a linear relation to the complete design. The whole is a concentric congeries of units, and not an invertebrate assemblage of details contributing to a composition of which the sole interest is the arabesque of the sum of them. In this way the composition gains greatly in interest. One may look at it again and again, as should be the case with a ceiling above other pictures, perhaps. Mr. Vedder has his philosophy of the plafond. It is not, he thinks, something to be glanced at breakneckedly, appreciated in a moment and then released from further consideration. It is something crowded enough with variety and interest to repay occasional glances by disclosing something fresh at every brief inspection, something that does not demand, however it may reward, sustained attention. It is a picture like another, placed in a position which stimulates rather than fatigues casual interest, and which is not to be taken in all at once though the ensemble should be, as in this case eminently it is, suave and agreeable. Nor should it have a peculiar treatment of its own, with the exaggerated perspective of Pozzi and Tiepolo and the modern Frenchmen. A ceiling has an actual perspective of its own; why add to it an artificial effect that can only be rightly seized, as I have heard Mr. Vedder remark, "by one man, in one place, with one eye?" Paint your picture as if it were an easel picture, and then hang it on the wainscot line, on the frieze, or on the ceiling, as you may wish, and look at it with the desultory interest that rational decoration demands. Making a background of infinite azure that obliterates the sense of construction, of ceiling, and setting forth on this impalpable clouds and other Boucher paraphernalia, is in his view puerile. I dare say the Boucher practice has its justification, but we are here concerned with Mr. Vedder's. A point, however, in which he does differentiate the decorative from the easel picture is the quality of his painting—though, very likely, he would paint an easel picture in the same way if he wished to give it a permanent position as far away from the eye. The sense of surface is scrupulously preserved. The background is simplified so as to count solely and solidly as background, and the figures treated with a pronounced outline and flat tints that give them relief as figures, and emphasize both the color and linear composition. His oil canvas has thus the accent and crisp effect of fresco, instead of being blended into a mass that, however agreeable in tone and hue must be more or less feeble at the distance imposed upon it.

The "Lazarus" is more intimately characteristic of Mr. Vedder's work than the decorative pieces, more nearly an epitome of his talent. It exhibits very vividly the fusion of force and grace, the blending of power and charm that in their way and degree are peculiar to the painter, and in the last analysis, I think, constitute his distinction. The decorative aspect is superb. The drapery is managed with a freedom that witnesses exhilaration, with a sweep of flowing line at once grandiose and effortless. But the face it fitly frames is of an elevated and winning nobility, not only in character, but in the plastic expression of character, in pose, in planes, in the way in which it is placed and modelled, of which Mr. Vedder alone has the secret. The combined elegance and strength of the treatment beautifully enforce the spirit and significance of the face with which they are in subtle accord. In the presence of such a representation in pigment of a living soul of such sweetness, such dignity, such tranquil pensiveness, such pathetic and moving serenity, such a visible record of mysterious yet not awful spiritual experience secretly cherished and intimately sustaining—in the presence of such food for the mind as

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Study for the Figure of Fortune.
For a painting over mantelpiece in the Huntington Dining-room.

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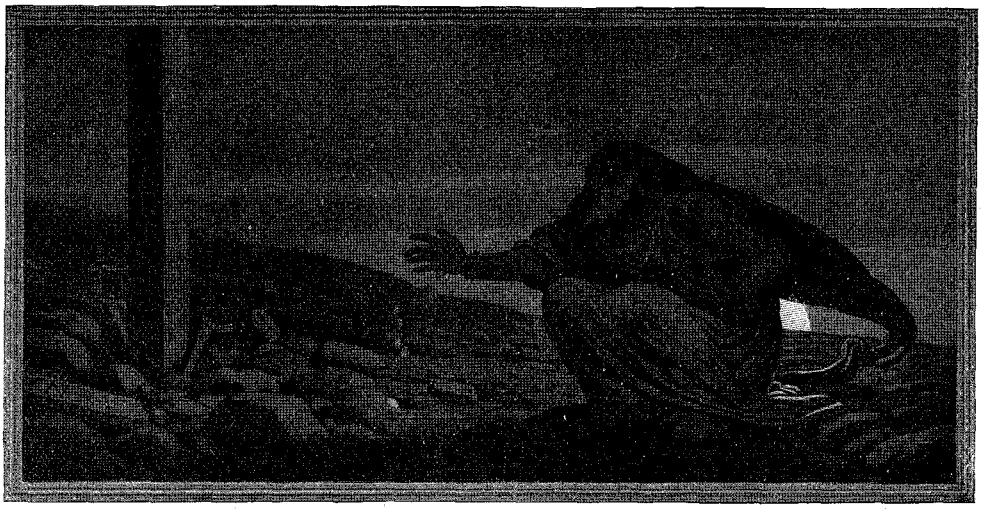
this the impressionist who should suggest the shibboleth of "literary painting" might safely be invited by any serious intelligence, nay, by any person of good breeding, to go his way and solace his sterility with the shallowness of his sensuous gospel.

It is on such significant material as this — "The Lost Mind," Aldrich's "Identity," the "Cumæan Sibyl," the pungent and yet tragic philosophy of the Rubáiyát—that Mr. Vedder's imagination exercises itself, with native sympathy, to noble ends. His artistic attitude is in itself interesting, the quality and character of his work, decorative and other, are individual and admirable, but to any but the technical critic it is the personal force from which these derive that is most interesting and stimulating to consider — which is perhaps only another way of saying that what is most interesting to consider in a man's theory and practice is the nature of the personal force in virtue of which they are his.

This personal force in Mr. Vedder's case, I take it, is imagination. And at the risk of intruding metaphysics, I may say imagination as distinguished from fancy, the artistic faculty of the mind as contrasted with that of the senses and the susceptibility. A penetrating feeling for beauty in its full rather than its fleeting aspects, a vibrant though never tremulous sympathy with the emotions associated with these aspects, are eminently characteristic of his imagination; it has a very pronounced romantic side, even as the romantic is commonly understood. And its range is notable. But that which gives it its proper distinction is the accidental nature of its romanticism compared with the way in which it uses this to illustrate and decorate its essential preoccupation with what is less tangible but infinitely more significant. It is the imagination of a man whose natural expression is pictorial, but who is a man as well as a painter, who has lived as well as painted, who has speculated much, pondered much, felt much—and on a plane rather inaccessible probably to most of those to whom beauty is merely its own excuse for being. It is this that places Vedder in the first rank of the imaginative painters of the day. Their name is not legion.



The Enemy Sowing Tares.

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BISNAGA'S MADELINE

By Wolcott Le Clear Beard

IT was down in New Mexico that I first made her acquaintance, where we were building the big reservoir at Las Conchas.

Her father, Tim Mullaney by name, was a sub-contractor who had about thirty stations—three thousand feet—of the levee to put up. A melancholy kind of Irishman was Tim, industrious and well-meaning, but the thickest-headed Celt that ever crossed the water.

He wouldn't have lasted two days on the work, if it had not been for Nora, his wife, who was as quick to see as—well, as Tim wasn't, and that's really saying a good deal.

What he had to do was the easiest thing in the world: just earthwork with a little third-class masonry here and there; but he never could get anything right, somehow, and would mix up the simplest instructions unless his wife was by to expound them; so finally—I was the engineer in charge of all that part—I would ride down to his camp and explain what I wanted directly to Nora, who would superintend Tim, and so things got on very nicely after a while, though they were generally broke; but that was because Tim would insist on running the treasury end of the outfit. I had thirteen miles of work to cover, and in that dusty, desert country, with the mercury anywhere between a hundred and four and a hundred and twenty in the shade, my daily ride of twenty-six miles was apt to be a bit tedious; and as Nora's camp was always the neatest—a great thing in that land of flies—and the water in her big red ollas much cooler and more refreshing than anyone else's, I got into the habit, finally, of making my visit to this camp the last one of the day, and stopping a while to let my horse rest, as I chatted with Nora and chaffed Madeline. Madeline was ten years old and a small edition of her mother, so her worst enemy could hardly say her beauty amounted to a fault, but a brighter young woman would be very hard to find. She was also her mother's lieutenant, and an able one, too; for while Nora was busy about the camp—and that, of course, was pretty well all the time—Madeline would patrol the work. Then if anything went wrong there, those who were to blame would hear from it, and very quickly.

It was an odd little figure that I used to see cantering toward me as I walked my horse down the dusty length of the half-finished bank. She always rode astride, with the halter shank twisted around her pony's jaw in lieu of a bridle, and her saddle was a square of canvas cut from an old tent, ornamented with figures drawn on it in ink, in imitation of those the Indians paint on skins. "She tuk all the ink there was in the commishary for thim there dicorashuns," her father had told me, and I have no doubt he spoke truly; but as no one in that camp ever wrote any letters, and kept their one account-book in pencil or didn't keep it at all, just as it happened, it really didn't matter. The pony himself was a curiosity in his way. He couldn't have stood much over eleven hands, and had hair like a goat's. His mane was as shaggy as a Shetland's, and so would his tail have been had not Madeline cut it away in links, so that it looked rather like a telescope.

Then he seemed, as I remember him, nearly as broad as he was long. This was also owing to his mistress, for she, being exceedingly fond of her steed, and having original ideas about horse-training, persisted in keeping him in the small enclosure of the corral, where all the feed was stored, in order that he might help himself to what he most fancied; a method which would probably have killed any other horse in the Territory. She had not gained this privilege for Bisnaga (she had called him after the stumpy, shaggy cactus of that name,

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which he much resembled) without a struggle, for Lopes, their Mexican corral-boss, finding his sense of the fitness of things much outraged by this proceeding, took it upon himself to consign Bisnaga to the outer darkness of the main corral. Twice he did this, and attempted it a third time, but Madeline was present on this occasion, and finding her remonstrances unheeded, struck him across the face with a mule whip. He then came toward her, probably to box her ears, so she drew a pistol and cocked it, and he went away. But he always hated her after that.

To return. On the animal thus caparisoned would sit Madeline, in a calico frock, very clean, a pink sun-bonnet, scarlet stockings, and tattered, dusty shoes, almost always without buttons, and held on her feet by a pair of enormous Mexican spurs. These spurs were half the pride of her life. The other half was a much-worn red silk parasol, proudly held aloft when its owner rode slowly, but when at a more rapid gait was furled and used to wallop the pony with.

She wore a leather belt around her waist, fastened with a latego instead of a buckle, and in this was stuck the pistol which completed her attire. It was only a target-pistol about eight inches long; a single-barrelled affair, throwing a ball "about the size of a homœopathic pill," as Mark Twain says; but such as it was, Madeline would hold it very straight indeed.

Thus attired she would come toward me at a lope, and making a sort of military salute with her parasol, would venture to hope that "everything is going right the day;" for Madeline was not without a touch, though a slight one, of her parents' rich brogue.

Then riding gravely along by my side, she would answer my questions, and straighten out her father's muddled replies, as we found him, swearing at his scraper-chasers at the end of the dump, and then would scamper back to the camp to let her mother know I was coming.

I took a fancy to her, and we became great friends. At first, though, all the friendship was on my side, Madeline disapproving of me thoroughly, and on many different counts. To begin with, I was a tenderfoot, as shown by my breeches, boots, and straight spurs, all separate grounds of offence in her eyes. Furthermore, my flat saddle was a trifling affair, not at all suited to the serious business of life. She thought no one who used such a thing could ride, and I couldn't as she did. Few men could. Also, it had no thongs hanging all over it, to tie things on by, and no horn whereby to hold a lassoed steer, about all a saddle was good for, anyway. Then my guns were Smith & Wesson's and not the Colt's to which she was accustomed. These things were surely enough to condemn anyone, but I was guilty of far more serious offences. I made fun of Bisnaga and of her affection for him, affecting to be uncertain as to which owned the other. This filled her small soul with rage, and for a while Madeline hated me fervently. She always spoke respectfully to me, for if she had not her mother would have ascertained the reason why by a method with which she was painfully familiar; but when I was sitting sometimes, in the thatched eating shack, she would get behind it into the corral, where, as she couldn't see me, she was not obliged to take official notice of my presence, and then would make cutting remarks in technical language and sarcastic tone concerning my horse, his conformation and equipments, and occasionally about myself.

One day, however, as I was riding slowly down the road, about a mile from Mullaney's camp, Madeline suddenly went by me like a flash. I had not heard the sound of Bisnaga's little bare hoofs on the soft sand, and neither had my horse, for the vision of a wildly flourished flame-colored parasol made him snort and shy. He wasn't used to being passed, however, so in three jumps was hard on the pony's heels.

She glanced over her shoulder and began frantically to work her passage; spurs, parasol, and halter-shank all going like mad, leaning well forward and lifting her horse, jockey fashion. I then saw that Madeline was racing with me, and really I never thought so small a pony could go so fast. His little legs looked like a mist under him. Of course he hadn't much of a chance

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with my long-legged black, so I pulled a bit—gradually, so she wouldn't see it—letting her ride in, a winner by some forty yards. The look of triumph she gave me, as she stopped her panting horse by the corral slip-rails, I wouldn't have missed for anything. This was repeated for the next week or so at frequent intervals, being evidently intended to lower my opinion of my judgment; but having sufficiently humiliated me, Madeline relented visibly, and even became quite affable at times. Then she saw me jump my horse over an arroyo, though I didn't know it until three days later, when she took an opportunity of accomplishing the same feat. Then I learned, on inquiry, that in the intervening time she had put Bisnaga over every ditch he could clear, and tumbled him into those he couldn't, for miles around. Taking this with the fact that I once killed a jack-rabbit in a manner which met her approval, placed me well in her esteem, and I was correspondingly elated.

It was not long after this happy event that I met with an accident. An undermined bank gave way, bringing my horse and me down with it; I underneath, and the horse together with a ton or so of sand on top. It squeezed me somewhat, enough to lay me up with some exceedingly painful injuries, so that I could do nothing but lie on my cot in the shade and watch the buzzards, as they lazily wheeled about above me, and wishing the while that I might get something besides bacon and frijoles to eat, and someone to talk to, for everyone was far too busy to attend to me. It was the third day, I think, when I saw a red spot far down the river trail, which, as it slowly approached, developed into Madeline's parasol. I wondered if she was coming to see me, for it wouldn't strike one that visiting the sick was much in her line, but such was her intention; for Bisnaga's head was turned up the path leading to the thatched veranda where I lay, and I saw that he was dressed for the occasion, wearing a bridle with a large brass army bit, and several feathers stuck in his mane. Madeline stopped him, and pulling the reins over his head as an intimation that he was to stop where he stood, came up to my cot. She replied to my salutations in rather an absent way, and looked at me sternly for some time; but after a while she said, "Mother thought this might taste good after the beans and hog meat," putting on the chair by my side a napkin-covered parcel as she spoke. I thanked her as well as her mother for their kindness, but if she heard me she made no sign, so there was a pause after I had finished, until she asked "How'd it come to be?" I told her, and she considered some time, and then—"Bisnaga wouldn't do no such fool thing as that." Anxious to conciliate, I said I was sure of it, but Madeline was above flattery and only observed, "If he did I'd fair frazzle a blacksnake out on 'im." This seemed to exhaust the subject, so I said no more, but she appeared to be ill at ease as she stood there, with one arm around the cottonwood log which served as a pillar, scratching her right leg with her left spur; but finally, nerving herself for a desperate effort, she straightened up. "Mother says she's sorry you're hurted, and hopes you'll be better soon," said she. Then scrambling on to her pony's back she turned him, and shouting back "And so do I," threw in her spurs and vanished in a cloud of dust. I laughed, but I understood her. Though the sentiment recorded above might be justified by an extreme case, she couldn't stop to listen to a reply in a like vein. That was too much. Undoing the napkin, I found a chicken, beautifully roasted—one of Nora's cherished stock—and it seemed to me that I had never eaten anything so good before.

Every day after that, Bisnaga would come slowly up the path, bearing some delicacy, and each time would disappear at his top speed as his small mistress voiced her wish for my recovery. I wanted to make some acknowledgment to the child for all this, but it was a difficult matter to accomplish—she didn't want no pay, she said. But she was fond of personal adornment as any other young savage, and through this my opportunity came. She was wearing, one day, by way of a necklace, two nickel-plated buckles,

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once part of a pair of suspenders, strung on a buckskin thong instead of a ribbon. A pendent would add finish to this ornament, I suggested, and ventured to offer to act in that capacity a little gold charm I had; a fish, of Mexican workmanship, jointed in many places, so that it would wriggle when touched. She demurred stoutly at first, but the bewitching squirm of which the thing was capable, together with my arguments, finally prevailed, and I fastened it between the two buckles with a bit of string, so that it hung, flopping as she moved in a most realistic manner. She really thought a great deal of that fish.

Above her parasol, rather, I think it ranked, though somewhat beneath her spurs. Then she began bringing me bits of information—and very useful ones sometimes—that she gathered in her journeys back and forth concerning the work, until at length I was able to go my rounds once more.

The long, hot summer had fairly burnt itself out; the days were not quite so torrid, and the nights a great deal cooler, when, returning one morning after a week's absence on some temporary duty, I found something out of the common going on in the work. The first camp I came to, Brainard's, was deserted, but the next few were showing a most unaccustomed activity. They were working faster, and the bosses were shorter-tempered than was usual. It was the doing of Schultze, the chief contractor, they told me. It seems that he had been much taken with an earth-moving machine he had seen somewhere—a sort of overgrown scraper, pulled by cables—and was desirous of resuming such sub-contracted sections as suited his purpose in order to work them with this arrangement; therefore they, the subs, were trying to get what they could out of it before the first of the month, when they might be thrown out. It was Mullaney's part, they said, that Schultze was most anxious to regain, but Tim had some clause in his agreement which made it harder to oust him than the rest, so he had hired Brainard's outfit and was working night and day to hold his contract. I was sorry for all this, Tim being rather a favorite of mine in spite of his stupidity; for, in his way, he would try to stick to the specifications and do what he was told, while most of the rest used what brains they had in devising methods by which they could avoid doing so.

Hurrying through with the work of the other sections, I galloped on to Tim's.

Here was a change indeed. He had trebled his force, and the bank was alive with horses and men. Everything was pressed into the service, carts and wheelbarrows eked out the scanty supply of scrapers, and even four- and six-horse wagons went groaning down the levee, loaded with the sandy clay. One team was composed of a big gray Percheron horse, a black mule hardly smaller, and two tiny pintos, attached to a Fresno scraper, and driven by a tall Apache who stalked gravely behind, probably tempted by the high pay to work long enough to enable him to purchase American sardines, rifle-cartridges, canned string beans, and other things dear to the aboriginal heart. There were three or four Indians and a few white men there, but, as is always the case in that country, the great bulk were Mexicans of mongrel race—greasers.

All were working feverishly under the profane oratory of the foremen, and working all wrong, too, for Tim having had a whole week in which to make mistakes, had embraced the opportunity; but I straightened him out after a while, and rode over to Nora's domain, the camp. The change here was as noticeable as on the dump. The corrals were crowded with tired horses from the night-shift, and the surrounding chapparal was dotted with the sleeping forms of their Mexican drivers. The little blacksmith shop had acquired a new forge, and both were blazing merrily. The eating-shack was being enlarged, for the pole framework of the extension was in place, and a huge pile of green arrow-weed was being laid on as thatch by two Indians, as it was handed up to them by a third, while close by stood Nora, vociferously superintending. The cottonwood-shaded

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plaza, formed by the camp buildings and tents, was filled with Mexicans, chattering and smoking their crooked brown paper cigarettes as they considered whether or not they should go to work or rest, after having pretended to labor for half a day or so.

Nora saw me coming and walked toward me, wiping her face, heated by her eloquence, as she came. She fairly beamed with pleasure, and the invitation to dismount and rest was even more cordial than usual. "Yes, sorr," she said in answer to my comments on the turn affairs had taken, "things do be booming now for sure. They have to be. You see, sorr, that we have an oiron conthract with that little Dutch blaggard, an' it ses we must put up twenty-foive hoondther thousand yards of dirt befoor the furst of Novimber. But, ses he, that's naught but a formality, ses he, an' if yez goes ahead in a modherate way, sure 'twill be all right; but four days gone by, who should roide down the bank but that sem man, an' gev a warnin' to Tim that he should requoire the turrms of the conthrac' carried out as he said. He only wants to get that big slusher in here, that's pulled by a shtring, an' pulls down more durt than it can put up. Tim was going to throw everything up, but I wuddent let him, so I med him borra money on our stock an' buy more, an' hoire more yet, an' greasers an' everything. We'll call the little divil's bluff yet. We're hard put to it for foremen, though. Sure we had to put the store boss on the dump, an' so Maddy's running the commishary. She paused to take breath, well pleased evidently at the way things were going. There was excitement in this, and contention, so Nora was in her element. They deserved to win, and I hoped they would, but doubted it, for I knew chief contractors are deep and full of guile. I looked in at the door of the little commissary-store, though, as I rode back, and saw Madeline, delighted with her new sphere of action, trying in voluble greaser-Spanish to overcharge a Mexican teamster for a pair of brogans which didn't fit him, and then set out for the home camp.

There didn't seem to be much in my mental prophecy of evil at first, the force was increased day by day, and the long bank grew in a manner wondrous to behold. Tim exhausted his magnificent vocabulary in endeavoring to do justice to the shortcomings of the new foremen, and made more blunders himself than any of them, or, for that matter, than all of them; for Nora was much too busy to take charge of her husband and the camp both, as she had formerly done; so I had to make two visits now, one in the morning to look over what the night-shift had accomplished, and another in the evening to see if anything had been done properly during the day; for Tim took personal charge then.

For some days after this Nora's smile grew broader and more comprehensive, for Schultze made no attempt to play his hand. No open attempt, that is, but somewhat versed in the ways of his kind, I began to see in him the instigator of the petty annoyances that now made themselves felt. Tools were requisitioned on other service; foremen enticed away or made too drunk to go on duty; commissary and cook-house supplies came irregularly; Tim's time-checks became hard to cash, and a thousand and one other things of the same kind, all trivial enough in themselves, met with good nature and overcome in triumph; until at last the supply question began to be serious.

Neither men nor horses can work without food, and they had come to rather short commons for both, once or twice, so the laborers began to growl and leave.

Day by day this became worse and Nora's face grew longer, until in a week the crisis came. I had paid my morning visit, when things were much as usual, though I noticed as I passed that Madeline was no longer in the store—there was nothing left to sell—and that the feed-pen inside the big corral was almost empty. Nora said, however, with all her old manner returned, that though they were down pretty well to their last, it would be all right, for a big order of goods had come in that morning from Albuquerque, and three six-horse teams had gone over to fetch them. Schultze had been there, and had offered them

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terms for their contract which had been refused, I gathered, with considerable shortness. He had just gone on down the line, so I would probably meet him. I did not, however, and it would have done no good if I had, for as the engineers recognized officially only the principal contractor, the disposition said contractor made of the subs under him lay entirely outside our province. His presence was shown by several idle sections down below, and this shortened my work, so that my second visit to Tim's was made much earlier than was common. As I approached I saw that the overhanging cloud of dust was missing, and no shouting of foremen or teamsters could I hear, so I knew the smash must have come, and without stopping at the levee I rode into the camp. Here it was lively enough, for the little plaza was covered with bunches of excited Mexicans, all jabbering at once in some groups; in others listening to the frenzied oratory of some self-appointed leaders as they recapitulated their grievances against the "Mayordomo"—Tim—and counselled instant vengeance against him and all "gringos." Their looks promised evil to all—so much so, that the knowledge that the horse I rode was able and willing to outrun anything in the county, afforded me considerable satisfaction at the time.

The three saloon-tents outside the camp limits had attracted crowds which reminded one of the flies gathered around the unwashed tin plates which still stood, from the men's dinner, on the long tables in the newly enlarged shack, in front of which a small knot of Mexicans, with malignant faces and important manner, stood listening to Nora's broken Spanish as she tried to explain the situation to them as the representatives of the rest, though without much success, apparently; for from time to time they would interrupt her fiercely, with questions and rattling oaths, when her right hand would twitch nervously toward a bulge in the body of her gown which I had never noticed before. They were too much occupied to notice me until I spoke; then the Mexicans departed to expound, with gestures and blasphemy, the information they had gathered, and which their attendant brethren eagerly awaited on the plaza. Poor Nora! Her nerve was gone now, and she almost broke down as she told me, her brogue richer than ever in her excitement, how the men had just finished eating when the great wagons came rattling back from the little railway station, fifteen miles away, laden only with a curt note from the supply-dealer, to the effect that the goods ordered had been forwarded, and awaited them on cash payment; but owing to unfavorable reports from Mr. Schultze as to their solvency, no credit—not even the usual thirty days—would be given. This settled matters, for Tim could as easily pay the national debt as to raise the ready money for that grocery bill, so there was nothing left to do but to announce the fact to the assembled men and abide by the consequences. The white men—foremen and mechanics—had grumbled a little at the delay; but as all knew the pay would come, and as work was plenty on the other contracts, they packed their blankets and departed, but with the greasers it was different. They couldn't or wouldn't understand anything; they wanted payment at once, and threatened all sorts of things in case of its not being immediately forthcoming. She stopped long enough to give me a note, which she had nearly forgotten, she said, though it was to have been handed me directly I came; then she took up her story again, only too glad to have some one to talk to. I read the note; it was an order from head-quarters to return at once, "as fast as your horse will carry you: stop for nothing." There was no trifling with this, so I started on a gallop for home. I was not used to such orders, even from our imperious old chief, and they troubled me; so I pushed on still faster as I wondered what their cause could be. Specks in the road quickly became men, with blanket rolls over their shoulders, plodding along in the same direction, who hailed me as I passed with questions I could not stop to answer. Then wagons, and as I flashed by I could see that they were loaded with tents, faro and craps layouts, and barrels of whis-

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key, all going to the broken camp as buzzards gather round a newly dead horse, for idle men would be but too ready to pledge their pay at an enormous discount for "artificial" whiskey, or to lose it at faro or the seductive monte. Two of these trains in one mile, five in the next, and I pulled up my winded horse at the office-door and ran into the chief's sanctum. He was sitting there with his chair tilted back, softly whistling a tune as he gazed placidly into space. I had reported as ordered, I told him. He finished the air he was executing, and observing, "I know it," commenced a new one. "What was wanted?" I asked. He interrupted his musical performance this time long enough to say, "Nothing;" then took it up again exactly where he had left off.

Our superior was apt to be exasperating at times, and this was one of them. My patience was rapidly vanishing when he roused himself sufficiently to say that if I had stayed in Mullaney's camp I would probably have got hurt, for they were safe, men said, to have a row down there before long, and though he didn't care much individually, my father was a friend of his, so he would prefer returning me alive if convenient. Tim's estimate had been taken and the sheriff had been sent for, so there was nothing for us to do but to keep still and endeavor, in our poor way, not to make fools of ourselves. He had talked with Schultze, he added with a chuckle, and the small Teuton had departed in some haste for the railway station, intending to return the day after the next with the money.

In the outer room, where we lesser fry were wont to congregate, I learned fuller particulars. The chief, it seems had sent for Schultze and remonstrated mildly; but Schultze was obdurate. Mullaney must wait until the first of the month, like the rest. Then waxed our chief wroth, speaking in a manner unwelcome to contractors when coming from chief engineers, and the end of the interview was as has been told. After the hastily taken estimate had been worked out, our German friend had left with barely time to catch his train. "And I'll lay odds," finished Bailey, my informant, a fellow-assistant and an Englishman, "that the little beggar rode three stone lighter when the chief had done with him. My word though! I wouldn't have taken that wigging for six months' pay." The messenger sent for the sheriff rode up with the news that this official was absent, but would return that afternoon or evening.

We had left the little office building of gray adobe as we talked, and were now sitting on the edge of the cliff of black basalt overlooking the upper work—we three assistant engineers and the "boys," as the subordinates of an engineer corps, irrespective of age, are called, watching the scene below.

It would seem much as usual to an unaccustomed eye; but we could see differences. The big cable-way was still swinging great masses of rock into foundations of the dam, accompanied by the flicker of red signal flags, and the shouts of the masons working there. The pile-drivers thumped as usual at the ends of the long rows of piling which stretched across the flat bottom of the cañon, in the middle of which the river, a mere thread at this season, wound sluggishly along, its channel twisted and doubled by infinitesimal rises and hollows in the hot, white gravel through which it ran. Over against the bottom of the cliff, facing the one on which we sat, and forming the other side of the mesa, or table-land, which the cañon of the river cut in halves, we were excavating for foundations, and all day long the scrapers toiled in endless procession down into the big pit, filling with the powdery sand, then straining up the side of the hill they had made, around its back, and down into the hole again. This procession was still there, but its order was very open now, and the horses standing in the corrals showed how many of their drivers were dotting the dusty trail which led to the lower camps. There was idleness there and bad feeling, so there would surely be much drink, and possibly a fight as well; a fight with all the odds on their side, and what Sonora greaser could resist such a prospect? Not these, at all events, and so they had gone, all but a few, who were volunteering their help

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in loading a saloon outfit on a big freight-wagon.

The kegs of bad whiskey and stone jugs of mescal were already in; the canvas followed, a few swarthy women of their own race, their gaudy wrappers making bright spots on the sandy stretch, were piled on top, and the whole finally creaked away down the cactus-outlined road, the attendant crowd laughing and singing as they went. Then the sheriff came by in a swinging gallop, with four deputies at his heels, all following the same path. The sun was going down now, and the whistle of the cable-way engine gave the signal for the end of the day's work; the men began trooping from their pumps and pile-drivers toward the cook-house. We had just risen to go to our own dining-room when a sound of something scrambling up the face of the mesa made us pause for a moment and then run round the point of rock which hid its cause. It was Madeline on Bisnaga, and both of them nearly at the top of that almost perpendicular cliff where it would seem that nothing but a goat could go. As we saw them, the little pony attempted to jump up on a ledge of rock from the slope where he was standing. He failed to make it, and slid half-way down the rolling stones on his haunches, but recovering himself quickly under the influence of the big spurs, he scrambled up once more, and was gathering for another spring when one of the boys, dropping over the edge of the cliff, caught the young woman bodily off her charger, handing her up to us like a small bale of goods; while another, taking the pony's head, led him by an easier path to the top. As we set her on her feet, we noticed that there was portent in her attire. She was stripped for action, so to speak, for she had left off both sunbonnet and parasol, while in her belt, balancing her pistol on the other side, hung, in a cowhide sheath of her own manufacture, a good-sized butcher-knife. She had come, she said, with a note to the chief. The greasers were getting ugly now. Lopes, their ex-corral boss, was leading them, and had tried to stop her as she left the camp; but she had ridden hard for the ford leading to Agua Caliente and the down-river settlements, and hid herself and the pony in the dense growth of arrow-weed on the river's edge until they had passed, and then cut across country for our camp. "I didn't dare try the trail up the mesa," she finished; "I could too easy be stopped there, so I had to come this way." She looked down with some complacency, as well she might, at the path she had attempted, and as nearly succeeded in scaling. "Here's the note, anyhow. I rode awful hard, and I'm afraid Bisnaga's all killed up." He certainly was "all killed up," for as he stood there with hanging head and his poor little flanks heaving hard, white with sweat, tinged red here and there where cactus thorns or spurs had penetrated, one couldn't ask for a better miniature of a thoroughly played-out horse.

The chief strolled up to the group, and the note was put into his hands. There were only a few words scrawled in pencil on wrapping-paper, ill spelled and ungrammatical, but very earnest, asking that help might be sent. A few would answer, but with only one white man in the camp "the greasers will surely do us up," adding that he was very respectfully the chief's T. Mullaney. The sheriff had already gone, we told Madeline—she would have met him had she come the regular way—and he could easily hold the Mexicans down, as the speed and accuracy with which he handled that exponent of frontier law—Colt's single action, calibre .45 — was well and unfavorably known to them all.

Words to this effect cheered her somewhat, but she couldn't stay, she said, the "childher" would need her. She must get back. Now. She didn't want any supper. Bisnaga couldn't do it again, we urged, but if she would come in and have supper with us, she should see that he was fed to her liking and afterward could have the bay mare to ride, and some of us would go with her. The pony was clearly too much done up to be of any use, and she hesitated, but made no direct reply. "I'll put Bisnaga into the corral myself," she said, and catching his halter led him off. When, five minutes later, we went to fetch her, we found the pony placid-

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ly enjoying his customary surfeit in our feed pen, and the bay mare, the nucleus of a dusty comet, rapidly growing less far down the river road. A person fond of her own way was Madeline, and this was characteristic; but she could hardly take much harm with the sheriff and his men hard by, so we went in to supper.

The chile-con-carne and the situation of affairs had been duly discussed, when suddenly in the doorway stood the sheriff, his men behind him, eying our table wistfully. "Evenin'," he remarked in his soft Texas dialect, which always reminded me of Bret Harte's stories. "Come down to see if I couldn't get yaw men to give us a bite of grub. Been chasin' greasah cattle thieves all the mawnin'. Just got back an' had to come down heah. Ain't eat any since six o'clock." "How's Mullaney's camp?" "Oh, all right for now. Greasahs wah cookin' theah suppuhs. They'll be quiet enough till they get done eatin' and gathah moah of a jag. I'm goin' back when I can get some moah men. Need 'em befoah mawnin', I reckon." We made room for them at the table, which most of us were ready to leave anyway, and gave orders to Joe, our Chinese cook, and Sing, his mate, to get ready whatever could be quickly prepared. It was extra work for the Celestials and they didn't like it. It broke their routine, but they knew what happened to Chinamen who trifled with the sheriff, and so soon had food on the table which seemed very welcome to the half-famished men who sat down to it. We talked it over, a few of us, outside, in consequence of which, seeing that the sheriff was making a most excellent meal, and was presumably therefore in a good humor, I went in and spoke to him. A few of us wanted to see what was going on below, I told him, but we wanted it kept quiet. The chief might not like it; and for that reason he must promise not to let us in for any trial or coroner's jury as witnesses. He was rather a friend of mine, and consented readily enough. Said he: "I won't call on you, but you'll get youah fool hides shot full of holes, like as not." I turned to leave, but he called me back. "If you *do* have to pull youah guns, don't try to club no one with the barrels. Use 'em the way God meant 'em to be used. About belt high. I'll be thah soon." The point was gained, and communicating the joyful news to the rest, we set out, on foot; for not only would the whole camp know if we tried to saddle horses, but though it was six miles by road, the distance was reduced to less than half if one walked across the mesa where no horse could well go, for the table-land jutted out into the river-flat in the shape of a peninsula, and the trail had to double it. It was very dark at first, but after a while the moon came up, lighting a little the narrow path over the bowlder-strewn plain.

We went in single file, Barton, my rodman, who knew the country like an Indian, at the head as guide, then my instrument-man. I came next, followed by Bailey, who, like most Englishmen, being unable to hit anything with a pistol, had armed himself with one of his many shot-guns—an eight-bore ducking affair—with twenty buckshot in each barrel. After him Brown, his rodman, the rear being brought up by the long, shambling form of Smiley, a masonry inspector. He was from Alabama, and also eschewed the prevalent Colts, preferring a pair of double-barrelled derringers, one of which he carried in each side-pocket of his trousers, in order, as he said, that he might, if occasion required, "nail a man through his pants," without wasting time in drawing, such being the pleasing custom of the country whence he came. We slowly made our way across the neck of the peninsula, down the steep pass on its farther side, and out on the flat.

In front of us the levee showed faintly gray against the deep black of the opposite cliff, and turning sharply to the left, we skirted its base, silently, for our footsteps in the yielding sand gave no sound.

As we went the outline of the bank grew more distinct, and finally stood in bold relief against the ruddy glare of a large brush fire, which we could hear crackling fiercely on its other side. Shrill voices floated over to us, speaking in Spanish, angrily. Then came a sound from the camp hard by,

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followed by a dead silence ; every voice hushed. We listened, and it came again, Tim's brogue, unmistakable even in its agonized tones. "Hands up!" he cried. "Hands up or I'll—ah—would ye? Drop that rifle! Quick—there, stand back." We broke into a run over the bank, past the fire—deserted now—around the road into the camp. The little plaza was dark. Even the saloons outside had put out their lights, and Nora's tent alone shone like pearl, as tents do when there is a light inside them. The moon was still low upon the mesa, outlining in black the sujuarro cacti that stood like giant candelabra along its edge, and throwing the shadow of the cliff far out on the plain below. The tent had the river at its back. The flaps were down, and before them stood Tim, his face white and set, with a Winchester cocked and held at "ready" on his hip.

A space of forty feet or so, and Lopes stood, while behind him, on the edge of the shadow, were twenty or more of his comrades, all motionless as statues.

As we came we saw that the ex-corral boss's hands were held high above his head; but taking advantage of the diversion caused by our advent, he dropped them to his sides, but he made no move to touch the rifle, lying black against the white sand, at his feet, for that would have been death.

The situation explained itself: there was nothing to say, so we all lined up, with Tim in the middle, and stood by. A little stir among the forms, dimly seen in the black shade, then all was still — deathly stillness, broken only by the hooting of an owl in the brush that lined the river banks. The minutes slowly passed, then a spark winked like a firefly half-way up the mesa ; a bullet sung far over our heads, the report echoed faintly from cliff to cliff, and as it died away a coyote somewhere on the plain above began to yelp, answered by the shrill barking of a little dog from one of the tents ; then the nerve-racking silence again. Five minutes of it, probably—hours it seemed, and I could stand still no longer, so shoving back into its holster the pistol I had drawn, I turned, and lifting a flap, looked into the tent. A lantern, hung well up to the ridge-pole in front, so that it would throw no shadow on the walls, lighted the little interior. In a cot standing on one side the two younger children, a boy and a girl, of four and three years, lay fast asleep, the elder hugging a hatchet with both arms. On a camp-stool at the bed's head sat Nora. She was crying, poor thing, and wiping her eyes with her left hand, while her right held, the butt, resting on her knee, of one of those sawed-off shotguns affected by express-messengers, and so called Wells Fargos. In front and on the other side of the tent was Madeline, trembling and white, but not crying, though her bare feet worked together nervously. She had just been going to bed, probably, when the danger came, for her frock lay on the floor beside her. In one hand she held her little pistol, a box of its tiny cartridges in the other. As I came in Nora looked up. "Gud avenin', sorr," she gasped between her sobs, and Madeline gave me an uncertain kind of smile ; but before I could speak a movement in the crowd outside caused me to drop the canvas and turn back to my place in the line.

The shadow had receded somewhat now, and many stood in the moonlight. Lopes had stepped backward into the crowd, which was increasing every second, one couldn't tell just how, but simply became conscious from time to time that the cluster was extending on both sides and growing deeper. There was undergrowth on our right, and in its shadow a man stole, crouching, around our flank. Smiley stood there, and his derringer barked hoarsely. The figure disappeared, whether hit or not we never knew. Then a sharp crack from behind, and a man howled and clapped both hands to his thigh I looked around—we all did, I think—in time to see Madeline's head and shoulders protruding from under the tent, just before she disappeared suddenly, exactly as though Nora had caught her by the ankles and pulled her back. A young fellow, taking advantage of our divided attention, stooped to pick up the rifle Lopes had dropped. Three of us fired at once, and he fell limply, with his breast across the piece which

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had cost him his life, his sombrero, heavy with silver, rolling almost to our feet. A moment's pause was broken again by a coyote on the desert above, and as if he had given a signal, was answered by the scratching of a match on the opposite side of the plaza; then with a crackle and roar the dry thatch forming a side of the blacksmith shop blazed up, the roof caught, and all was bright as day in an instant. A man sprang away from the burning shop, and Tim fired at him—and missed.

A shrill yell, such as greasers delight in on every occasion was raised far back in the crowd, then taken up by them all, and the whole mass surged slowly forward. Those in front had knives in their hands, or cheap, nickle-plated six-shooters of the British bull-dog variety, and advanced slowly, without eagerness, but more as if forced forward by those behind them.

One of our men—which one I could not tell—cried out to them to halt. A shot answered him, the ball ripping the thigh of the man standing next me; then a volley crashed from our men as if by command, and I could see a man drop here and there. The wounded man, Barton, had sunk to a sitting posture, and steadying himself by passing one arm round my leg, was emptying his pistol at the close-standing band of Mexicans.

The smoke hung in a low cloud in front of us, and I remember, in a confused sort of way, the brisk rattle of the pistol-shots, twice punctuated by the roar of Bailey's big duck-gun, and of firing into the dense smoke rapidly with both hands. Our opponents stopped, then gave back a little, and the firing slacked somewhat.

A wandering puff of wind lifted the thickness, showing a man, with a pistol in his hand, standing ahead of his fellows. I shot at him, and he pitched forward on his hands and knees, then rolled over and lay still. The sight made me sick for one moment, but I forgot it in the next, for, as a warning yell sounded from among them, the crowd scuttled to cover like a flock of frightened quail. For an instant the cause was not apparent, but a sharp report was followed by the sudden appearance of the sheriff from the thicket-lined road, with twelve men at his back, all riding as fast as their wiry cow-ponies could run. Most of the Mexicans had taken to the chaparral, but a few ran down the road, and, crossing our front, the officers followed these without a sound. A few scattering shots came from the brush, and the horse ridden by one of the deputies reared and fell backward with a scream. The man was up in a second, uncinching his saddle, while Brown and Smiley, running to the corral, caught the mare Madeline had ridden that day, and led her out. She was saddled, mounted, and away while one tells of it.

The field was clear, and, to my surprise, the dead and wounded were not lying around in bloody heaps as I expected. Six there were, and our rodman, seven in all. The latter had but a graze, and when we had bound it up and given him some whiskey, professed himself quite comfortable and willing to do it all over again.

The posse had not gone far, and soon returned; the sheriff rode up to where we were standing.

"You want to get youah wife an' the kids away from heah," he said to Tim. "I can't spah no men to guahd this place, an' thah's no tellin' when them greasahs'll be back with a lot moah from below. Go to the big camp. We'll help you hahness up, but you must get a wiggle on." Six snorting horses were led out, and the rattling harness thrown across their backs by many willing hands, when Madeline, fully dressed, left the tent and walked over to the corral. She stood looking into the enclosure for a minute, then sat down in a heap on the sand, and for the first time in my knowledge of her, commenced to cry. "I haven't got no horse to ride," she wailed. It was only for a moment though, for she rose, and glancing around severely to see if her weakness had been noticed, she stalked up to the wagon, and began helping to pack the things handed into it. Everything was soon ready; the cots, bedding, children, and Nora were bundled in; Barton was helped to the front seat with Tim, we followed,

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finding places anywhere, and the horses started in a canter over the level road toward the home camp. We had toiled up a hill at a walk, and had just reached its top, where Tim, with an oath, pulled in his team and set his brake hard. Nora gave a smothered howl, and some one started to speak, but checked himself and listened instead. We all heard it then, a sound as of many galloping horses, far away, and then a silence, which Tim broke. "For good or ill," said he, "they've crossed the stretch of baked clay and are on the sand now. They'll come to rock directly. Listen." Another moment and the clang of hoofs was plainly heard. "Them horses is shod. The Virgin be praised, they're friends." "Amen," responded Nora, with a sigh; but Smiley jumped to his feet, and putting both hands to his mouth, gave the cry, well known in that country, from which the tribe of Mexican Indians take their name. "Ya-*qui!*" he called, then again "yaqui!" The shrill falsetto of this carries far, like the "coee" of the Australians.

"Yaqui!" a third time. They heard us now, a chorus came back in answer, and in another few seconds they had rounded the point of the mesa and streamed toward us in the moonlight, sixty strong. At their head rode the handsome form of "Greaser Pete," saloon-keeper, gambler, reputed stage-robber, and all around "bad man," yet, withal, a very decent sort of fellow according to his somewhat limited light; he had earned his nickname from his relentless hatred toward the race of which it spoke, and a more congenial mission than his present one could not be found. A mixed lot followed him, mechanics, saloon-men, gamblers, and cowboys; all were represented. Mounted though they were, each on the first four-legged thing he could snatch out of the nearest corral, some with saddles, but more without, all were heavily armed and were riding fast. Our corral boss was among them, and beside his little white mare, Bailey's roan horse and my black, both fully equipped, loped contentedly along.

They gathered around us with eager questions, put all at once, but their leader raised his hand to command silence, and having learned in a few words all there was to know, turned to his followers, and made what was, for him, a rather lengthy address. "Boys," said he, "it seems we're a little late, but we may see some fun yet, if we hurry. Vamenos."

Then with a yell the "committee" dashed off, and we started once more for our camp, which we reached without further incident. We saw that the Mullaneys were made comfortable in a tent, vacated by a foreman for their use, and having helped Barton to bed, turned to our own, well tired out.

I had slept about ten minutes, as I thought at the time, when I became dimly conscious that I was not resting easily. I looked up, and saw that it was daylight, and that Bailey, half dressed, was shaking me violently by the shoulder. "Wake up, man, can't you?" he said, as soon as I was sufficiently awake to understand him. "You're wanted. That child, Madeline, has gone, and we're afraid something's happened her. Search parties are going out. The chief's sending everyone." He left me to complete his own toilet, but I was wide-awake now, and tumbling into my clothes, opened the door to find Bailey, already mounted, and holding the bridle of one of my horses, impatiently awaiting me. We went slowly to save our stock, for we could not tell how far they might have to travel before they saw their corrals again, and as we jogged along, he told me what little he knew of the affair.

It seemed that when she woke Nora had missed Madeline, and on making inquiry had found that she had been seen by a teamster, feeding his horses half an hour before daybreak, on Bisnaga, cantering toward the camp she had left the night before. Tim and another man had gone at once to look for her, but except that Bisnaga was standing, tied to the corral fence, no sign of the child could they find, so they returned and roused the head-camp. It was thought that she had returned after something forgotten in the hurry of leaving, and all feared that she had met with some accident. An object, nearing us rapidly as we talked, we now saw to be a buckboard, driven in a furious gallop by Selwin, one of our instru-

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ment men. "Found her?" shouted Bailey, as the team came close enough for him to be heard. Selwin nodded. "Alive?" "Just. I'm going for her mother now." The buckboard rushed by, and we pushed on hurriedly.

A group of men stood around the entrance of the tent. Pete was among them, and the sheriff with some of his posse. "We found her in the brush yonder," one of them was explaining to a new-comer as we rode up. "Leastways that little yaller dawg did. 'Twas a knife that done it, all right enough, with a greaser at the end of it."

The tent seemed to have grown smaller since I had seen it the night before, as I entered it. It was crowded with men, gathered around a cot standing in the middle of the little space, on which, partly covered with barley-sacks, lay Madeline. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing heavily. The upper part of her clothing had been cut away, and her body, throat, and right arm were swathed in rude bandages, made of bandanna handkerchiefs torn into strips, their white spots, in places, dyed a uniform color with the groundwork. Her left arm lay by her side, the hand tightly clinched. A bucket of reddened water, with a crimsoned cloth lying over its edge, stood beside the bed, flanked by a flask of whiskey. On an upturned soap-box by the cot's head sat Tim, leaning over and fanning the child softly with his broad, white sombrero.

"Has she been conscious?" I asked. "No, sorr," he replied, with a catch in his breath. "Just loike this. She med a little moan like eonce, that's all. She'll never tell who done it, I fear." One of the men standing near turned, and with a muttered oath, left the tent. The air was stifling in there, and close with the odor of packed humanity, and seeing Madeline's knife in its cowhide sheath, lying on the ground by my feet, I drew it, and making two long slits in the canvas, opened a triangular window there. Someone followed suit on the other side, and then the fresh breeze gushed through, and Tim, dropping his hat, rested his chin on his hands, and stared hard at the ground between his knees.

The air seemed to revive Madeline a little, for she moved her left arm and opened her eyes. I was bending over her, and as she saw me, she smiled faintly and unclasped her hand. It held her necklace—the buckles with the little fish I had given her. Then her eyes closed again, and the tin buckles jingled on the ground. A cowboy who stood near lifted them, replacing them gently in her upturned palm. I couldn't stand it any longer; so I left the tent, and joined the men outside. I asked the particulars, but there were few to be told. A little dog—the same which had answered the coyote the night before—had guided them to where she lay in the chapparal, and they had brought her in—that was all. A man had gone over to the station to wire for a doctor and a priest, but it wasn't likely they would be in time to do any good. Some men were beating around through the brush, and one of them now walked quickly toward us. "I found this little gun out yonder," he said. "It's hers, ain't it?" A dozen voices testified to this, and the sheriff, taking it from his hand, threw open the breech, and drew out an empty cartridge-shell. "She done her little best," said he, holding it up so all could see. "She surely mahked him, whoevah he was. Find a greasah with a pin-hole in him, and we've nailed the man."

"You can't tell by that. She got one last night," objected Bailey. "That cuss is all right. He had one o' those tinwah six shootahs, so somebody killed him. He didn't do no cuttin'."

The buckboard had accomplished its mission quickly, and now came rattling up the plaza, the horses—a different pair from those we had seen before—panting and white with sweat. Nora was helped to the ground, and as she entered the tent the men inside filed silently out.

We began to organize now. One-half of the men, under the sheriff, were to go through the down-river camps, to catch the criminal in case he had attempted to hide himself among his brethren there; the rest, divided into small squads, were to search the country roundabout. I attached myself to the former party, for, knowing the localities through which we were to go

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from my daily work, I could be of more use so. It took us a good while —until well along in the afternoon—to get through this, for the sheriff was very thorough, and each Mexican we met was put through a most rigid examination. Then, at the very last, we found what we thought was a most promising trail, and followed it, ten of us, while the rest worked on down the river.

Straight across the desert it went, we following fast, and finding, at its end, an inoffensive old prospector, who, with two burros, was making for the placer grounds across the Arizona line. Tired and disgusted, Bailey and I tried to get back by a short cut, got lost, and reached our camp at midnight ravenously hungry and tired out.

The boys were still up, and had saved some canned corned beef and biscuit for us, and as we ate, in answer to our questions, told us that we were the last of the search parties to come in except Pete and his men, and no one knew where they had gone. None of the others had found anything. The priest had come in on muleback an hour before. Madeline had rallied a little for a few minutes, just as he reached there, and had tried to speak, but couldn't, though when they asked her as to her assailant, had turned her eyes toward the side of the tent where the corral lay, so they thought that Lopes was the man we wanted. Anyhow, if he was caught, we would accept that hypothesis as correct and run it out on those lines. Didn't we think that was the best way? We did think so, and made an agreement, on the strength of this additional clew, to try it once more; then going to our quarters, we took off our weapons and spurs, lying down otherwise as we stood, to be ready when morning came. We had just fallen into a doze, or at least I had, when a footstep on the veranda aroused me. It was easily recognized as Selwin's, who was lame, and I hailed him. "How is the child—have you heard?" I asked. "She died an hour ago," he replied, and limping to his room, threw himself on his cot, and said no more.

We were not as early next morning as we had intended—we were a long time in getting to sleep the night before—and it was nearly nine o'clock when we got away. The camp was very still as we rode out from it. Not at all a Sunday stillness, for there were no drunken shouts coming from its saloons, and the voice of the faro-dealer was not heard, but a depressed sort of silence that could be felt. Preparations for the funeral were already underway, for it was to take place at noon. Such things must be done quickly in that country. The little grave was already opened, among the cluster of others, on a rise of ground a few hundred yards away, and two of our boys were lining it with greasewood boughs, as the best substitute for evergreen that was to be had, while Selwin was kneeling over a little cross made of heavy timber, on which, with all the skill of a practised draughtsman, he had lettered an inscription, and was now carving it deep into the wood. The sight did not foster kindness of feeling toward the absent Lopes, and we pushed on, making for the nearest ford; for we meant to try the opposite side of the river to-day as the most likely place to find our man.

When we reached it, however, we saw where the water was deepest a tired horse, drinking as though he would never get enough, while on his back sat Greaser Pete covered with dust, but wearing on his handsome and rather sad face an expression of the most complete self-satisfaction. He looked up as our horses splashed in.

"Did you get him?" I called.

"I believe they did," he replied.

"Lopes?"

"Yep. Little hole in his arm."

"Where is he now?"

"Can't say. Purgatory, likely, if there is such a place; if not, he probably went straight through without stopping." Pete was becoming facetious. This was something new.

"How did they send him there?" asked Bailey.

"Cabled him, I imagine," was the response. I looked at his saddle-bow. The lariat that had always hung there was missing now, and Pete, following my glance, smiled, and calling upon his horse, walked out of the river and cantered away.

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GIANTS AND GIANTISM

By Charles L. Dana, M.D.

IT is now about two years since a band of Peruvian Indians came to this country for the purpose of amusing the American public. They were not sufficiently interesting to attract attention, so they became stranded and were brought to New York. One of the members of the tribe was known as the Peruvian Giant. He was soon taken ill, and came under my observation at the hospital. I saw at once that he was not only a giant, but a victim of a peculiar disease known as acromegaly (*ακρον*, extremely; *μεγαλος*, great). In persons who have this disorder, the head, and particularly the face, the hands, feet, and the chest grow to enormous proportions, the total height, in most cases, not being greatly increased. However, the Peruvian Giant had not only enormous feet, hands, and head, but he measured six feet nine inches in height, and in stature and weight was genuinely gigantic. He was, in fact, both an "acromegalic" and a giant. He died, after a short illness, from the effects of his disease, and in the brain there was found a little gland known as the pituitary body, enlarged to many times its original size.

Now, it has been suspected, and by many believed, that the enlargement of this gland was the cause of the gigantic growth of the extremities in acromegaly. It occurred to me that it might also be the cause of giantism in general, and the further legitimate inference was that all giants were simply peculiar types of acromegaly, and that giantism was only a form of nervous disease. The idea that big men are not simply freaks, as has been previously supposed, but victims of a neurosis or nervous disorder, was one of sufficient interest to justify me in following up the subject of giants from the neurologist's standpoint, and my results, I think, have justified the expenditure of some little time on the matter, as well as furnished, perhaps,

The Variations in Human Stature.

The giant Winckelmeyr, measuring 8 ft. 6 in., at the left; a new-born child to the right.

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some conclusions of interest to the general reader.

Let me return for a moment to my own giant, who was certainly an extraordinary specimen of humanity. His advertised height was seven feet six inches, and his weight three hundred and fifty pounds. Purveyors of freaks, however, consider it legitimate by taking thought to add a little to the stature, in order to complete the alluring phraseology of their announcements. As a matter of fact, his height was a little short of seven feet, while his weight was certainly over three hundred pounds; his jaws and the bones of his forehead were greatly projected, giving to his face an elongated and gruesome appearance. His hands and feet were also very large, but the growth, as in the disease acromegaly, was more in circumference than in length. The character of this growth is very well shown in the picture of the giant's hand, as compared with that of an average man [p. 181]. His chest was also of astonishing dimensions, measuring fully fifty inches without distention. When it is remembered that the average man measures only about thirty-four inches about the chest, and that powerful athletes rarely get a chest measurement above forty-two or forty-three inches, this enlargement can be appreciated. I learned that in life he was quiet in manner, apathetic, not over-intelligent, and very good-natured, seeming little interested, however, in his surroundings. The brain was only of average size, weighing fifty ounces, the ordinary brain weighing forty-eight. It showed some peculiarities of structure which I have described in detail in a technical journal, and they need not be dwelt upon here.

Old cut used in advertising the Irish Giant, Cornelius McGrath, date 1737 A.D.

The disease acromegaly is a very rare one. It was described first by a French physician, Marie, about eight years ago, and since then less than one hundred cases have been observed. In all those cases in which death occurred and an autopsy was made, the enlargement of the pituitary gland was found. No other change so striking or unique was discovered, hence the inference that this enlargement had something to do with the disease, was made. Further investigations have shown that this modest organ, to which, heretofore, little attention had been paid, has a most curious zoological history, and apparently exercises a very profound influence upon the nutrition of the body. In several cases in which the gland was diseased it was observed that the patients wasted away; that the temperature of their bodies fell, and that they showed other and progressive disturbances in nutrition. Experiments upon animals still further proved that its injury or destruction led to emaciation, disturbance in breathing, and various evidences of impaired bodily health, ending finally in death.

The pituitary gland has thus, by reason of these various discoveries, been raised to the rank of an important organ of the body, and one might now claim, with much more justice, that it, rather than the pineal gland, is the seat of the soul. I may, therefore, be fore going further in my giant story,

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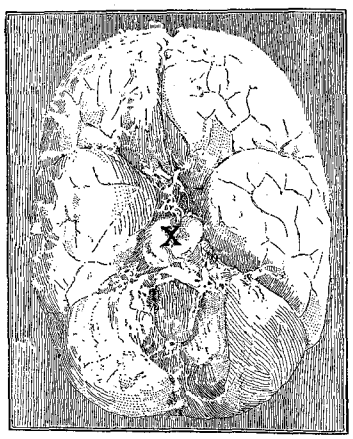
say a word about it It is, in healthy persons, a small round substance, about as large as a pea, placed at the base of the brain, just back of the nerves of

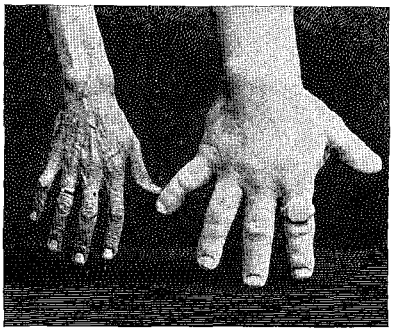


Brain of a Giant showing at X the Pituitary Gland.

the eye as they cross in order to pass out of the skull into the orbits. It is securely protected in a little depression in the skull, just above the roof of the throat (pharynx). This part of the throat is often diseased in children, and when such trouble occurs to a large extent, the health of the child is much affected. Whether the close proximity of the pituitary gland has something to do with this, is a subject of legitimate speculation.

Nowadays, in determining the size of some special part of the body, we often gain a great deal of light by following back the history of it throughout the animal series, and it is through anatomical studies of this kind that our ideas of the functions of this gland are best obtained. In the very lowest types of our vertebrate ancestors, there is an opening between the throat or the mouth-cavity and the brain-cavity, at the point where the pituitary gland lies. This opening leads into a passage which extends through the centre of the brain and spinal cord, and by means of it water and air are carried into the nerve-centres. The pituitary gland, in these lower animals, stands at this orifice and there exercises a two-fold duty. One part of the gland, consisting of nervous matter, acts as a sort of sense-organ and aids in selecting the right kind of watery nutriment. The other part, which is a glandular organ, discharges into the opening in the nervous system a fluid which has a material importance in nourishing the nerves. In other words, this pituitary gland, in the lower animals, acts as a kind of nostril for controlling and helping the nutrition of the nerve-centres. As the vertebrates develop and their structure becomes more complex, the necessity for the nervous part of the gland ceases, and the orifice between the mouth and brain becomes closed up. The glandular part proper, however, which furnishes some material that has an important use to the proper growth and action of the nerve-tissues, remains, and throughout the whole of the vertebrate series, up to man himself, it has not materially changed in proportionate size, though undoubtedly its relative importance has become very much less. The pituitary gland, therefore, we believe to be still an organ which separates from the blood some substance that has an important use in the economy. When destroyed, the body wastes and growth stops; when enlarged and over-active, excessive growth occurs.

The first confirmation that giantism was a nervous disorder and not a freak, came through an elaborate anatomical study of the skeleton of one Cornelius McGrath, an Irish giant, made famous by the attentions originally bestowed upon him by Bishop Berkeley. This benevolent prelate is reported to have taken Cornelius, who was an orphan boy, fed him on some giant-making



The Hand of a Giant (with Acromegaly) and that of a Man of Average Size.

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food with such success, that by the time he was sixteen years old he measured seven feet ten inches in height. Just as the good bishop had got him fairly started, however, as an example of ripe nutrition, Cornelius died. His skeleton, which was preserved in the Trinity College Museum, at Dublin, shows an enormous cavity at the base of the skull, in the place ordinarily occupied by the pituitary gland. The measurements of the bones also show all the characteristics of a case of acromegaly. Professor Cunningham, who has made an anatomical study of the skeleton, pronounces McGrath to be an illustration of this disease.

In one of the museums of this city I found an American giant seven feet four inches high, who amiably consented to let me examine him. I discovered that, in addition to his admirably gigantic proportions, he had a most curious development of the bones of one side of his face and head, so that he had, besides some of the general signs of acromegaly, a real manifestation of it on one-half of one extremity. He was five-sixths giant and one-sixth acromegaly, at least.

A Minnesota Giant with Partial Acromegaly.

Several other cases of acromegaly in giants have since been reported, but not to weary my readers, I will add that I have procured photographs of nearly all the living giants now on exhibition, together with some illustrations in the works of Ranke and others, and a study of their features shows that about one-half of them are evidently cases of that disease. For the rest, many seem to have normal proportions, yet it is quite possible that eventually the genuine symptoms of the neurosis will supervene, or have already done so.

It might perhaps be inferred that, if the enlargement of the pituitary gland makes people giants, we could artificially increase the stature by feeding persons of stunted growth upon the extract of the gland. This, however, does not, by any means, follow. It is probable that the gland exercises its influence through some modification of the activities of its living cells, or by abstracting and destroying some constituent of the blood, and not simply by pouring its product in unusual amount into the system. Hence, feeding one with the actual gland-substance would be quite ineffective. Still, we know that it is possible, by certain kinds of gland-feeding, to increase the stature of dwarfed persons very rapidly. There is, for example, a gland called the "thyroid body," lying in the neck, the juice of which, when fed to certain kinds of dwarfs (cretins) causes them rapidly to grow. Experiments in feeding animals and men with the pituitary body are, however, now in progress.

Aside from the special interest which I take in the relation of giantism to nervous disorder, there are many curious facts about giants as a class that are worth notice. There are hardly any truthful records of the giants of the past, though literature is full of wondrous tales about them. A French academician, M. Henrion, once estimated the height of Adam to be one hundred and twenty-three feet, and that of Eve, one hundred and eighteen, proportions that must have appeared most formidable to the serpent, and made the proposition for apples seem a somewhat trivial thing. The same authority brings Abraham down to twenty-eight feet, and makes Mo-

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ses only thirteen. Goliath's recorded height is, however, only nine feet nine inches, which is within the bounds of possibility.

Pliny speaks of seeing a giantess ten feet two inches in height, and a skeleton seventy feet long. There are weird stories of the Emperor Maximilian, who was reputed to be nine feet high and to have eaten forty pounds of meat a day. He was surely Rabelais's model for Gargantua. In the fifteenth century there are records of giant skeletons eighteen and thirty feet long. Evelyn speaks of seeing a giantess ten feet six inches tall, but nine feet or thereabouts seems to have been the favorite size for mediæval giants. As one gets nearer the nineteenth century, the height of the big men gets gradually lower. There are still some stories of nine-feet monsters, but no authentic record is given of a human being reaching that height. The heights of the giant only become authentic in the eighteenth century. At that time he developed commercial value as a freak, and as an appendage to persons of smaller dimensions but greater social importance. Descriptions become more numerous in literature and figures more trustworthy. An obliging and candid dealer in freaks has suggested to me that, if one takes from three to five inches from the advertised height of a professional giant, he can reach a fair conclusion as to the facts in the case. Applying this rule, I find that in historic times, giants have averaged from six feet ten inches to eight feet six inches, and the weight from three hundred to four hundred and eighty pounds.

Chang and the Midget.

Through the help of Mr. Edward C. Dana, who has most industriously searched the literature of this subject, I have been able to collect the history of all the giants who have gone on record as public characters since 1700 A.D., and I find that the total does not much exceed one hundred. About twenty of these have been advertised as over eight feet high.

If one confines himself entirely to the giants that have been accurately measured and described by scientists of acknowledged repute (Topinard, Ranke, Virchow, Langer), the list becomes very small. Professor Cunningham collects only twelve, but to this list I can add several more. Four of these measured over eight feet, and the tallest was eight feet four and a quarter inches. The largest woman that ever lived is beyond doubt Marianne Wehde, who was born in Germany during the present century. According to Ranke ("Der Mensch"), at the age of sixteen and a half, she measured eight feet

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four and a quarter inches. The tallest men who have ever lived were an Austrian, measured by Topinard, and said to be eight feet four and a half inches, and Winckelmeyr, measured by Doubes, and said to be eight feet six inches. Buffon refers to a Swedish giant of the same height. The number of authentic eight-footers does not exceed four.

The giant Chang, of pleasant memory to those who visited the shows of Barnum, was massive as well as truly gigantic, but his height was only eight feet, and Ranke makes it less.

At the opposite extreme is the dwarf Borulowsky, who was two feet four inches high.

Nearly every race has contributed to giantism, but the English has furnished far the larger proportion, partly, perhaps, because the English have always been fond of seeing giants and paying for the privilege, thereby drawing the merit of physical bigness, which has always been modest, out of its undeserved obscurity. Next to the English, the Irish have supplied the largest number, but the Irish giant is rarely grown nowaday, since that stock has been drawn upon so heavily by America. Germany and the United States have supplied, each, eight or nine men who have won publicity and fame by their exuberant physique. It seems to be the Central and Western States that supply the American giants, and our war records show that in these regions, together with Maine and Vermont, the average stature is the highest. There have been French and Italian, Negro and Arab giants, but the number is few, and it is evident that the temperate zones and the large races supply the most cases of gigantism. It is a curious fact that since biblical days there have been no giants among the Jews.

St. Hilaire thought that giants were more frequent in the southern hemisphere, but my records do not show this, and the stories of Patagonian giants have not been confirmed.

There are a good many giantesses, but the giants outnumber them many times, nor has the giantess ever, except in one instance, reached such proportions as the male. Ethnologists tell us that in small races the female equals the male, but in large races the male shoots ahead.

Students should explain to us why it is that all the giants of our nursery times were strong, bold, cruel, and voracious, creating terror and devastation in their neighborhood among sheep and bad little boys. As a matter of fact, the giant is physically weak, personally amiable, and not over-intelligent. We say this with due respect to all, and with the admission that there are exceptions to the rule. It is true that in his early years, while getting his growth, the giant sometimes performs

A Russian Giantess.

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feats of prodigious strength, but the matured giant is inactive, often feeble, and never evil-minded. A man may be big or bad, but he is never both. Perhaps the cultivation of giantism might promote higher ethical standards, and in so far increase the social efficiency of the race.

The giant, I am sure, dies young. One never sees an old giant, and rarely a middle-aged one. In all my records there is but one old giant, and he is only six feet ten, while giantism can hardly be said to begin in the male short of seven feet. These facts are quite in accordance with my theory, that extraordinary size is a disease, a neurosis of nutrition, rather than a chance disturbance of development.

An American Giant.

Giants marry and even have children, but these children do not become giants, for their giantism is an incident, like a fever, and can no more be transmitted than the measles. This would not be the case if giants were born with the giant tendency. Then giantism would run through families like six fingers, cleft-palates, strabismus, or club-foot. There will never be a race of giants; nor is it desirable. The most efficient work can be got from a medium-sized human machine, as physics and physiology show. Well-fed races, living in good climatic conditions, tend to become a little larger as the generations pass by, but this increase is slight and has, in most races, ceased to exist.

Prehistoric man was slightly smaller than the average man of to-day, but not very much. There were no prehistoric giants. The human brain is perhaps a little larger and is certainly more efficient, but the bodily stature is much the same as in the days when men lived in caves and clubbed the bear. (T. Wilson.)

It follows from my view of the case that giantism is not a desirable thing, and may be considered even unsanitary and a legitimate object of attack on the part of students of preventive medicine. They should discourage giants and try to find a way of stopping the terrific impetus to nutrition which the boy of thirteen to sixteen experiences when giantism sets in. Very likely this can be done, but a study of the matter would take me into technical fields, whither I am requested not to go.

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AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—GUSTAV KRUELL

TO GUSTAV KRUELL, a German by birth, but an American in all that pertains to the growth of his art, the American school of wood-engraving owes to-day much of its distinction.

Mr. Kruell was born in Dusseldorf, Germany, fifty-one years ago. After serving an apprenticeship to a die-sinker and general engraver he went to Leipsic, and later established himself as an engraver in Stuttgart. In 1873 he came to America, where his skill at once found employment with some of the leading illustrated periodicals. In 1881 he organized, with his friend Frederick Juengling, one of the most distinguished engravers America has known, the Society of American Wood-Engravers.

In Germany, in the time of his youth, the art that he represented was dull and lifeless and its followers mostly facsimilists. His first real sense of what might be accomplished in the wood came through a study of W. J. Linton's masterly blocks. In them he saw and felt the freedom, the impulses of the artist; they were, as he expresses it, "alive."

*** Three of the illustrations are typical bits of engraving from blocks by Gustav Kruell.

In Linton's use of the graver Kruell found the inspiration he had been striving for. It allowed him some of the freedom of the painter; he felt that he could now express himself in the wood almost as the painter does with the brush. He has always avoided so-called new methods and novel effects in technique for the sake of temporary and eccentric notoriety, well knowing that such things usually indicate the want of appreciation and thorough command of legitimate means. Honesty of intention and vigorous, uncompromising devotion to the best in his art are the dominating notes in Kruell's character and work. Feeling his subject with a rare power of concentration, he believes that a sympathetic rendering of his original is the result to strive for. To give full expression to his work he says the engraver must be first of all an artist in temperament. No amount of technique unallied with the subtle quality that lies deeper than the line, that guides and fills it with the quality we call "artistic," can ever completely satisfy us. Command of the manual niceties of his art, delicacy and sureness in the handling of the graver, has become a minor consideration with him. His hand, thoroughly trained, instinctively responds to the governing ideas back of it. An intense feeling for the result and perhaps a certain impatience at the necessary slowness of the medium in which he works account, no doubt, for the extremely varied quality of his line.

This very diversity, however, this freedom from the bondage of any formal method, enables him to absorb himself in the personality of his subject, and to feel its living influence in his work. In the result no detail is lost, textures are carefully discriminated, peculiarities of attitude, of expression, of dress, are given with fidelity and appreciation of their relative value. To get "inside" is always Kruell's purpose. He is perhaps most successful in reproducing portraits from his own drawings and in combining the best qualities of several

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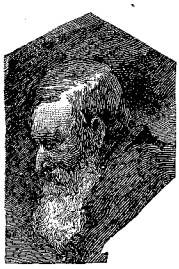
Charcoal Studies from the Life by Kruell.

photographs of the same person. Such work he claims to be within the province of the true artist. The modelling, the quality of line, the technical handling, are his own. There is no intermediary personality to qualify and hamper his treatment; he must invent for himself the best way to interpret the character and peculiarities of his subject. His most notable achievements have been with faces that possess strong and positive individuality. His portrait of Lincoln, made after the photograph used by St. Gaudens in modelling his famous statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and a life-mask by Leonard W. Volk, taken about the time of Lincoln's first election as President, is by many thought the finest of all the portraits of the great Emancipator. Both the features and sentiment of the rugged face are finely given. While working on this portrait Kruell says he was completely mastered by the profound undercurrent of melancholy that lay at the bottom of Lincoln's character, and he could not get away from its impression. It kept beating in upon his mind "like some deep dominant tone in a great orchestra."



The first of Kruell's contributions to the series of large portraits, of which the Lincoln is one of the most distinguished, were exhibited in 1890. These included two of Darwin, one showing him in middle life, the other at seventy-two, William Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips. All are marked with the highest qualities of portraiture. In the Garrison there is a freedom and breadth admirably adapted to the vigorous personality of the man; in the Phillips more reserve, greater softness and tenderness, in accord with the elegance and refined sensibilities of the great orator.

In 1891, the same year the Lincoln was engraved, appeared the portraits of Webster and Lowell. The first, showing the great statesman late in life, gives a powerful impression of the seriousness and dignity that were such marked qualities of Webster's face in repose. The Lowell is admirable for its refined and delicate modelling, and has been accepted by the poet's family and intimate friends as the best portrait of

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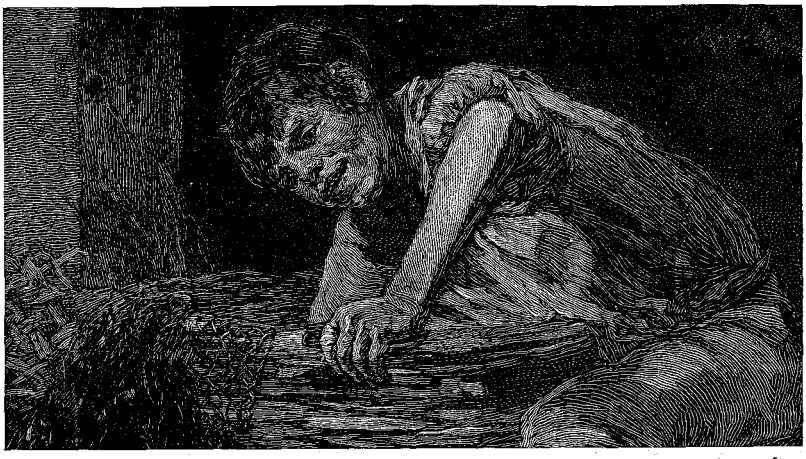
him in his later years. In 1892 General Grant was added to this series, and a year later the face of another great soldier, Sherman, attracted Kruell by its strong lines and expression of nervous strength. But these are only a few among the many portraits that have brought distinction to Kruell and given him such a high place among modern engravers.

Much of his finest work has appeared in the pages of this Magazine. The beautiful portrait of Thackeray, after the crayon by Samuel Laurence, that appeared in the first volume as a frontispiece to the notable series of Thackeray Letters, will be readily recalled as presenting, with rare felicity, the tenderness and large humanity that so endeared the great humorist to those who understood him. A portrait after a photograph made in London in 1888, which accompanied an article by Dr. van Dyke on "Tennyson's First Flight," shows the poet seated in a chair, his hand resting on a book in his lap, and on his head a broad-brimmed hat. The face in every detail is drawn with firmness and a feeling for the meaning of every line. The portrait of George Frederick Watts, R.A., that appeared in the Christmas number of the Magazine [1894], is a superb exhibition of Kruell's work in his most masterly manner. It is notable for a fine appreciation and blending of both the vigor and refinement that characterize the face of the original. The frontispiece portrait of James Anthony Froude in this number is notable for its fine power of expression, combined with the subtle and sympathetic feeling for character that is such a distinguishing quality in all of Kruell's work, and makes his art one especially adapted to portraiture.

Charcoal Study from the Life by Kruell.



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A MORAL OBLIQUITY

By Francis Lynde

IN a certain generic sense, John Devon was a type of his class. In affairs of a strictly pecuniary nature, he was scrupulously honest; and yet he used the time and material of his employers for his own purposes quite as freely as did any of his shopmates in the Poconoke Iron Works, and thought it no wrong. He would make an exact return of the time used upon a remote outside job, but if given piece-work in the shop, he was quite conscienceless about slighting it, if the rough work could be hidden from the eye of the foreman, and if time could be saved at the expense of excellence. In common with other wage-workers, he held an innate animosity toward all things remotely definable by the word monopoly, including within the proscription corporations, capitalists, and employers.

With these generalities, however, the parallel stopped abruptly. There was no better mechanic in Poconoke than John Devon, and his skill was the envy of his fellow-workmen. His accomplishments were such that he might be said to occupy the middle ground which lies between the artist and the artisan; he possessed the delicate touch of the musician with the jeweler's intuitive sense of microscopic dimensions; intricate and unfamiliar mechanisms were open books to him, and without being able to define logic, he could reason infallibly from induction if the subject were mechanical. When the wheel-shaft in the New Hampshire Mills twisted off, it was Devon who fitted a new one, gauging the size of the gigantic and inextricable pulleys with a bit of wire whose length was the diameter required. When the new rock-drill in the granite quarry was disabled by a blast, it was the same incomparable artisan who scouted the idea of sending it to Boston, and who, after working the better part of a night on the broken machine, turned it out in the morning as good as new. When the huge engine in the Nagotuck Mills burst its cylinder head, and the seven hundred looms of the great cotton factory were to be stopped indefinitely, until a new one could be procured from the manufacturers, it was Devon's idea to use the fractured plate for a pattern, and it was he who started the engine again on the third day after the accident.

"Devon's a fine mechanic," said the gratified superintendent of the Nagotuck to John's foreman, when the great wheels of the mills began to revolve again.

"He's a rare good one; if he could only handle men as well as he does tools, he needn't to work at the bench another day."

"No, I suppose not; but you don't often find such fine mechanical skill and any great amount of executive ability in the same man. Have you had Devon long?"

"He was in the shop when I came, an' that was three years ago, come November."

"He's married, I suppose."

"Yes, he's got a nice little woman, she that was Annie Parker, an' I believe there's two or three babies."

"Steady?"

"Steady's a clock, never loses a day, don't drink, hain't any bad habits

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as I knows of, an' saves his money. He's got a little place out on Spring Street about half paid for."

"It's a pity there are not more like him," said the superintendent, as Devon began to gather up his tools.

"There is a few, but they're scarcer 'n hen's teeth—oh, John"—hailing the workman as he was leaving the engine-room—"did the boss tell ye about goin' up to Sawyer's place?"

"No; what does he want?"

"I dunno — somethin' about his safe, I believe. Ye can go up there in the mornin' an' see."

Nine o'clock the following morning found the artisan at the kitchen door of a house in High Street. The servant admitted him and led him to a room opening off the front hall. "Go in there an' wait," she said, ungraciously; "Mr. Sawyer 'll come down when he gets good an' ready."

Left to himself, Devon began a slow tour of the room with his hands in his pockets. It was the library, and two of the walls were covered with books. He walked along the cases and ran his eye over the titles: "Humph!" he said, "he's got a raft o' books, but I don't believe there's a 'Nystrom's Mechanics' in the whole lot." The end of the bookcases brought him to the mantel, and he examined the bric-a-brac curiously; a vase of delicate china appealed to his love for fine workmanship: "The man that made that knowed his business; he'd 'nough more patience than I've got, and that's sayin' a good deal." After the mantel there was a window, and he stood looking out into the quiet street. He was standing there when the master of the house entered: "You are John Devon, from the Iron Works, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"They tell me you understand locks; can you change the combination on my safe?"

"I guess so."

"Can you keep your own counsel about it?"

"I'll do better than that—I'll set the tumblers, an' you can take the figures yourself; then you'll be sure that nobody else knows it."

"That will be better—here is the door," pushing aside a panel in the wainscoting, and exposing the front of a large safe built into the wall.

When the change was made, and Devon was screwing on the back plate of the lock, he noticed a bag of coin among the contents of the safe. "Shouldn't think you'd trust this box with much that you could keep in the bank," he said.

"Why not? It's a good safe, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, I s'pose it's as good as any, but it ain't much of a trick to break it open; then, again, your house sets back from a quiet street, an' your neighbors ain't none too close."

Sawyer wrote the figures of the combination on a piece of paper, regarding them thoughtfully for a moment: "What you say is quite true, but a burglar would first have to get into the house."

Devon smiled derisively. "Look here," he said, going to the window, "you think that's a safe fastenin' 'cause when it's turned crossways you can't raise the lower sash nor pull down the upper one—now here's what it amounts to"—he picked up a thin metal paper-knife and slid the blade between the sashes, pushing the fastener aside—"a man could do that just as easy with a piece o' tin from the outside, an' that's only one out of a dozen ways he could get in."

"I suppose you are right about that, too." Sawyer leaned back in his chair and tore the bit of paper into tiny fragments. "Let us say that our burglar is safely inside, there would be two more obstacles: the strength of the safe, and the fact that it projects into my room, and I am a light sleeper. It could scarcely be broken open without awakening me."

"Maybe it couldn't, an' then again, maybe it could; anyway, a man that'd rob you wouldn't be beyond tappin' you on the head with his jimmie for the sake o' peace and quietness."

Sawyer smiled: "You seem to think I shouldn't prove much of a hinderance, and perhaps you are right again, but the Dartmouth men would have mobbed you for the insinuation on the day that I won in the singles."

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Devon's contempt for mere strength was as profound as his respect for cunning. "Your winnin' a boat-race wouldn't make your head any harder to crack with a bit o' steel; an' about the safe—I'll guarantee to get into it while your back's turned five minutes, an' you shan't hear a sound. You can write this down for a fact—no man ever made a box that another man can't bu'st open."

Sawyer looked incredulous, and Devon read the doubt in his face; it was almost like a challenge. "Look here," he said, "are you sure that safe's locked?"

Sawyer reached over, twirled the knob of the combination and tried the handles: "You see for yourself."

"All right; now, you're just as sure that I don't know the figures, ain't you?"

"I am."

"All right, again; now just turn 'round an' give me five minutes by the watch."

Sawyer took out his watch and turned away from the safe; he listened intently, but heard nothing. When the five minutes had elapsed, the safe door stood open, and Devon was grinning triumphantly: "That's how much them jim-crack locks amount to," he said, contemptuously.

There was more concern than surprise in Sawyer's manner when he saw the proof of the artisan's skill. "I should like to know how you did it," he said, gravely.

"It's no trick at all with that make o' lock. You saw them notches in the edges o' the tumblers—well, when they're all in line in the right place, the catch that draws the bolt falls into 'em. I puts my ear 'gainst the door, an' I can tell when the tumblers come up into place. You can't do it with all of 'em, but they can all be opened, some way or other."

"Do you mean to say that such a slight difference in sound can be distinguished?"

"I guess that open door proves it, don't it? 'Tain't so all-fired hard, when you know what to listen for."

The master of the house paced the room for a few moments without replying; then he laid his hand on Devon's shoulder: "It's a dangerous gift," he said; "if I were you, I shouldn't make use of it, even in honest ways; it might easily get you into trouble."

"I can't see why it should."

"But it might; some evil-disposed person might hint that you acquired your skill in unlawful ways—in plain words, that you had been a burglar before you became a mechanic."

"I'd like to catch anybody hintin' such a thing," replied Devon, glowering; "I pay my bills, an' everybody knows I do."

"No, everybody doesn't know; on the contrary, if you ever have to prove your honesty you will be surprised to learn how few people really know anything about you."

Ralph Sawyer had been an active man of business with a strong bent toward a very different kind of life—a life of thoughtfulness among books, and of usefulness, in the broader sense, among men. In his case, the unusual had happened, and he was sufficiently successful by the time he had reached middle life, to be able to retreat to the semi-passive ranks of those after whose names the directory compilers write "capitalist." As a director in two of the Poconoke mill companies, his philanthropy became the buffer between oppressive capital and aggressive labor; as the president of the Poconoke bank it found a mission in counterbalancing the popular prejudice against Jarvis Gascott, the cashier, whose misfortune it was that most people disliked him without knowing exactly why.

A few mornings after Devon's errand, this irreproachable man of business, whom nobody liked, was an early caller at the house in High Street.

"Is Mr. Sawyer down yet?" he asked of the servant who answered the door-bell.

"No, he's at breakfast."

"Ask him to come down, please—tell him it's very important."

Sawyer entered the library a moment later and found his man pacing the floor in a manner quite foreign to his usual habit of nerveless placidity.

"Good-morning, Gascott; anything wrong at the bank?"

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"No — o, nothing wrong, that is — everything's safe, but I came to ask if you have the combination for the outer door of the vault."

"I haven't it—I have never known it. What's the matter?"

"It's entirely inexcusable—quite so—but Sanborn's been opening it, and I'm ashamed to say that I've completely forgotten the combination—through disuse, you know."

"Where's Sanborn?"

"He went home ill yesterday, and this morning he is delirious; I have been to see him and he did not know me."

Sawyer looked at his watch. "You received the money for the New England pay-rolls, yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then there's only one thing to do—telephone the Iron Works to send men to cut into the vault. You can arrange the desks so as to screen the workmen, and open the doors at nine, as usual; I'll see that you have money enough to keep you going—it won't do to have a senseless run if we can avoid it."

As Gascott stepped to the telephone, Sawyer stopped him:

"Tell them to send John Devon," he said.

Devon was waiting at the bank when the cashier arrived. Gascott admitted him and showed him the door of the vault with the curt order: "You're to cut it open."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Devon, with his hand on the knob of the combination-dial.

"Nothing, only the combination's lost; you'll have to break into it, and time's precious; do you understand?"

Devon nodded and stood idly turning the dial while Gascott helped the clerks to make a screen of the furniture. He saw that the lock was like that in Sawyer's safe, and was sure it could be opened in the same manner. In the moment of hesitation, the craftsman's pride had time to overset the arguments of prudence and the temptation to make the job costly by taking the order literally; in the bustle of rearrangement no one noticed the workman until the clang of the rebounding bolts announced his success.

"By Jove! How did you do that?" Gratitude and astonishment both found voice in the cashier's excited question.

"Oh, it's just a little trick o' mine," replied Devon, with ill-concealed pride. "Was there anything else you was wantin' done?"

The cashier said no, and Devon left the bank, thinking that was the end of the matter. Unfortunately, it was but the beginning. Gascott's gratitude fell by easy degrees into suspicion; by what jugglery had the mechanic learned the combination? or, not knowing it, how did he open the door? It was a mystery, at best, and mysteries in business matters are not to be tolerated any more than those who produce them; upon this point the cashier's mind clarified quickly, and the result was a sentence of peaceable deportation passed upon Devon. Gascott kept his suspicions to himself, and later in the day paid a visit to the Iron Works. Finding Barclay, the superintendent, alone in his private office, he went to the heart of the matter at once.

"What do you know about this man Devon?" he asked.

"I know he is one of the best workmen we ever had."

"But what do you know of his record?"

"Before he came here, you mean? Nothing."

Gascott smiled cynically: "I think a detective would have some trouble in tracing it. Did he report the incident at the bank this morning?"

"No, what was it?"

"We had lost the combination to the vault and he was ordered to force the door; while my back was turned he managed to set the combination, and when I asked how it was done he refused to tell."

Barclay went to the door and called to the office-boy: "Tell Devon to step in here."

When the workman entered and saw Gascott, he scented trouble, and took refuge in a simulated stupidity which might easily be mistaken for guilt. "What was it about the bank vault, John?" asked the superintendent.

"There wa'n't nothin' about it," replied Devon, shifting uneasily from one

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foot to the other, and studying the pattern of the carpet.

"How did you open it?"

"With the combination. I was just foolin' with the knob an' the catch dropped in. I guess somebody had set it, all but the last figure, maybe." It was a lie, and both his auditors knew it, but there was nothing further to be said.

When they were again alone, Barclay was the first to speak. "There may be something in what you say, after all; the man was confused, and he evidently lied. I'll look into it, and if I can't trace his record pretty clearly, I'll let him go."

The fruit of this remark was a desultory inquiry among the tradesmen who supplied the Devon household. "What do I know about John Devon? Why, he's a good customer—always pays his bills prompt enough. What? His record? Don't know the first thing in the world about it, n'r I don't know what he dooz with his money, 'cept, of course, that he pays me. No, sir, he might be the biggest rascal in th' caounty, an' I not know it." Thus the grocer, whose reply may stand for the entire result of the investigation.

Unexplained inquiry excites suspicion, and by the time Barclay had made his round Devon's credit was much impaired; the grocer had decided to insist upon weekly settlements, and the butcher had privately resolved to decrease his chances of loss by increasing the items of his account. In the mind of the superintendent, the reflex effect of his own questions combined with the faint praise in their answers to transform doubt into certainty; the upshot of the matter was that Devon was discharged a few days later, on the pretext of slack work and the necessity for retrenchment.

Poconoke was a manufacturing village, and the mechanic was idle but a few days before he found another place. He lost it again in two weeks without knowing why, and from that time the suspicion, now grown into a well-authenticated story, pursued him relentlessly, until his periods of idleness outnumbered his days of employment. Worse still, the day for the half-yearly payment on the house was approaching, and the small savings with which it was to have been met had long since disappeared into the hungry mouth of daily necessity. His credit had waned until it had become a negative quantity, and he had gone from shop to mill and from mill to foundry until there seemed to be no hope of getting further employment in the village. It was at this time, when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, and he was beginning to feel the desperate attenuation of the partition which separates the most prosperous wage-worker from the outer void of destitution, that he met Tom Upton, a former shopmate in the Iron Works.

"Are you workin' now?" asked Upton, overtaking him on his way home after another day of fruitless search.

"No."

They walked along in silence for some moments before Upton began again, with the air of one who tries to make old comradeship bridge a sinister interval. "I sh'd most think you'd try some other place, John; 't ain't much use o' your stayin' here after what's happened."

"What is it that's happened?" asked Devon, absently.

"Sho, now, John, that ain't no way to treat an old shopmate. Course you know what everybody's talkin' about."

"I don't know nothin'."

"Well, I declare, John Devon, I didn't think you'd up an' deny it to me! You didn't know how they'd found out you'd been in the pen'tenchry out West for breakin' into a bank? Why, I'd a——"

"It's a damn lie!" Devon's face blazed for an instant and he quivered as if he had been struck; then he wheeled abruptly and left Upton standing agape.

That worthy stared after his retreating form: "That's what a feller gets for tryin' to be friendly," he grumbled. "Course he knowed all about it—his denyin' of it so nippy proves that;" and so to the story of Devon's disgrace there came to be added the confirmation of confession.

Devon's rage had time to pass from the molten to the incandescent, and from that to a black heat, before he

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reached home. The cruel injustice of the story made him furious at first, but the keen edge of anger was soon dulled by the grinding of present necessity; the payment of seventy-five dollars on the house would be due in three days; there was no money for this or for the more urgent wants of the family, and there was no longer a hope that he could get work in Poconoke. Before he slept, he had resolved to make one more effort in the neighboring village of Kinnequis, and if that failed—there was a confused myriad of suggestions clamoring upon the heels of the alternative.

He carried out his intention the next day, and the afternoon found him weary and unsuccessful. No one needed a machinist; a large shop had suspended a few days before, and the place was full of idle men. His last application was made in the office of a large factory; he stood outside of the railing, waiting his turn, and he could scarcely help hearing the conversation between the visitor who had preceded him and the man at the desk.

"I thought you wouldn't mind putting it in your safe till to-morrow," the former was saying, handing a bulky envelope to the agent.

"Certainly not," was the reply. "How much did you say it was?"

"Just an even five hundred—thank you; I'll come around in the morning and get it."

When Devon had received the usual negative, he wandered into the repair-shop of the mill; coming directly from the office, no one molested him and he loitered about the place for a half-hour, looking at the racks and shelves of tools with apparent curiosity. Then he left the mill, and sauntered slowly up the road toward the village. There was a bit of grass by the wayside, sloping down under a great elm to the bank of the stream which furnished the power for the factory. He threw himself down on the sward and stared absently at the rushing water: "'Twouldn't be much of a job," he said, musingly, "an' then it could be done so that nobody'd ever know. It's stealin', of course, but what's the difference? 'Tain't any worse'n robbin' a man of his good name, an' that's what they've done to me. But then, there's Annie an' the young uns—well, what o' that? They'll never know nothin' about it."

He rose and walked rapidly on to the town, dropping into a saunter again when he saw the sign of a carriage shop. The door stood open, and inside a workman was varnishing a wagon. Devon lounged in and watched the man until he put down the can of varnish, and went around to the other side of the vehicle; he was gone but a moment, but it gave Devon time to drop a thin stream of the sticky liquid from the brush into a pocket match-safe, and when the painter returned, he was leaning against the bench again in the same attitude of idle curiosity, absently kneading a bit of black putty in his fingers. When he left the shop he wrapped the putty carefully in a scrap of paper.

The factory bells were ringing for six o'clock when he reached the boarding-house where he had dined. He ate his supper leisurely, and lounged about the place until the inn-keeper began to close up. "Ye wa'n't calc'latin' t' stay all night, was ye? 'cause if ye be, I c'd rig ye up a shake-down." The tone was hospitable, but Devon shook his head.

"No, I'm goin' to Poconoke. What time does the train go?"

"Jest five minutes short o' midnight."

"All right; guess I'll go down an' loaf at the depot till it comes."

At ten o'clock at night, there are few places fuller of silence and solitude than the yard of a cotton factory. The great brick hive has emptied itself of its workers; the rhythmic clack of shuttles and the soothing whirr of spindles have ceased; the long lines of shafting are motionless and the throbbing pulse of the engine is still; the rapid current of the murmuring water in the canal is checked and the swift rush of the waste from the tail-race has become a black and sullen pool.

The light of the electric lamp suspended from a mast near the gates of the Kinnequis Mill threw the front of the plain building out into sharp re-

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lief. The night was dark and windy, and the shadows flitted and gyrated in a grotesque dance with the swaying of the lamp in the sudden gusts. Devon made the circuit of the entire inclosure before climbing the fence at the corner where the shadows were the blackest. When he was fairly inside, the thought that he was fully committed to the evil venture unnerved him a little; but a seared conscience is quickly disarmed, and the passing twinge left him cool and decided. The first necessity was to time the round of the watchman, and he crouched in the shadow until he saw the glimmer of a lantern passing the windows of the second story of the mill. This gave him the opportunity to get the needed tools from the repair shop in the basement, and having obtained them, he secreted himself in the shadows near the small office-building and waited.

The office was the last station on the watchman's round; he came across the yard, let himself in and recorded the time. Coming out again, he put his lantern down while he locked the door, and its light fell directly upon Devon's hiding-place; a cold sweat broke out upon the novice, and he held his breath until the danger was past and the man had gone. Then he tried the window nearest him and found it unfastened, but it grated harshly as he raised it. Once inside, he looked out toward the mill and saw that he had been too incautious; the watchman had heard the noise and stood irresolute. Measured by anxiety, Devon lived an age in the moment of suspense, and would have given much to have his feet set firmly in the ways of honesty again; but with the passing of the danger, the fear-kindled fire of repentance went out, and he went to work as one to whom time is precious.

However much the brute courage of the professional burglar was wanting in Devon, there was no lack of dexterity and mechanical cunning. For light he had only the dancing rays from the swaying electric lamp without; for tools, a small ratchet, a piece of strap-iron, and a slender wire, bent at the end like a curved finger-tip. Encircling the safe with the iron band to hold the ratchet up to its work, he drilled a small hole just above the combination dial; this done, he removed the strap, wound it into a small coil and dropped it into his pocket with the ratchet. Then he inserted the wire and began the delicate task of setting the combination by the sense of touch. Kneeling before the lock, he turned the dial slowly back and forth, while the wire, like the sensitive antennæ of an insect, followed the movement of the tumblers with unerring certainty: it was as if the mind of the man were projected into the piece of mechanism. When a faint click followed the third reversal of the dial, Devon stood up and drew his coat-sleeve across his brow. There was but the turning of a handle between him and the money, and yet he hesitated: he knew that he had reached the dividing line between a life of decency and one of shame. Up to this point the path leading to the evil deed was retraceable; beyond it, retreat would be difficult.

The sound of the bell striking eleven aroused him; in a few minutes the watchman would begin another round, and what remained must be done quickly. He swung the door open, half hoping, half fearing that the money would be in an inner steel cash-box; there was no such receptacle in the small safe, and the envelope lay in plain sight. He took it to the window and pried the flap open with the wire; the money was in a single package and he counted out a hundred dollars, replacing the remainder in the envelope. Another moment of irresolution came with the thought that he might take it all, but caution overcame cupidity; such a course would overset the plan by which he meant to escape suspicion. When the package was carefully resealed, he returned it to the safe, and shut and locked the door, filling with putty the small hole made by the drill, and touching up the surface with a drop of varnish by the light of a match.

"That's what I call a pretty slick job," he muttered, gathering up the handkerchief which had been spread on the floor to catch the chips. "There ain't been no robbery—it'll only be a question o' which one o' them fellers

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can make t'other believe he's tellin' the truth."

He lighted a second match to assure himself that there were no telltale traces left, and blew it out suddenly at the sound of a footstep on the gravelled walk outside. He had a scant half-minute in which to crowd himself into a small recess between the safe and the wall, when the watchman entered.

The man saw the open window immediately: "Wonder if that's what I heard awhile ago," he said, closing the window and fastening it. "Seems as if I'd ought to seen it if it 'd been open all along — wonder if anybody's been snoopin' 'round here." He held up his lantern and peered into the corners. The interior of the room, with the single exception of the narrow niche beside the safe, could be seen at a glance, and a single look satisfied him; but Devon could not know this, and he had heard enough of the muttered monologue to make him sure that detection was inevitable. Up to that point he had been simply terrified, but with the certainty of apprehension and punishment, the chill of fear left him, and a new and strange emotion succeeded: he grew hot, and the tingling of his nerves was like the stinging of nettles. Of its own volition, his hand sought the pocket from which the handle of the ratchet protruded, and his fingers closed instinctively around the cold iron; he watched the shadows come and go as the man went from window to window, trying the fastenings, and he felt a twinge of savage disappointment when he finally heard the door close behind the retreating figure of the watchman.

It was, perhaps, a natural sequence: when once a man has put law and social order under his feet, one ill deed is much like another, and stress of circumstances is likely to be the arbiter which decides whether it shall be simple robbery or robbery with murder. The effect of the fit of bloodthirstiness on the artisan was first disquieting and then hardening. He came out of his hiding-place a stronger man and a worse. His caution in replacing the tools and in leaving the yard was not lessened; but the man who had entered the inclosure a novice, left it a criminal. The human ingot had both lost and gained in the devil's crucible—but the gain was of evil and the loss was of good.

On the second day after the incident at Kinnequis, Devon went to pay the instalment due upon his house. Old Deacon Gilman, who held the mortgage, kept the papers in his box at the bank, and they went thither together. While the small transaction was making, someone came in and asked for Mr. Sawyer, getting for reply the information that the president was in Boston. Devon heard both question and answer, and together they put an idea into his brain which turned with unwearying insistence upon the isolated house and the easily opened safe. A hundred ill-gotten dollars are as a handful of sand held loosely, and the fruits of the Kinnequis harvest had already shrunk to a few pieces of silver. Why should he not take advantage of the bank president's absence and help himself from the stores in the insecure safe? He might follow his former plan, taking only enough to raise a question of accuracy in the count, and so send suspicion farther afield. The very audacity of the thing made it measurably safe: Sawyer would hardly suspect the man who had warned him.

The idea crystallized, that afternoon, into a short steel crowbar, having a broad claw at one end. It was made in the small work-shop which was an extension of Devon's wood-shed, and where he had a bench and a diminutive forge. When the small lever was finished it was tested under a thick block screwed upon the bench; the tempered steel bore the strain, but the heavy screws were torn from their holdings. "I guess that key'll unlock any door I'm likely to run against," he said, answering his wife's call to supper.

"Have you found work yet, John?" she asked, when he was washing at the kitchen sink.

"Yes, I've got a curious sort of a job"—he avoided meeting her eyes by sluicing his face in the basin.

"What is it?"

The folds of the kitchen towel afforded a better screen for the remainder of the falsehood: "It's a model for a man

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that won't even let me tell his name; says I've got to make it at night in the back shop, so't nobody won't steal his idea an' get a patent on it before he does."

The story was an excuse for an evening in the small shop, where Devon worked until midnight; but the model was a bunch of skeleton keys, the last one of which was completed as the town clock struck the hour.

"Twelve o'clock—I guess that's late enough," he said, dropping the keys into his pocket and hiding the small bar under his coat. "Now, if everything's quiet in the house, I'll be off."

He made a circuit of the cottage, assuring himself that its inmates were asleep, and then made his way by alleys and back streets to the house in High Street. He approached it from the rear and crept cautiously around to the library window, which the blue-black shadow of an intervening tree screened from the glare of the electric lamp in the street. Opening his knife, he pushed the blade up between the sashes and pressed it against the fastening; the catch resisted and he smiled grimly. "That's one time that I put a finger in my own pie," he muttered; "not that it makes any great difference—them screws can't be more'n five-eighths."

The thin edge of the crowbar was inserted under the lower sash and the pressure was applied in a series of gentle little jerks; the crack at the bottom widened noiselessly and finally the window went up an inch or two. Devon put his fingers under it and increased the aperture by imperceptible degrees until it would admit him. Making his way silently across the room, he went down upon his knees before the panel in the wainscoting and felt softly for the knob of the catch; when he grasped it, the air of the room vibrated with the sharp rattle of an electric bell, and before he could regain his feet he was twisting in the grasp of an athletic figure in pajamas. The surprise was complete and the mechanic was taken at a disadvantage, but he knew the consequences of defeat and fought desperately. In rising, he grasped the jimmie and tried to bring it down upon the head of his assailant, but the blow fell short and the bar went flying across the room before it could be repeated. After that the struggle was short and decisive; the artisan, strong enough in the muscles of his craft, was no match for the ex-college athlete, and after a few ineffectual efforts to break away, he fell heavily in the doorway between the library and the bedroom. Sawyer sat upon his prisoner while he loosened the cord from the portière and tied the man's hands; then he dragged him back into the library, sat him up against the wall, and lighted the gas. The softened radiance from the tinted globe illuminated a strange scene: the mechanic, yellow with fatigue and terror, sat braced against the wall, and before him stood the thinly clad householder.

Sawyer was not surprised when the light gave him the identity of his prisoner. "I thought as much," he said quietly. "I heard the story that cost you your place in the Iron Works, for the first time to-day, and I told my informant that he did you an injustice. It seems that I was mistaken."

Devon did not answer, and Sawyer went on: "Of course you're not obliged to criminate yourself, but I should like to know how long you have been at this kind of work."

He paced up and down before his captive, whose eyes followed his movements like those of a dog watching an angry master: "There ain't no call for you to believe what I say, but honest to God, this is only the second job o' this kind I ever was in."

"Where was the other?"

"Down at Kinnequis Mill, the other night."

Sawyer stopped abruptly. "Kinnequis? How much did you take?"

"I got a hundred dollars out o' the mill-office safe."

"So that's where that money went to!" Sawyer's voice hardened. "I suppose you're beyond caring for such things, but your theft has cost an honest man his place. Why did you do it?"

"'Cause people had lied about me till I couldn't get work nor credit—an' besides, I was owin' Deacon Gilman on the mortgage."

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"So you verified the lie by turning burglar; well—how does it pay? You've gained a hundred dollars and the chance to work at your trade in the penitentiary for the next eight or ten years; and what's to become of your wife and children?"

Devon hung his head and Sawyer resumed his nervous walk up and down the room: he intended to be severe—it was the plainest duty; and yet—his own mention of the man's family softened his anger, and the magnanimity which follows close upon the heels of victory in the heart of a generous man, was already beginning to reach out toward the criminal. Doubtless the man deserved punishment—he was a criminal, a common robber, a dangerous man who had not hesitated at an attempt to murder when his liberty was in jeopardy; it was manifestly right that he should reap the harvest of his own sowing. But after all, it was the others who would have to eat the bitter fruit; and what a burden of grief for the wife, and what a load of obloquy for the innocent children! And the man himself—was he quite beyond reclaiming? Might not this be made the turning-point in his life?

Sawyer was a man of quick intuitions, and vindictiveness had no part in his character; he turned suddenly upon the humbled artisan. "John Devon, what would you do if I were to untie your hands and tell you to go?"

Devon did not look up; the mention of Annie and the children had touched him, and his voice was husky and almost inaudible. "I'd quit this business for one thing, an' then I'd get work or starve lookin' for it."

"And what else?"

"I'd sell my house an' pay back that hundred dollars; an' I'd straighten up things down to Kinnequis, if I had to turn State's evidence against myself to do it."

"I'm going to see if you mean what you say." Sawyer stooped and untied the cord.

The workman rose and rubbed his hands to dispel the numbness. "Thank ye," he stammered; and being immediately overwhelmed with a sense of the triteness of the phrase, added: "I guess you know what I mean."

"I don't; I know what I hope you mean—that you are going to turn back this disfigured leaf and begin over again. So far as you seem to deserve it, I'll help you. The hundred dollars you took was mine, and if you show a disposition to pay it back, you needn't sell your house; and it won't be necessary for you to go to Kinnequis—I'll take that off your hands too."

Devon tried to reply, but the words choked him and he began over again: "I guess you know how it is—an' then again, may be you don't, either. Men o' my kind—mechanics an' such—don't get much help from you folks as don't have to work for a livin', an' when it comes, it sort o' knocks a man in a heap. I ain't no great hand to palaver, an' never was, but what I want to say is that this here job you've laid out for me ain't a-goin' to be spoilt by no slop-work o' mine."

"I hope not, and you'd better make it thorough." Sawyer led the way through the darkened hall to the front door and stood with his hand on the lock. "The beginning of this night's work lies away back in your life when you took the first hour of time or the first piece of material from your employer. A man can't steal even by littles, and keep his sense of right and wrong unimpaired."

He opened the door and Devon went out. On the step he hesitated. "I s'pose I'll have to leave Poconoke—that fool story's done me up here."

"Don't do anything of the kind; fight it out and live it down right here where it began. I told you I'd help you—go around to the Iron Works in the morning after I've had time to see Barclay."

Devon choked again and half held out his hand; Sawyer grasped it heartily. "God help you, my man; good-night."

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THE PASSING OF THE WHIGS

By Noah Brooks

IT is difficult to fix the precise time at which the party known as the Anti-Federalist was renamed the Democratic. When the title by which it was originally called became odious (the Federal Constitution having become fixed in the affections and confidence of the people), Jefferson gave the organization a new name. In a letter written to Washington in May, 1792, the father of the so-called Jeffersonian Democracy said: "The Republican party, who wish to preserve the government in its present form," etc. This is the first use of the name under which Jefferson's party was known, until the breaking out of the French Revolution of 1793; when, the ultra-French faction in the United States being absorbed into the Anti-Federalist or Republican party, the name of Democrat was adopted. The so-called Jacobins (who flourished exceedingly in Philadelphia), enthusiastically assumed the name of Democrat; it was a link that bound them to their friends in France; and the Federalists employed it as a term of reproach. But it was not until after Jefferson had quitted the stage of action that the distinctive title "Democratic," was given to the party of which he was the founder.

As for the political principles of the Democratic-Republican party, originally and authoritatively set forth, we must look for them in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, as well as in the writings of Jefferson himself. As yet, party platforms were not. Generally speaking, the Jeffersonian party was pledged to a strict construction of the Constitution. In the opinion of the leaders, State governments were the foundation of the American political system; the powers of a State are unlimited, except by State constitutions and the Federal Constitution; the Federal Government has no powers other than those granted to it by the Constitution, with the consent of the several States; and whenever there is a doubt as to the exact location of a power, it is to be presumed that said power resides in the State, not in the Federal Government. In other words, the Federal Government has no power to define the boundaries of its authority and functions; that right was reserved to the States. And the seed of secession was wrapped up in the assumption that the Federal Government might assume powers that had not been granted to it, and that in such a case its acts are to be opposed by the legislative, executive, and judicial authority of the States.

Particularly, and in addition to these fundamental principles, the Democratic-Republicans were opposed to a public debt, to large expenditures of the public money (and incidentally to internal improvements), to a navy, to any exercise of the governmental functions in any way related to private enterprises or interests, and to life-terms for the judiciary. They favored liberal naturalization laws, an elective judiciary, and direct taxes on the people. But no sooner were they in the possession of full power in the government, than the Democratic-Republicans made an abrupt change of front on many of the cardinal principles of their political faith. Although strict constructionists of the Constitution, when that instrument had been invoked for the guidance of the National Executive, they regarded with joyful complaisance President Jefferson's purchase of the Louisiana territory, utterly unauthorized and arbitrary though it was; they calmly voted to re-charter the United States bank, although Jefferson had declared that the National Government had no power to grant such a charter; and, in addition to these and other flagrant invasions of State rights, they finally voted to in-

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terdict and prohibit all the commerce of the several States on rivers, lakes, and the ocean, by the Embargo and Non-intercourse acts of 1800–12.

While the Federalist party remained to combat these acts by a feeble protest, this was done, although it must be said that the protestants were quite as inconsistent as their adversaries. They argued against the exercise of Federal powers which they had repeatedly invoked during the administrations of Washington and Adams; they denied now the constitutionality of acts which they had before insisted were not only necessary but constitutional. The fact is apparent that there was growing up in the triumphant and overwhelmingly victorious Republican party, a faction which was determined to commit the party to a policy of loose construction of the Constitution. It was found that the stricter construction was exceedingly awkward to the party in power, binding it as it did to certain methods that tied the dominant party, and hampered its functions when it got possession of the government. The peace-at-any-price policy of Jefferson and Madison crippled the nation while it was being hurried into war; and the suspension of American commerce not only angered the people of the Middle States, but eventually blighted with poverty the agricultural States, which were supposed to be indifferent to the effects of the Embargo. The neglect of the navy and the failure to provide means of defence, were the legitimate outcome of a strict construction of the Constitution. The Embargo, arbitrary and un-democratic as it was, was only one of many acts which proved how incompetent the dominant party was to carry on a war which was eventually concluded by a peace in which not one of the objects for which the war was begun was secured.

During the deceptive peacefulness which bears the title of "The Era of Good Feeling," when President Monroe was making a triumphal progress under the influence of which all the people were jubilantly embracing each other and singing, "Let party names no more," the loose constructionists of the Democratic-Republican organization were silently arraying themselves for their first campaign. Henry Clay, the Mill Boy of the Slashes, who was born in a Virginia log-house and who started in life as a clerk in a retail store in Richmond, had by the sheer force of his genius worked himself up to a commanding position in the front rank of Kentucky lawyers, had already served part of a term in the United States Senate (beginning it before he was of legal age to hold that office), and was now, in the first of his five terms of office as Speaker of the House of Representatives, the fore-ordained leader of the Loose Constructionists.

John C. Calhoun.
From a picture by King at the Corcoran Art Gallery.

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This brilliant, dashing, and entirely self-possessed young man took a leading part in Congressional debates. He advocated internal improvements at the national expense, a protective tariff, and a war of reprisals that should carry American aggression into the British possessions in Canada. Exercising his functions as Speaker, he so constituted the standing committees of the House that the war party of young Republicans, of which he and John C. Calhoun were leaders, virtually controlled the legislation of that body. Later on, when Clay and his comrades had seen the inglorious end of a war into which they had hurried the irresolute Madison, they were partially consoled by the battle of New Orleans, which shed a fleeting lustre over the American arms in the closing scene. Clay, who had been one of the negotiators of the Treaty of Ghent, gladly said that Andrew Jackson's victory made it possible for the American envoys to go to London without humiliation of spirit. And, still a Republican, the gallant young Kentuckian entered the scrub race for the presidency in 1824. His competitors were John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, W. H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, and Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, with whom Clay was to have many a fierce bout before either laid down his arms. These were all Republicans, or Democratic-Republicans, if you please, and the contest for the presidency had now, in the absence of party competition, degenerated into a personal squabble; and the squabble became disgraceful when the wrathful Jackson, disappointed in winning the prize, subsequently denounced the "bribery and corruption" by which, as he averred, he had been cheated out of an election.

Henry Clay.
From a photograph by Rockwood of an old daguerreotype.

Clay and Adams favored a loose construction of the Constitution; Crawford and Jackson were strict constructionists; but Jackson favored a protective tariff, and Calhoun, who was an almost unopposed candidate for the vice-presidency, was a loose constructionist so far as internal improvements were concerned, but an ardent State Rights man and a strict constructionist where other matters were involved. Monroe had vetoed the Cumberland road bill, thereby still further unifying the loose constructionists and embarrassing the Republican party; and when Clay emerged from the scrub race for the presidency, fourth in the list of candidates and therefore ineligible as a candidate in the election—then thrown into the House—his final and irreparable alienation from the Jacksonian faction becoming formidable, actually began. The new parties were slowly taking shape.

Unfortunately for Clay, it had become a tradition that the office of Secretary of State was the training-post

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for the presidency. Every Secretary had been eventually translated to the Chair of State, except in instances where appointment had been made to tide over an emergency. Clay, as Speaker of the House, was a greater and more powerful man than Clay, Secretary of State, could possibly be. But, with the presidential bee still buzzing in his bonnet, he consented to take the State Department portfolio from Adams, whose election by the House he had so powerfully promoted; and he thereby invited the undying enmity of Andrew Jackson, and laid himself liable to the charge of making a corrupt bargain when he supported for the presidency John Quincy Adams, whose fitness for the place Clay had all along declared to be far greater than that of either Crawford or Jackson. Nobody seemed to consider that Clay, who was an advocate of a loose construction of the Constitution, would naturally favor the only loose constructionist kept in the field after his own relegation to the fourth and hopeless place on the list of eligibles.

Although Clay angrily denied all participation in any bargain for Adams's elevation to the presidency, and many eminent persons, Chief Justice Marshall, Justice Story, Daniel Webster, and Lewis Cass, had joined in giving what modern backbiters would call "a coat of whitewash" to Clay, the "bargain and corruption" allegation would not down. Jackson, who had at first been inclined to let the matter drop, was awakened to a sense of his wrongs by the fiery and acrimonious addresses with which he was greeted on his way to his Tennessee hermitage; and Clay, on his homeward way, too, was obliged to stop here and there and explain, deprecate, and argue. For many a long year this distressing business clung to his skirts, a persistent burr, irritating his sensitive nature and obstructing his political progress.

All these things created party factions; for we must bear in mind the fact that there was as yet but one party, the Democratic-Republican, of which every one of the leading statesmen of the Republic was a member in good standing. Adams, whose ill-advised invitation of Clay to a place at his council-board had given color to the charge in which both were implicated, still further estranged the friends of Jackson (and friends of other disappointed statesmen, perhaps), and now proceeded to alienate yet further from him the strict constructionists. Generally, he had inclined toward a policy which fairly represented his disposition to interpret loosely the Constitution when the powers of the National Government were to be defined. Now he proposed a great variety of "internal improvements," some of which, apparently modelled on the lines of the state institutions of learning and science patronized by monarchical governments, frightened even Clay and other members of the Cabinet. To crown all, the President appointed commissioners to a congress of American republics to meet at Panama for the purpose of concerting measures for mutual protection, thereby committing the United States to the undertaking, and disregarding the right of Congress to act in a matter so important.

It was this latter incident that drew Clay into the duel which he subsequently fought with John Randolph. The slave-holding interest had now become tolerably solid. The sudden breaking out of the pro-slavery feeling over the proposal to exclude slavery from Missouri, which Jefferson said had alarmed him "like a fire-bell in the night," not only disclosed the determination of the slave-holding States to resist any attempt to restrict the cherished institution, but it acted as a synthetic process, causing the instant coherence of all the elements of the Republican party that were divided on other lines but were fully in sympathy on this single issue—slavery must not be touched by an unfriendly hand. The debates on the Panama Convention, while they served as a muster of the anti-Administration forces, disclosed the fact that there was a fierce faction in the Republican party that was unalterably opposed to any interference with slavery. Certain of the South American republics that were to sit in the Panama Convention had already become "abolitionists" by the enfranchisement of their slaves. Others had

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men of a dark color among their legislators and generals. The proposition to meet these men in an international council was odious. When Randolph commented, with his usual vituperativeness, upon this proposed union of

John Randolph.
From a picture by Jarvis in 1811, at the New York Historical Society.

American Republics in convention, he went out of his way to attack Clay, whom he hated, and coarsely bracketed Adams and Clay together as "the coalition of Blifil and Black George—the combination, unheard of until now, of the Puritan and the blackleg." This was the *casus belli* that led up to the duel. No blood was shed; and Thomas H. Benton, who described the encounter with undisguised zest, in his "Thirty Years View," spoke of it as "about the last high-toned duel," as well as "the highest-toned," which he ever witnessed.

Under such conditions as these were formed the factions of "Republicans" and "National Republicans," "Democratic-Republicans" "Adams and Clay Republicans" and "Jackson Republicans;" for all parties still clung to the old name and title. Under such conditions was the Whig party born. For although high tariff and low tariffs, bank and no-bank, the extension of slavery and the restriction of slavery, for a time continued to divide the heirs and assigns of Jeffersonian democracy into jarring factions, the schism already open was too deep for healing.

John Quincy Adams was cold, reserved, and a purist of the purists. When he and Andrew Jackson met at a levee in Washington, after their memorable contest for the presidency, the crowd, seeing the two men approach, fell back in mute expectancy; it was possible that there might be a scene. But the defeated Jackson, with fine urbanity and manner, addressed the President-elect in most cordial terms; and the victorious Adams, failing to respond to the proffered olive-branch, chilled the ardent hero of New Orleans with formal iciness. Adams, if he saw that he had created a new party, failed to make anything of his opportunities, and, while he persisted in putting forth his favorite theories of government, took no pains to conciliate Congressional or other form of public opinion to secure the advance of those theories to practice. During Adams's term of office, the Administration had but a small and diminishing majority in Congress. If Henry Clay, with his winning manner, his fascinating address, and his happy faculty for compromise, had then been in the presidential chair, what wonders for the new party he might have accomplished!

Nevertheless, the loose constructionists, who were to some extent then aided by log-rolling and the Western men, were able to enact the tariff of 1828, afterward known as the "tariff of abominations," a measure so extreme in its protection that mutterings of nullifica-

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tion were again heard in the South; and there was a general overhauling of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions by those who fell back on the "reserved rights of the States" whenever the aspect of things did not please them. The constitutionality of internal improvements at the public expense also came up for discussion during this administration, and although Congress did not indorse Adams's extravagant notions of a paternal government, unusually large appropriations were voted. Party feeling ran high, and the debates in Congress and in the newspapers verged on indecency in their malignity and venom.

But nothing in modern times can equal the virulence and the apparent exacerbation of the presidential campaign of 1828, when Andrew Jackson was formally entered in the presidential race against John Quincy Adams. For the first time in the history of the Republic the contest assumed a sectional aspect. The Democratic-Republicans had nominated Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, and John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; the National Republican nominees were John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, and Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania. For the first time in our history, too, the presidential electors were chosen by popular vote, South Carolina alone holding out for the old method of election by the Legislature. And by this time, the system of National nominating conventions had come into general use, bringing with it the machine and the machinery of politics. In Jackson's candidacy there were abundant signs of that "working up public sentiment" that has since given us literary bureaus and similar appliances of a presidential campaign.

Personal abuse was rife. Adams, the impeccable, the frigidly just, was accused of a variety of crimes, one of the least of which was that he acted as a procurer for the Czar of Russia. Clay was branded as an unprincipled adventurer, a professional gambler, a libertine, and an accomplice of Aaron Burr. Jackson was stigmatized as a murderer, a dueling manslayer, a cock-fighter and a turf-sportsman. One of the bitterest attacks upon him was made by Jesse Benton, brother of the great Thomas. Jesse, although his brother had made his peace with Jackson, still writhed with anger over the duel he had fought with "the old hero" in the streets of Nashville, fifteen years before, and he pursued him with a pamphlet in which thirty-two separate and distinct crimes and misdemeanors were charged against him. These included only acts for which Jackson himself was responsible. It was reserved for a Washington newspaper to give currency to a cruel slander relating to the private life of the wife of the General. The lady had been divorced from a former husband

John Quincy Adams.
From a picture by Gilbert Stuart.

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before she re-married, and both she and Jackson were horrified, later on, at the discovery that that divorce was illegal. The matter was rectified and the couple were lawfully joined in wedlock after they had innocently gone through proceedings which they had supposed lawful. Jackson's wife died just before he was first inaugurated President; and with the wound still rankling in his heart, he refused to meet the retiring President whom he held responsible for the publication of the slander of Mrs. Jackson. When the triumphant hero was on his way to be sworn in at the capital, his predecessor in office was solitarily beginning his journey homeward. The Whig party, as yet unnamed, had been defeated, Jackson having received one hundred and seventy-eight electoral votes against the eighty-three cast for Adams; Calhoun had one hundred and seventy-one votes, Rush eighty-three. Calhoun had been deprived of seven votes (thrown away on one William Smith, of South Carolina) by the machinations of W. H. Crawford.

Andrew Jackson.
From a photograph by Brady.

Now the reign of "the people" had come. Jackson represented the accession of "the great unwashed" to power, after the breed of Revolutionary statesmen and the favorites of the Virginia dynasty had passed away. Jackson was wofully deficient in education and grotesquely unfamiliar with the rudimentary principles of statecraft. He was wilful, easily deceived by the representations of men in whom he might trust, passionate, obstinate to the last degree, a fierce hater, and never averse to "taking the responsibility," however complicated the proceeding or however limited his knowledge of the exigencies of the situation. But his personal integrity was absolute, unquestionable. In two traits he resembled Abraham Lincoln: his honesty and his identification as a man of the people. But only in these two respects do the two men appear alike.

The Old Hero, who was now in his sixty-third year, was supposed, as Daniel Webster humorously said, to have rescued the country from some great but undefined danger. The dear people swarmed to Washington in vast numbers, intent on two things—a sight of the hero, and a grab at the offices. For somehow it had gone out that there was to be that clean sweep which has since become a custom, but was then a threat in suspense. One writer says of the multitudes, "It was like the inundation of the northern barbarians into Rome, save that the tumultuous tide came in from a different point of the compass. The West and the South seemed to have precipitated themselves upon the North and overwhelmed it." At the presidential levee in the White House, a mob which poured into the mansion to gaze upon the Hero and dip into his barrels of punch, was so

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disorderly and riotous that tubs of the tipple were carried out of doors to entice a division of the hungry and thirsty; and broken glasses, soiled furniture, and wet carpets proclaimed the advent of the sovereign people.

From this time we date that quadrennial division of the spoils of office which has unto this day engaged the attention of the American people. Jackson so composed his cabinet as to make his hostility to Clay as pronounced as possible. It was as if a President should seek to gall his rivals and enemies by calling to his council-board a man whose only fitness for the place was the disfavor in which he might be held by said rivals and enemies. We have seen that Jefferson was the first President to depart from the tradition of making fitness, honesty, and capability the only tests in official appointment. But the arbitrary political changes ordered by Jefferson, unprecedentedly numerous though they were, were as nothing when compared with the wild sweep made by Jackson. Daniel Webster estimated these at two thousand or more; and this was a large number, if we regard the smallness of the Federal establishment of 1829. But it was William L. Marcy, a Senator from New York, who gave currency, three years later, to the saying so often attributed to Jackson, "To the victor belongs the spoils." Marcy was defending Van Buren and the Albany politicians when he said: "They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy." And to these illustrious Democrats—Jackson, Van Buren, and Marcy—we owe the formal setting up of the spoils system.

Another of Jackson's innovations was the discontinuance of cabinet councils. His imperious spirit irked even the nominal restraint of advice; and although he may have consulted with a few individuals of his cabinet, more especially the wily and astute "Matty," as he called Martin Van Buren, Secretary of State, he had little to do with others. The Mrs. Eaton scandal was one of the causes of the final disruption of the never very harmonious cabinet. Mrs. Eaton was the wife of the Secretary of War; her maiden name was Peg O'Neal, and her reputation had been trifled with by Washington gossips during her widowhood as Mrs. Timberlake; she was given a cold shoulder by the ladies of the national capital, and when the wives of cabinet ministers refused to receive or recognize her, President Jackson, who had thrown himself into the unsavory quarrel with characteristic heat, made social recognition of the lady a test of loyalty to him, if not to the Government of the United States. In his blind and unreasoning fury, he banned friends and foes, foreigners and Americans alike in his determination to compel respect for the hapless woman who had won his dangerous but honest and chivalrous friendship.

Jackson's dislike for Calhoun, which was later bound to appear in a more serious crisis than this petty scandal, was increased by his discovery that Calhoun, while Secretary of War in Monroe's cabinet, had disapproved of the course of General Jackson when he invaded Florida and carried matters there with a high hand, as if he were an imperial conqueror and not the military servant of a republic. For a time at least, the cohorts of Calhoun and Clay were brought together by the well-nigh insane hatred which Jackson had for those two chieftains. Jackson regarded Clay as the inciter of ill-reports about Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Eaton. Mrs. Calhoun would not receive Mrs. Eaton, and her husband had criticised the course of the general as an invader of Spanish territory. From such sordid materials may political crises be evolved!

It was Jackson who gave us the invention of the "Kitchen Cabinet," an institution that outlasted his day. Three newspaper men, Duff Green, Amos Kendall, Isaac Hill, were the core of this junta. William B. Lewis, related to Jackson by marriage, was a fourth member, and when Duff Green fell from grace and went over to Calhoun, Francis P. Blair became his legitimate successor. These men influenced the unconscious Jackson and fabricated many statements which the honest old hero employed with great zeal as facts. It was Jackson who gave

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us that immortal declaration—"Our Federal Union: it must be preserved." It was Calhoun, who, on that same occasion (a Jeffersonian birthday dinner in Washington), who answered Jackson's challenge with the toast, "The Union, next to our liberty the most dear; may we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States, and distributing equally the benefit and the burden of the Union."

Daniel Webster.
From a picture by Healy at the State Department, Washington.

Jackson, too, invented the "pocket veto," the first example of which was given when he availed himself of his privilege to keep in his figurative pocket for ten days a bill authorizing a government subscription to a Kentucky toll-road, during which interval Congress adjourned and left the bill to die there. This expedient was subsequently useful to President Jackson. It was resorted to by President Lincoln, in 1864, when the Wade-Davis reconstruction bill was similarly put to death.

It is not necessary here to trace the history of Jackson's war on the United States Bank, except to recall the fact that one of the arguments which Jackson used against the bank was drawn from Henry Clay, who, earlier in his career, was a consistent opponent of that institution. We may recall, too, with amusement, Benton's long and chivalrous fight for the expunging of the Senate's resolutions of censure of President Jackson for his course in ordering the cessation of deposits in the United States Bank. It was not until the last days of Jackson's second term of office that the indefatigable Benton, who provisioned the Senate chamber as for a long siege, finally dragooned and wheedled the senators into adopting the famous Expunging Resolutions, and the journal was brought in, and broad black lines were drawn around the now historic entry.

Clay's misfortune was his identification with the bank war when, in 1832, he became a candidate for the presidency against Andrew Jackson, and virtually stood on a platform pledged to support the United States Bank scheme. The Jackson men were not only active and numerous, but they had "a good cry" to go to the country with, and the popular response to the convention that nominated Clay and eulogized the bank was emphatic and overwhelming. One of the earliest champions of a protective tariff, advocating a scheme of finance to which he gave the taking title of "the American system," Clay permitted, even advocated, the dragging of the bank question into the canvass for the purpose of alienating from Jackson the vote of Pennsylvania, that State being the home of the banking institution.

In the presidential election of 1832, we must note one of those curious

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cross-currents in American politics, which from time to time have amused us and puzzled foreign observers—the Anti-Masonic diversion. Beginning in Genesee County, New York, with the alleged murder of William Morgan, in 1826, by Freemasons who suspected him of writing a book revealing the secrets of their order, the popular feeling excited against the Freemasons finally assumed a political bias under the skilful manipulation of certain party managers. Local candidates stood or fell as they were opposed to or were in favor of Freemasonry; and in due course of time there appeared, as leaders of the new party, William H. Seward, Millard Fillmore, and Thurlow Weed, the last of whom gave to the world of politics the phrase "a good enough Morgan until after election," the remark being made when doubts were thrown on the statement that the body found floating in Niagara River was that of the abducted and murdered William Morgan. In 1830, the movement was strong enough to excite the New Yorkers with hopes of carrying a national election on that issue—opposition to Freemasonry.

So, when party lines were again drawn for a presidential campaign in 1832, the Anti-Masons were in the field with William Wirt, of Maryland, and Amos Ellmaker, of Pennsylvania, as their candidates for President and Vice-President. Mr. Seward, then a young man in politics and in years, had previously gone to Massachusetts to endeavor to induce John Quincy Adams to re-enter politics as the presidential candidate of the Anti-Masons. Mr. Adams's reception of Mr. Seward was characteristic. The chilled ambassador from Auburn records that he could then understand why Adams went out of public life with so few friends. Mr. Wirt received only the electoral vote of Vermont in that canvass. This was the first and last appearance of the Anti-Masons in the open field of National politics. But they were able, in 1835, and again in 1839, to frighten the Whig nominating conventions of those years into dropping Clay, who was a Freemason, and putting up, instead, William Henry Harrison, who, though not an Anti-Mason by political affiliation, was not a member of the masonic order. In the election of 1832, all parties put forward candidates named by National conventions; but the Democrats, as if they regarded Andrew Jackson as their sufficient platform, presented the hero to the people, without a word of comment or a pledge of policy.

Jackson once more inaugurated and the bank war taken up with renewed spirit, another political crisis came when South Carolina, pushing to their utmost the doctrines enunciated in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, declared that the tariff of 1828 (with its modifications of 1832) was unconstitutional, null and void, and should be disregarded. Jackson made preparations to execute the provisions of the custom's laws, and to hang the leaders of the conspiracy for treason. Clay, the Great Pacificator, dexterously interposed with his famous compromise tariff of 1833, and again "the country was saved." It may be remembered that the bill passed by Congress to aid in the enforcement of the tariff law was called the Force Bill, although in South Carolina it was known as "the Bloody Bill." In these later days, a bill to provide for Federal supervision of elections in certain contingencies has been stigmatized in like manner, but without the sanguinary epithet.

We may recall, too, the fact that Calhoun was a protectionist in 1816; in 1831, he denounced the protective principle as unconstitutional and oppressive to the South. So too, Clay, who had, in 1810, furnished Andrew Jackson with anti-bank arguments, found it convenient and consistent, in 1828, to make the cause of the bank his own. And Daniel Webster, on nearly every one of these burning questions of the time, changed his godlike front with equal ease.

It was in February, 1834, that James Watson Webb, of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, hit upon the title of Whig for the National Republican party brought into existence by the administration of John Quincy Adams and led by Henry Clay. The name was suggested, as Webb averred, by

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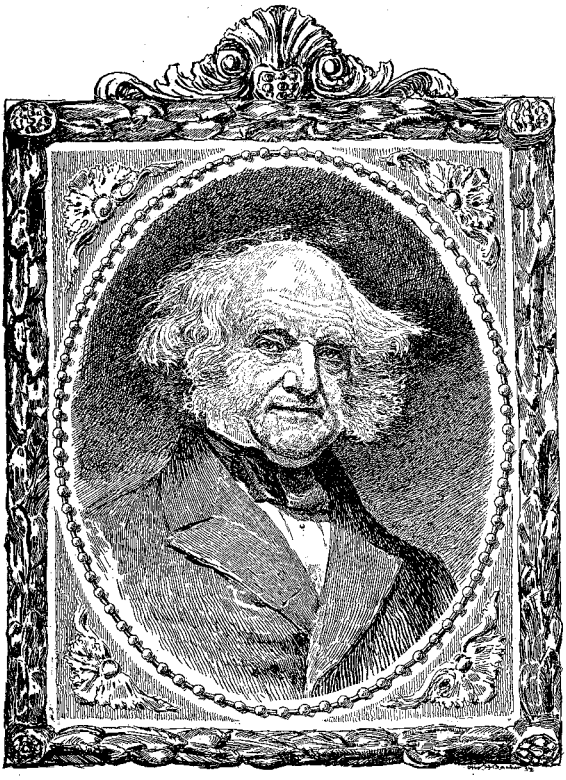
the fact that the party was pledged to resist arbitrary government, as the English Whigs resisted royalist tyranny. It was sought, though unsuccessfully, to brand the Democratic-Republicans with the odious name of Tories. "The



Martin Van Buren.
From a photograph by Brady.

Tories," said Clay, "were the supporters of executive power, of royal prerogative, of the maxim that the king can do no wrong;" the Whigs, he added, "were the champions of liberty, the friends of the people." What more appropriate distinction than this could be made between the Jackson men and the followers of the Great Commoner? The nickname "Locofoco" stuck to the Democrats with more adhesiveness than the epithet borrowed from English politics. Anti-bank Democrats of New York, holding a meeting in Tammany Hall, in October, 1835, were annoyed by the bank faction of their own party who, failing to get possession of the meeting, turned off the gas from the main source of supply. The anti-bank men lighted locofoco matches, as friction matches were then called, and conducted their deliberations thereby to a close. A "self-lighting match" was itself a misnomer, but the name stuck to anti-bank Democrats, who "were hostile to the moneyed interests of the country" for a long time after this.

Andrew Jackson, broken in health and long past the meridian of life, was yet able to designate his own successor, and Martin Van Buren had one hundred and seventy electoral votes, in 1837; William H. Harrison had seventy-three, Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, twenty-six, Daniel Webster, fourteen, and Willie P. Mangum, of North Carolina, eleven. "The Hugh L. White bolt," as it was called, was one of the political curiosities of the time. It was said that Judge White was moved by Calhoun to defeat the election of his old chief's candidate for the presidency, and the Hero's own State cast its electoral vote for the bolter. There was no election of Vice-President by the people, and the Senate chose Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, in whose behalf a whiff of the incense of hero-worship was entreated by his friends and admirers, for Colonel Richard Mentor Johnson was credited with having killed Tecumseh during the war of 1812, an exploit which his opponents celebrated in the satirical jingle:

"High-cockalorum rumpsey dumpsey!
Colonel Johnson killed Tecumseh!"

The political creed of the Jackson Democrats was embodied in the farewell address of the hero who had made the party what it was, when he left the White House for his Hermitage. The man who had so deeply impressed his personality upon the Democratic party insisted on the inestimable value of the Union; the danger of sectionalism; the evils of a powerful government; the

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necessity for and safety of simple and inexpensive public institutions; the perils of surplus revenues; the injustice of a high tariff; the unconstitutionality of internal improvements at the Nation's cost, and the danger of paper money. But Jackson's bold experiments in finance were soon to plant thorns in the chair of state which he had reserved for his successor.

The copper penny tokens struck in the first year of Martin Van Buren's administration represented a jackass ambling with extended feet across the surface of the coin, with the legend, "I follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor." These modest words of Martin Van Buren were as much indicative of his intentions as was his servile adoption of Jackson's cabinet, as he found it when he took the presidential office. The financial storm had begun to gather before Jackson left the White House, and his last hours in that place were irritated by the "distress petitions" that came pouring into his cabinet from artisans and manufacturers who were beginning to feel the effects of the stringency caused by the fitful and irrational financial policy of the Administration. The summary checking of speculations which were the natural outcome of Jackson's course in regard to banks and banking, resulted in the distressful panic of 1837. The elated Whigs exultingly cried, "We told you so!" and dire disorder reigned in politics as well as in the world of commerce.

Whig successes in the elections continued, and the Democratic majority in Congress began to melt away. Finally, the Whigs triumphed in 1840, William Henry Harrison, for a second time candidate of his party, being elected by two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes; Van Buren had only sixty votes. In that election the anti-slavery elements made their first appearance in a National canvass. James G. Birney, the candidate of the Liberty party, polled a popular vote of 7,609; but he carried no State.

General Harrison was the first President to die in office, and that lamentable

William Henry Harrison.
From a copy at the Corcoran Art Gallery of a painting by Beard in 1840.

event at first caused much confusion as to the exact status in law of the Vice-President, John Tyler, who now succeeded to the functions of the Executive Chief. But Tyler at once disposed of all doubt; he took the title of President, and thus established the requisite precedent. With him came the epithet of "Tylerization." He soon broke with his party, the Whigs, and by his veto of a bill to create a Bank of the United States he alienated and embittered the Whig chiefs of whom Clay was the foremost. It was insisted (especially by Clay), that the bank question had been a dominant issue in the canvass which sent Harrison to the White House. This was not strictly true. In point of

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fact, the campaign of 1840 was carried on by the Whigs in a wild delirium of hard cider, log-cabins, and coon-skins. Silas Wright, replying to Clay's assertion, ironically said that if the voice of the people, manifested in the late can-

John Tyler.
From a photograph by Brady.

vass, was to be heeded, the Capitol must be replaced by a log-cabin decked with coon-skins. In that canvass something of the old dramatic and unreasoning spirit that had characterized the Jackson campaigns prevailed, only that log-cabins had replaced hickory poles.

Nor was there anything in the declarations of the convention that nominated Harrison, in 1840, to warrant Clay's statement; that convention made no official deliverance on any subject whatever. The Democrats, on the other hand, adopted a strict constructionist platform, in which they denied the power of Congress to re-charter a National bank, carry on public improvements at the Nation's expense, protect manufactures by a tariff, or interfere with slavery in the States. John Tyler was a strict constructionist of the Calhoun school, and when his Whig cabinet was broken up and he was formally read out of the Whig party, the new men who came in to keep company with Daniel Webster (who was left standing, the lone Whig, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar"), they were described by President Tyler "as all original Jackson men who mean to act on Republican principles."

Tyler's course was claimed as a great Democratic victory, and his subsequent manifestations of indirectness and vacillation of purpose still further alienated from him his Whig friends and allies. The Democratic jubilation took a ludicrous form. The word "veto," made popular among them by Tyler's repeated disapprovals of bills passed by a Whig Congress, was adopted as a party war-cry, and was conferred by enthusiastic Democrats upon vessels, horses, and even children. The Whigs burned Tyler in effigy and lampooned him with wrathful zest. Their political adversaries were in paroxysms of delight and triumph.

During Tyler's term came on a time of monetary stringency; and as it happened that a species of influenza raged at that time, everybody was set to talking about the prevalent "Tyler grip." More serious than this, was the looming of the Texas question, now slowly rising in the background of American politics. When Jefferson had concluded the Louisiana purchase, some doubt prevailed as to the precise location of the western boundary of the newly acquired territory. Whether the Sabine or the Rio Grande defined its southwestern limit was not settled. When Florida was purchased, a dicker was made with Spain, and we bartered the disputed territory and accepted the Sabine as the limit of our possession

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in that direction. And now the South demanded that the limit of slavery should be (in the Southwest) at the Rio Grande, on the confines of Mexico, and not on the Sabine, the eastern boundary of Texas. Tyler negotiated a treaty for the annexation of Texas, but the Whig Senate rejected it by an overwhelming majority, and seven Democrats voted on that occasion with the Whigs, to Tyler's great discomfiture.

By slow degrees, but with impressive certainty, the Democratic party became more closely identified with the support of slavery. It was to stand as the apologist and defender of the institution. Finally the Democratic National Convention of 1844, which nominated James K. Polk, of Tennessee, declared in favor of the annexation of Texas; and Martin Van Buren, whose position on the Texas question had incurred for him the hostility of the Southern delegates, was defeated for a renomination by the skilful enforcement of the rule (which still prevails), that a two-thirds vote should be required for a nomination in a Democratic National Convention. Clay was nominated on a platform drawn for the benefit of the loose constructionists but which was silent on the subject of the annexation of Texas. Subsequently, however, Clay wrote the so-called Raleigh letter in which he deliberately announced his opposition to annexation; then, becoming alarmed by the dissatisfaction of his friends in the South, he wrote again, this time the "Alabama letter," in which he temporized with the burning question. He failed to reinstate himself in favor with the South; he lost much of his Northern support; and Polk was elected with one hundred and seventy votes, Clay receiving one hundred and five votes.

One of the war-cries of that campaign was "Polk, Dallas, and the Tariff of 1842." The tariff of 1842 was a modification of that drawn by Clay in 1833 to pacify the South Carolina nullifiers. Now it was asserted that the Clay Whigs were opposed to that tariff, which was a protective measure. The cry helped to carry Pennsylvania for Polk; and the tariff of 1842 was repealed with delightful abandonment of principle by the Polk Democrats, as soon as they were in power. Another slogan of the Democrats was "Fifty-four forty, or fight," these figures representing the parallel of North latitude on which it was proposed to rest immovably our claim for a Northwestern boundary of the Republic. But President Polk, with the advice and consent of the Senate, compromised on the parallel of forty-nine.

In the South "Texas or disunion" was the rallying cry and the toast. The strict constructionists who supported Polk in Congress agreed that he might violate the Constitution by the annexation of a foreign State, without the incidental intervention of a treaty, provided he were willing to take the responsibility. Texas, with its existing war with Mexico, was annexed in December, 1845. The facile compromise with England on the Northwestern boundary was hastened by the complications of the Southwestern frontier.

The Mexican war was bitterly opposed in the Northern States, especially by the Liberty party, and by such Whigs as Thomas Corwin and Abraham Lincoln. Orators who denounced the war expressed their belief, if not their hope, that the invading hosts on Mexican soil would be "welcomed with bloody hands to hospitable graves." It was out of the fever and excitement of this period of political turmoil, that the country received the masterly satires of James Russell Lowell, known as the "Biglow Papers," the first of which was an address to a recruiting sergeant drumming up recruits for the Mexican war.

When the war was over and peace had returned, conquest and treaty had added to the United States the territory now occupied by the States of Texas, California, and Nevada, parts of the States of Colorado and Wyoming, and the Territories of Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. With this magnificent acquisition to the National domain came a reopening of the question which was supposed to have been forever settled by the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, under the manipulation of Clay, the Great Pacificator, in 1820. It opened in American poli-

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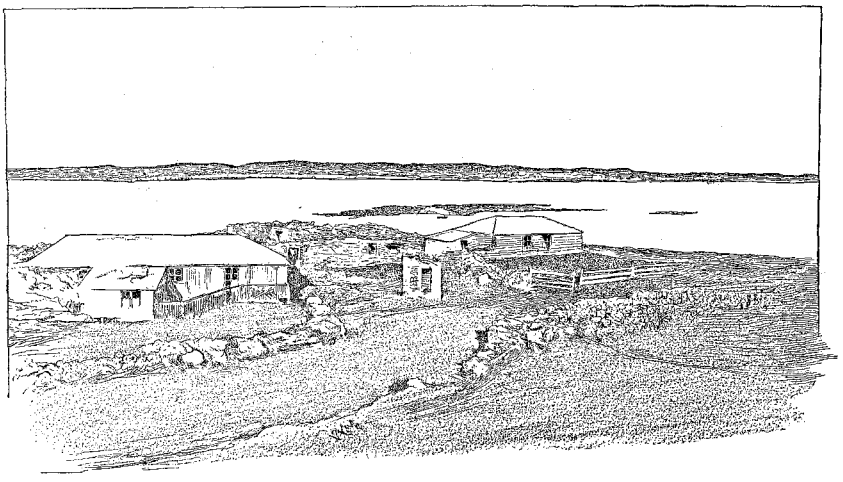
tics the field in which the battle between Freedom and Slavery, after one more truce, was to be fought out to the end.

During the campaign that had carried Polk to the White House a new dance—the polka—was introduced into the United States from Bohemia by the way of Vienna and Paris. It was facetiously said that Polk had been danced into office. And it was with a light heart that the merry-making slaveholders at the Polk inauguration balls celebrated their victory. They had defeated the personal party of Henry Clay; for to this complexion the Whig party had come, in 1844. But in that canvass, New York, once more the pivotal State, was lost to the Whigs only by anti-slavery votes, purposely thrown away on James G. Birney, the nominee of the Liberty party. The revolution had begun.



Among the Ruins of the Old Spanish Settlement, Point Desire, Patagonia.

THE END OF THE CONTINENT

By John R. Spears

PEOPLE who are interested in stories of journeys out of the way will find here a record of a part of what one may see and learn in a voyage along the coast of Patagonia, through the Strait of Magellan as far as Cockburn Channel, and thence south, and east among the waters of the Cape Horn archipelago as far as the antarctic Staten Island. It is a voyage in the wake, so to speak, of the old-time South Sea pedlers and pirates who, with the title of admiral, sailed away from European ports prepared, as occasion offered, to swap gewgaws for gold, or to plunder the ships and people found under other flags than their own. Until within less than a dozen years, one who wished to make this voyage had need to charter a ship, and a well-found one, too; but now, owing to changes in the region which add remarkably to the interest of the voyage, one may make it in safe though uncomfortable little steamers belonging to the Argentine navy. These, at intervals of about three weeks, leave Buenos Ayres, bound over the route, and make a regular business of carrying freight as well as passengers.

I left Buenos Ayres for this voyage on April 18, 1894, and the reader should keep in mind that the Patagonia April is a fall month. For nearly six days the little steamer butted and bobbed along through head-seas, and

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then, late in the morning, we saw, through the gray mists ahead of us a great vertical dirt wall.

"It is Cape Ninfas," said the captain; we are seven hundred miles southwest of Buenos Ayres. You are glad to see Patagonia, eh? I believe you are, but you will find the country more interesting than beautiful."

So we all thought when, a few hours later, the ship had cast anchor in the southeast corner of the all-but-circular New Gulf, the entrance to which is guarded on one side by Cape Ninfas. In the trip across the gulf, for instance, there was nothing picturesque, and yet it is said that more whales have been killed in that place than in any other enclosed body of water in the world, and that the only area of water of its size anywhere that ever equalled New Gulf as a resort for these monsters, was off-shore from Nantucket when that island was first discovered.

The nook of the bay, too, in which we anchored was not picturesque, but it was interesting in a variety of ways. To the eye the water was the floor of a great desert amphitheatre. The sand and gravel of the beach rose in brown and gray ridges to a sweeping circular crest, say six miles away and four hundred feet high. These ridges were spotted and blotched with bushes that were a darker brown than the sand, and the whole natural scene was so utterly dreary and desolate that even warm sunlight could not relieve or brighten it. And yet, as we could see when we had landed, that desert had been at one time a section of the bottom of the ocean which nature had only yesterday, in the geologist's calendar, thrown up for the inspection of man. There were the sea-shells — oyster-shells a foot long, for instance — right on top of the hills, and around them water-worn pebbles and the dust of them that had been made by attrition. Nor was that all. When we came to think over what the books said about it, those hills were nothing but layers of mud and sand and pebbles, the washings of floods that during untold centuries had broken down the mountains of antediluvian Patagonia, and had made of the rocks a bed of shingle more than a thousand miles long, two hundred miles and more wide, and nobody knows how deep. More wonderful still, some of those old layers of mud, now hardened almost to the consistency of stone, were known to contain the petrified remains of the fauna and flora of antediluvian Patagonia, petrified monkeys, parrots, and

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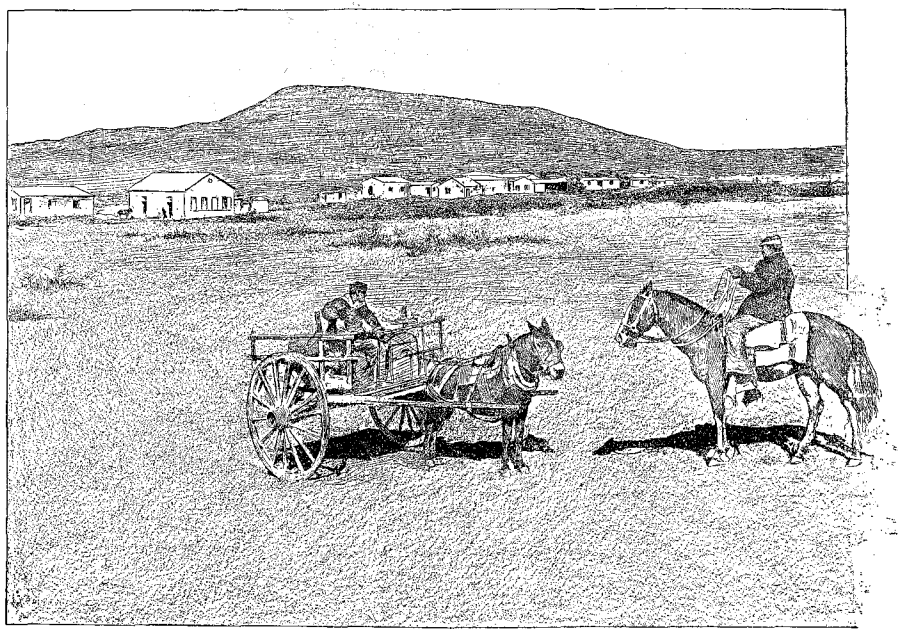
kangaroos among the rest. As we learned before the voyage ended, the remains of beings hitherto unknown to the scientific world may be found there too, for an Italian naturalist came on board, as we were homeward bound, bringing the remains of two different kinds of birds that existed in the days before feathers had been fairly developed.

So much for the traveller whose mind runs to science. For the man of affairs there was matter of equal interest. Here we were, more than seven hundred miles from Buenos Ayres as the ship sails, while the journey by land to the cultivated pampas of the Argentine was over hundreds of miles of just such desert wastes as we could see about us. And yet on the beach was a well-made wooden pier whereon began a railway track that stretched away up the brown ridges till the crest was reached, and then away south "fifty-one miles without water," as a sign written in six languages said—south to the valley of the Chubut River. What could be more interesting to a man of affairs than the story of a line of railroad in such a region? It is a story interesting even to others than men of affairs. It begins in 1865, when, in the dead of winter, a ship brought one hundred and fifty men, women, and children to that spot in New Gulf, and left them there. It was a place of their own choosing, too. They were Welsh, and had sought a far country, that they might make a colony wherein the tongue of Prince Llewellyn might be perpetuated in its purity. From New Gulf they toiled over the "fifty-one miles without water" to the Chubut, and there went to work to make farms out of the treeless, waterless desert along the river. How for six years they were wholly supported by the Argentine Government; how, when the ship with food failed to reach her destination, the red men of the desert, the Tehuelches, brought the meat of the guanaco, the panther, and the ostrich to save them from starvation; how they eventually made irrigating ditches from the river, that its water might take the place of rains that had theretofore been hoped for; how even then prosperity came with leaden heels, so that for ten years they were objects of charity; how at last they freed themselves from the galling yoke, and increased and multiplied till every avail-



Santa Cruz.

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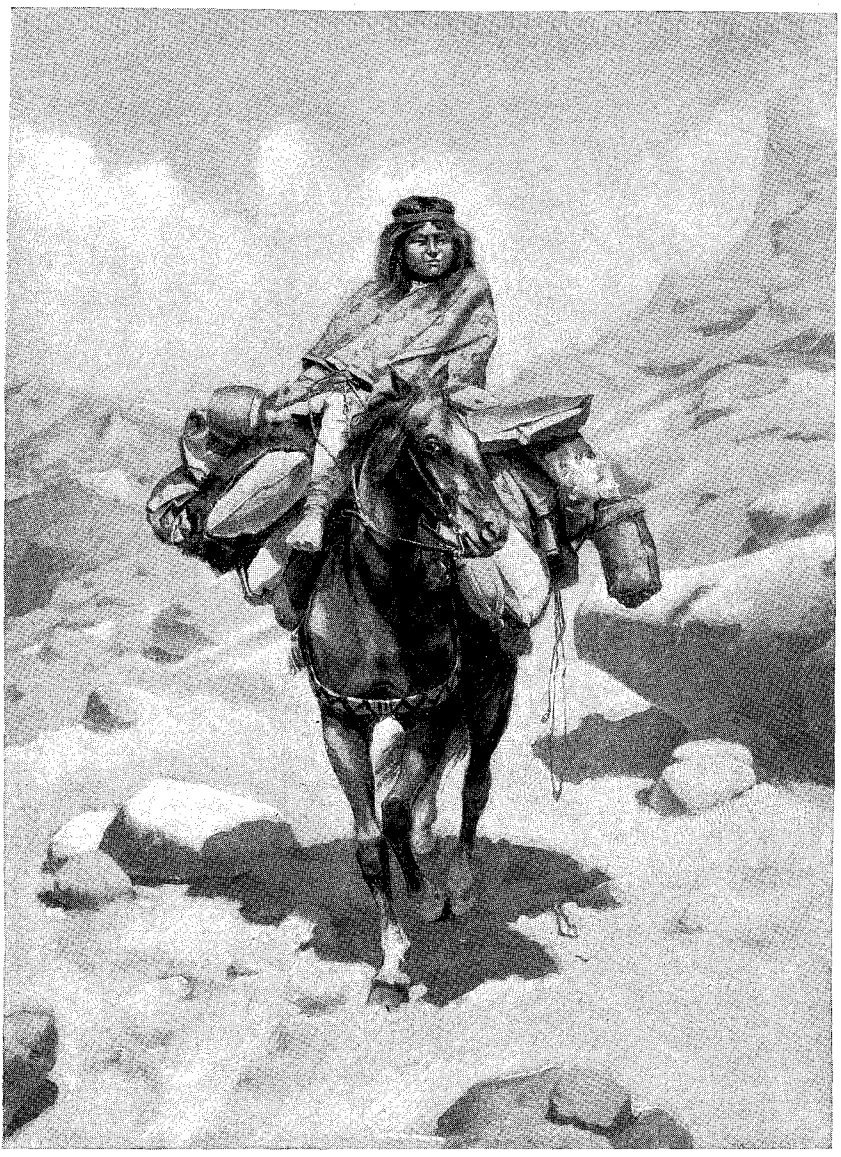

A Tehuelche Squaw.

able acre for seventy miles along the river was taken up, the colony had grown to a thriving population of three thousand souls, and a railway to carry their surplus produce to the nearest port was needed — all this is a story that is, to my mind, as interesting as any known to the history of colonization.

There were but four dwellings in the settlement on the bay, of which one, the home of the naval lieutenant who governed the district, was a painted wooden structure, but all were cosey within. After a glance at these, and another at the caves in a hill-side where the original pilgrims lived for a time, we sailed away to enter Port Desire, where Cavendish first landed on American soil, and where two of his crew were attacked by Indians, whose "*foot*-prints were measured and found to be eighteen inches in length." It was here that the Spaniards founded a col-

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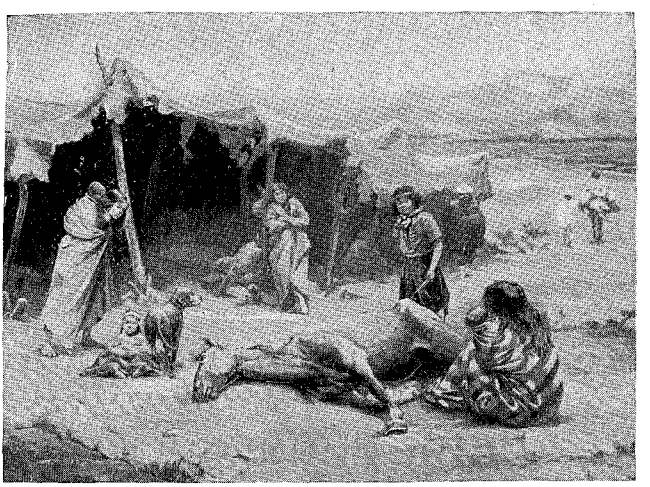
ony at the end of the eighteenth century, after the English Jesuit priest Faulkner visited the country, and printed a rather glowing, but in the main an accurate, account of it. Although the site was officially abandoned in 1807, not only are the old stone walls of their houses and corrals still in good order, but in a gulch nearby one finds a quince and cherry orchard still bearing fruit.

The old ruins stand on a grassy knoll at the foot of a rugged precipice of volcanic rock more than one hundred feet high, on the north side of the river that forms the port. On the south side of the stream one sees a prairie rather than a desert. It is the only stretch of land seen in the voyage north of the Strait of Magellan where there is green grass. The curious Y-shaped stone known as Tower Rock, that is mentioned by all the old navigators who touched here, rises from the grassy plain just where it would be most conspicuous in the eyes of one entering the port.

On the whole, here is a place that is naturally beautiful, in spite of the lack of trees, but modern enterprise has come along to spoil it in the eyes of one who cares only for the picturesque. In the midst of the old ruins stands a great zinc-white, corrugated iron dwelling, with a barn and a storehouse of the same material handy by. Here lives a ranchman to whom the buildings were given by the Government, to induce him to make a home there. On the south side, between Tower Rock and the harbor, stands another shanty, and here lives the naval lieutenant who rules the district—a district of sixty people all told, who are in the cattle business.

When Darwin was at Port Desire he wrote that "the zoology of Patagonia is as limited as its flora." That is pretty nearly true, but in few parts of the world is the study of zoology likely to be found more interesting. There are the guanacos, the species of camel, with curious habits, that has come down to us from antediluvian times. Nowhere is the panther found in greater numbers, and here it is known as "the friend of man," because it has often been known to defend men from the attack of the savage jaguar. There are hummingbirds and butterflies clear down to the Strait, in spite of the lack of flowers. But, more interesting still to a Yankee, are the shore birds, for in the southern summer he may find here old friends that he saw before at home in the northern fall. It is a fact that some migrating birds that breed in the Arctic region, and on their way south in the northern fall touch on the coast of the United States—even pass through the glare of the torch of Liberty in New York City—journey on and on across the seas, across Venezuela and Brazil and the pampas south, to rest at last in Patagonia, till the mysterious voice from the north calls them once more to their nesting-place.

Once more we steamed away south, and so reached the most wonderful river of Patagonia — the Santa Cruz. Imagine a stream that flows for hundreds of miles through a desert, and yet has everywhere a current too deep as well as too swift to ford. Of course it rises in an Andes lake and is fed by Andes snows. To the archæologist this



A Tehuelche Camp.

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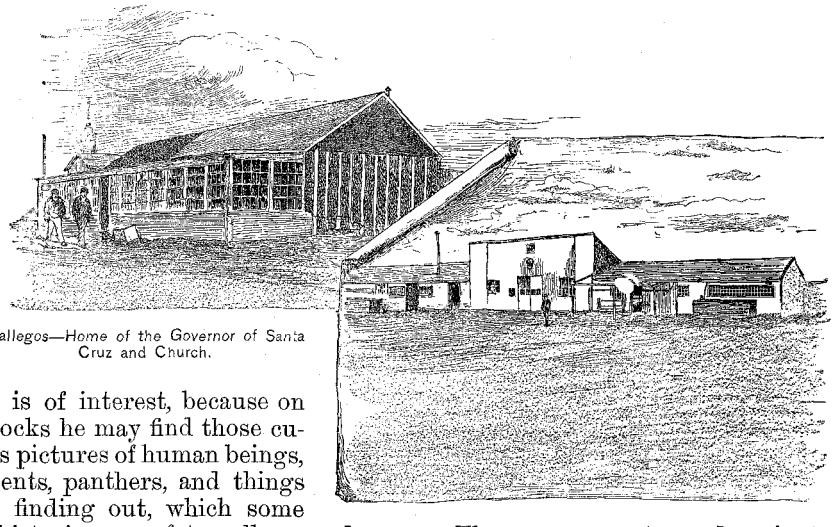

Gallegos—Home of the Governor of Santa Cruz and Church.

lake is of interest, because on its rocks he may find those curious pictures of human beings, serpents, panthers, and things past finding out, which some pre-historic race of travellers made on other rocks in the Isthmus of Panama, in New Mexico, and elsewhere in the Americas. It is near the Santa Cruz that the paleontologist gathers his greatest Patagonia harvest of petrified monkeys and other tropical beings. It is here that the guanacos, impelled by a curious instinct, have for ages sought, when they felt the pangs of death within them, the shelters of thickets and overhanging rocks. So it has happened that the collections of bones here have given rise to tales of guanaco cemeteries. Nor is the place devoid of interest to the man of affairs. The town-site boomer is found here. I went ashore to see the settlement called Santa Cruz. It contained nine houses, of which one, a pink frame, was the hotel. Here a young man spread a blue-print map before me, a map of a great city with plazas, avenues, boulevards, streets, and street-car routes. This was the city of Santa Cruz as surveyed—the city to grow up there on the desert plain and spread up over the desert hills. It was enough to make one gasp to hear of the shipments of wool made from that port, of the cheapness and excellence of the pastures thereabouts, of the gold finds at the head of the creek, of the experiments to be made in wheat culture, "which will doubtless succeed," and so on. Neither in the outskirts of the Yankee metropolis, nor among the vines of California, could the boomer have told the story in better form.

Then away we steamed again, to call at the last port on the coast, Gallegos. Here we found a score of buildings like mine-camp shanties, of which one was a church that had a wing for a schoolhouse attached, and another was a prison with adobe walls. This was a town of interest to the politician, for it was the capital of all the region south of Chubut, which is known to Argentine geography as the territory of Santa Cruz. But just how it would interest the politician, will appear in what is to be said about another Argentine capital farther on.

For the man of affairs, however, Gallegos is the most interesting town on the coast. One need only take a smart gallop along the shore from this place, to arrive at one of the most remarkable gold diggings in the world. As the reader remembers, all Patagonia is one vast bed of washings from an antediluvian range of mountains, save only for a few spots where some volcanoes spouted their lava up through the shingle. It appears now that that ancient range, which was a pretty large one—extended all along the length of the country—had in it a vein of iron ore that carried free gold. That vein was broken down long ago, but it became a layer of black sand and gold dust just as long as the range of mountains had been. This layer was buried pretty deep by other washings, but it nevertheless crops out just below low tide, at intervals, all along the coast north of

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Cape Virgin. The wrecked crew of a fishing schooner found it when digging for water at Cape Virgin, nearly twenty years ago. Because it is so far under water the pay streak cannot be worked directly. The gold hunters have to sit down and wait for a gale with a Cape Horn surf. That throws enough of the stuff up within reach to keep them "humping themselves." When the stuff was first discovered there was such an accumulation of the jetsam that the dust was gathered by the kilo. Now

Tehuelche Indian from Santa Cruz.

"mere day wages, fifty grammes a week," is all the plodders get on Cape Virgin. They do better than that near Gallegos, but the fact that this place, though a territorial capital and the nearest town to a gold camp, had only a score of buildings, would probably be, in a way, one of the most interesting facts the man of affairs could find in Patagonia.

Leaving Gallegos one afternoon, we steamed away south all that day and until daylight next day, when we hove to in a thick fog and waited in dismal silence, for the air was calm as well as thick with moisture. By and by the sun got up high enough to clear away the mists somewhat, and a low beach of sand, with what seemed to be a wide wooden house on it, was seen dimly. The captain was delighted at the view.

"It is Paramo," he said. "That is the mining camp on Tierra del Fuego."

Sure enough, we were off the east coast of that great island, and a most interesting island we were to find it. It was on the day of the eleven thousand virgins, 1520, that Magellan first saw the signal fires of the natives of this island; and that was a long time ago. After him came an increasing host of other fortune-seekers—a host that increased until, in later years, it is likely that never a day passed when the eyes of some adventurous seeker for wealth were not directed toward some part of this island. They robbed ships, plundered inoffensive settlements, enslaved their captives—did everything that men will do through greed, and yet sailed right along within sight of coasts where gold—genuine placer gold—lay in the beach and just beneath the grass roots farther back from the sea. Right here, on this beach before us, gold was found in abundance. It had been scooped up with knives and spoons where layers were found farther back by the first prospectors. In the buildings (for what seemed to be one proved to be three) were thirty men, who were employed washing gold from the sand of the sea. The broken-down reef that had furnished gold to the miners on Cape Virgin had extended

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across the strait, and had been broken down in like fashion here.

Back of this camp and away to the north, we saw a rolling, grassy prairie, and we learned that all Tierra del Fuego, save a comparatively narrow belt on the west and south sides, was much like the country we could see—a region of luxuriant grasses, sparkling lakes, and dancing streams; while along the foothills of the mountain-chain to be found west and south were forests of beautiful and valuable timber. And then the climate was said to be something remarkable. We could see that it was so, too. The sailors were at work about the ship barefooted, although it was then in the month of May and we were in 53° south latitude. It was simply an ideal country for the ranchmen.

"I should think the ranchmen of Patagonia would all move down here," said I to one who knew the region.

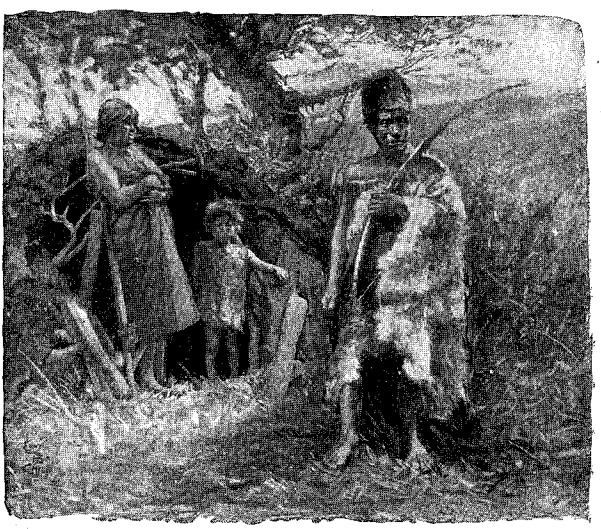
"They would like to do so," he said, "and some have come."

"Why do the rest hesitate?"

"They are afraid of the Indians."

Here was a new matter of interest. We had seen a few of the Tehuelches of Patagonia, great stalwart fellows who, in spite of the degenerating influences of white associates, were still large enough to make one believe they were giants in other days. But the Tehuelches had had the fighting spirit thrashed out of them by the Argentines. Not so the prairie Indians of Tierra del Fuego. The first man who put sheep on these prairies had hired a missionary to take charge of the shepherds, hoping that he would be able to convert the Indians to Christianity, and perhaps make herders of them. The Indians attended the powwows with joy, but they stole sheep at night nevertheless. So the sheep-owner sent for repeating rifles, which were used thereafter in place of sermons, and with more effect. Sheep are spreading over Tierra del Fuego in spite of the Ona Indians, just as they spread over Australia in spite of the black-fellows. But the shepherds and the prospectors, too, must needs carry rifles always, and even then many a white man gets killed every year. The Onas are making a fierce fight for their homes.

From Paramo, we steamed north and went through the strait to anchor at the Cape Horn metropolis, Punta Arenas. All the modern books of travel speak of this port as the most southern civilized settlement in the world. Although this is not true, it is a most interesting place. Founded as a penal settlement for Chili convicts, it began to grow as a port when, in 1867, the first line of steamships began plying between England and the west coast of South America; for it was necessarily made a coaling-place. Other lines followed the pioneer. Then the region around was found to be well adapted to sheep and cattle—so well adapted for them that all the open land, for nearly one hundred leagues north, has been taken up for ranches. The finding of the gold on Cape Virgin helped the town a little, and the finding of gold in the creek on which the town stood helped it more. There never was a rush and a boom such as came to the California and Rocky Mountain



An Ona Indian Family at the Doorway of a Hut.

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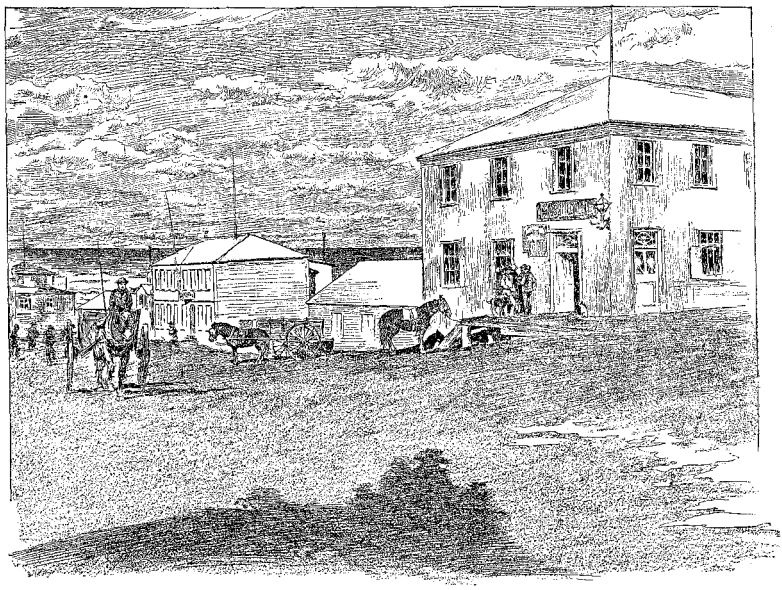

The Main Business Street of Punta Arenas.

camps, but at any time since 1866, the man out of work and in need of money could "take a pick and shovel and go dig some gold," as one of the citizens said to me. More than that, there was, and still is, "a plenty of saw-timber back on the mountains." As a seaport, a supply depot for the ranches, a gold camp, the head-quarters of several gangs of lumbermen, and the home port of a fleet of tiny cruisers that trade with the Indians among the islands west and south, Punta Arenas is the liveliest town of its size on the continent. The people claim a population of three thousand five hundred. The Rocky Mountain sporting-man would judge from this description that Punta Arenas would be just the place he was looking for, but the truth is that, while it supports nearly one hundred saloons, there is neither a gambling-den nor a dance-house there.

Until we had entered well into the Strait of Magellan, we had not had one glimpse of natural scenery of a sort to enliven the spectator. On the one hand there had been a stormy sea, and on the other a sombre coast. Tierra del Fuego was everywhere a vast undulating plain, grass covered, indeed, but the grass was dry and yellow to the eye. The picture as a whole was like a section of Colorado east of the mountains. But when we approached Punta Arenas everything changed. The plains of Patagonia rose into green verdure-clad mountains, while green valleys nestled between. Beyond these on the Patagonia side, and away to the south on the opposite side, were mountains that pierced the clouds and were covered with eternal snows. The route of our little steamer, after leaving Punta Arenas, was through straits and channels that had been made when mountains had been split apart by the mighty convulsions of nature. We steamed through reaches where we could have passed safely as close to the antarctic beaches or the precipitous mountain-sides, as the steamers on the Albemarle Canal pass to the overhanging verdure of the Dismal Swamp. We had seen only storms of wind. Now every blast was laden with sleet or snow, while giant williwaws—the tornadoes of the region—came whirling down from glacier-lined gorges to gather the spray of the seas into columns that went waltzing away over the foaming waters, and hurled themselves to destruction on the opposite shore. Even in a well-found steamer the navigator of that region need have a cool head, a clear eye, and a firm hand. There are no more dan-

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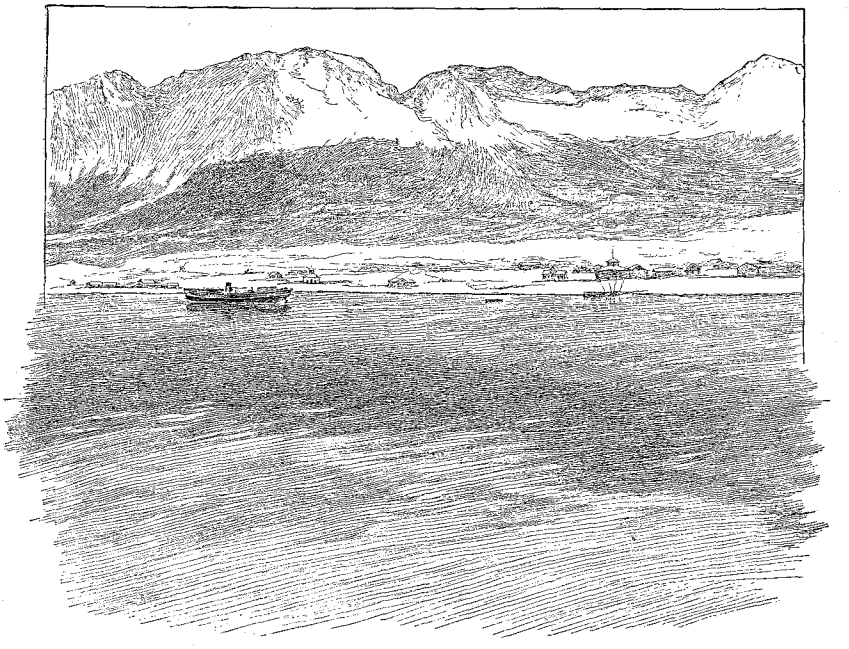

Ushuaia, Capital of Argentine Territory in Tierra del Fuego.

gerous waters anywhere. Nevertheless, the traveller is likely to see at almost any turn a Cape Horn gold-seeker cruising along in a twenty-five foot catboat. Incredible as it may seem, these dare-devils have cruised right away down to the Horn itself, in just such boats as are used by pleasure-seekers, in fair weather only, on the coast of the United States. Of course many are lost, "but what does it matter? We won't go till the time comes," as they say.

They have found gold, too, in nuggets and dust, on the south and west coasts of Tierra del Fuego, on Lennox and New Islands, and even on New Year's Islands, off the north shore of Staten Island. There is gold there now, plenty of it, but the quest is so dangerous and the returns so uncertain, that only those who have "the curse of the wandering foot" go there for it.

After leaving Punta Arenas we steamed through Cockburn Channel down to the Southern Sea. We were coasting then the region inhabited by a tribe of Indians seen by almost all who pass through the Strait of Magellan on the big European steamers, the Alaculoofs. They have been often described as a dirty, naked tribe, who come to the ships in canoes to beg for liquor, tobacco, and food. They are robbers as well as beggars. I saw a trading sloop with a bloody deck at Punta Arenas, that had been through a fight with them where two white men and an unknown number of Indians were killed. They are tractable, however, for a mission has been established among them, and we may eventually find that they are interesting and intelligent instead of utterly degraded, as they seem to be to the casual observer.

One needs to make just the voyage we were making to understand how great a mistake the casual observer is likely to make in connection with a tribe of Indians. Never was a tribe so entirely misunderstood as that found in the territory for which we were bound; never did the arrogant, complacent conceit of the white man bring swifter destruction to any race of so-called savages.

We were bound to Ushuaia, a settlement on Ushuaia Bay, in the Beagle Channel, and this settlement is at once a missionary station and the capital of Argentine's part of Tierra del Fuego. It is this place that *is* the most southern town in the world; but that is about

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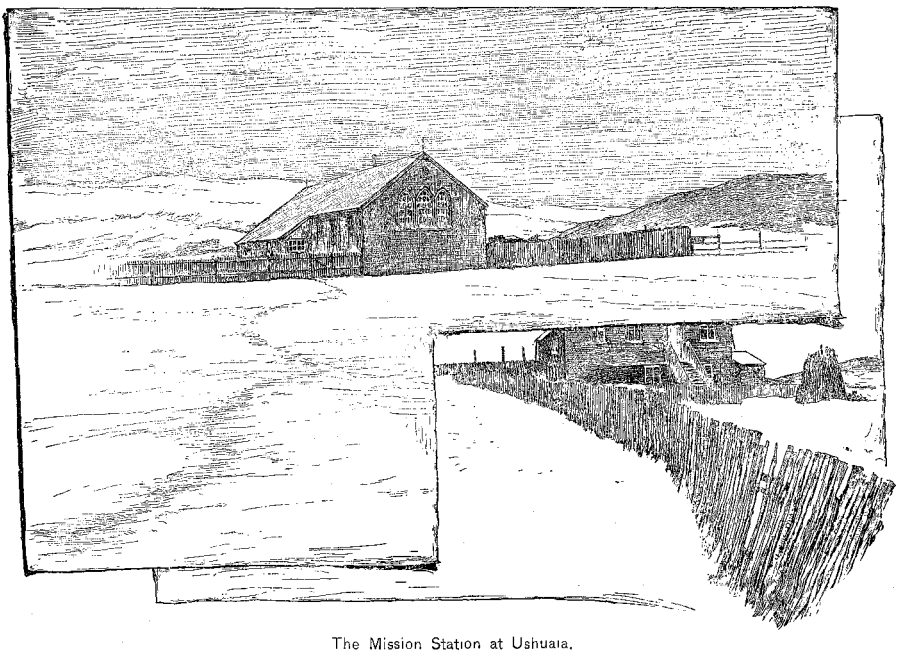

The Mission Station at Ushuaia.

the least interesting fact that I know concerning it.

The Indians of the immediate vicinity of Cape Horn are called Yahgans. Darwin summed up the descriptions of all previous observers of this race when he called them "savages of the lowest grade." So they have seemed to be to all other casual observers who have followed him. But when, in 1870, an English missionary came to live among them permanently, the facts which he learned about them were found so astonishing as to almost pass belief. Thus the explorer, observing that their huts were but wretched wind-breaks, and their manufactured articles but few in number, had always supposed them mentally incapable of providing decently even for the necessaries of savage existence. Their canoes, because made of bark, were called wretched, but the observations of the missionary proved that they were as seaworthy as any the Vikings ever made. They could even outride the terrible strain of the williwaw. The Yahgans had but few weapons or tools, only slings, spears of two forms, and shell-knives, but these were of "the best form and the most effective that could be made from the materials at hand." They made neither bowls nor bottles, but their baskets, the bag-like leaves of seaweed, and the big shells of the beach served for storing even liquids; while food was always cooked by roasting and never eaten raw, except certain kinds of shell-fish.

They lived practically naked, but nature had provided a layer of fat beneath the skin which they supplemented with copious applications of grease without. Melting snow or sleet could have little, if any, more effect on a Yahgan than on a porpoise. To the eyes of the explorer their painted faces seemed hideous, but when those faces were washed, men with faces as intelligent as any from the valley of the Mohawk, and maidens as attractive as those of the schools of Tahlequah, were revealed.

Darwin had said of a Yahgan, "I should think there was scarcely another human being with so small a stock of language;" but when the missionary had completed a lexicon of the language, he found it contained forty thousand items, or ten thousand more than the highest estimate of the number in any Iroquois tongue.

They had orators, historians, poets, and novelists, in spite of their lack of a

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written language. Their folk-lore was of the greatest interest, and their poetry was delightful, but the most remarkable part of their literature was in their tales, of which the point was found in what the listener was pretty sure to think of and not directly in what the speaker said.

It was a heathen tribe. They had no word for Deity or a future existence. They called a dead animal "dead," but when a human being passed away he was "lost." They sold their women, but even second-cousins were held sacred by the worst of their men. They were courteous to a marvellous degree. They never gave orders, and had no such a word as obey. Even the man who wanted his squaw to perform some service, used an expression meaning, "Tell to do," as if she were to tell some other person to do the thing. He even spoke, when in her presence, of his most useful weapon as "our spear." Matters of which two men or a man and his squaw might properly talk in private, were either not mentioned in gatherings, or were alluded to as delicately as they would be in a civilized drawing-room. They had neither chief nor ruler, and mental superiority gave a man greater influence than physical strength did.

To this wonderful people came a missionary confident that he could improve them in earthly as well as spiritual matters. He was backed by a great society, and assisted by white men and women who believed as he did. To improve the Yahgans warm houses were built to take the place of twig wigwams, some of the Yahgans were taught to dig, to plant, to saw lumber, and so on. In return for furs and labor on the missionary plot of ground, the Yahgans received clothing and soap, which they were taught to use. An orphanage was erected where orphan children were entirely supported.

Of course, all who could be reached received spiritual instructions daily, according to the creed of the missionary. After eleven years the baptismal roll numbered one hundred and thirty-six. This number was counted small, but so great had been the influence of the teachings, that the character of the tribe as a whole had been changed, until seamen wrecked on the coast could approach the natives with the certainty of receiving assistance, instead of meeting death as had formerly been the case. Apparently, great good had come to the tribe.

Alaculoof Indians and Hut.

This is a sober relation of facts of the greatest importance to missionaries. The appearances were deceptive. The tribe had been ruined by its friends. The Indians who had thrived when naked and living on whale-blubber, did not thrive as clothed farm-

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Yahgan Indians in Camp.

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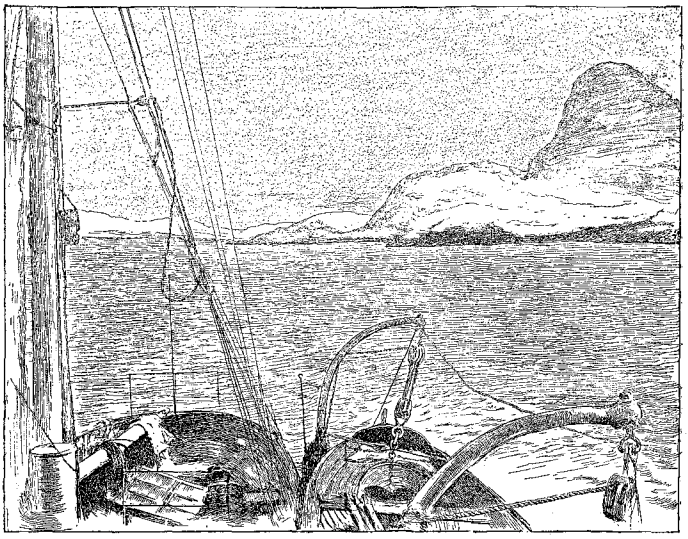
laborers living on bread. The woollens of the whites were less efficient as clothing than whale-oil. Children who had been sturdy and strong when naked in the storms of sleet, died when well dressed and living in a warm orphanage; every child taken into it died. Pneumonia and consumption became plagues.

The apparent success of the mission attracted the attention of the Argentine Government, so that the bay was chosen as a site when a capital for Argentine Tierra del Fuego was to be established. Since then Argentine steamers have regularly visited the port, bringing the ills of civilized life.



Beagle Channel.

Worse yet, "the native tribes had been set against white men by the cruel treatment they had met with from sealing vessels," and so "the very hostility of the natives protected them." So says the missionary record. But the missionaries overcame this hostility, and thereafter the forecastle brute was free to come and go among the natives.

In 1871 there were three thousand Yahgans. In 1894 there are less than three hundred. In 1871 every man among them was ready and eager to stand up and fight for his home, man-fashion. Of those that a traveller now may see, every soul is a cowering hypocritical beggar. The attempt to change a tribe of wandering fishermen into farmers failed utterly. Nature had not fashioned them so.

Of Ushuaia as a civilized capital, little need be said. It consists of a score of small wood-and-iron houses, scattered along a narrow sloping grass-plot that lies between the mountains and the bay, but nature has made it picturesque. For a few rods up the slope behind the houses there is open land, and then begins the antarctic forest, that covers the steep mountain-sides for perhaps a thousand feet. Then even the bushes fade away, and the naked or glacier-covered rocks appear and rear their heads three thousand feet in air, while feathery plumes wrought by the wind from drifting snow wave and toss about a thousand feet higher still. Rarely can one find such a magnificent background for a settlement, and rarely can one find a settlement more unworthy of the beauty of its setting.

As at Gallegos, so here, there is the usual list of officials necessary to the dignity of a seaside capital. Executive, judicial, police, military, and naval officials with their followings may all be found here. There was also a schoolmaster and a school-matron. But the governor did not have three score of subjects in sight; the courts had no dockets; the police had no criminal class; the teachers had no pupils. Not a soul of them all had a stroke of work to do worth mentioning.

Four men not in government employ had little shanties, with stocks of liquors, food, clothing, etc., used in trade with Indians and prospectors. Including the mission station, there are perhaps fifty people all told in the capital of

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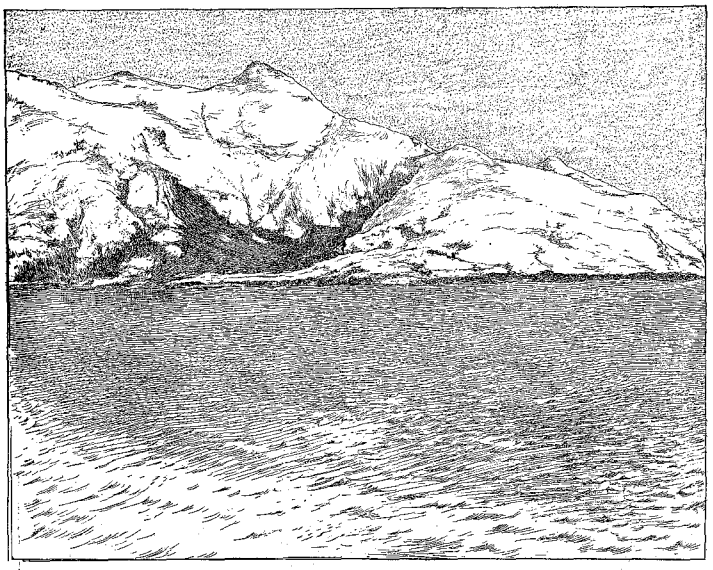
Tierra del Fuego. They had no employment, they had no libraries, they did not have even the relief of sitting down by the fire to smoke, for there was neither a fireplace nor a heating-stove in the settlement.



A Part of French Mountain, Beagle Channel.

With Ushuaia the interest of the voyage practically comes to an end. There is a great and flourishing sheep-ranch on Beagle Channel, thirty miles east of the capital. The government maintains a subprefectura at Thetis Bay, and another with a lighthouse on the east end of Staten Island. These may possibly attract settlers after a time. Sheep seem to thrive everywhere in the region, while the irrepressible prospector is likely to find true fissure veins and pay streaks at any time in the mountains. After seeing what has been accomplished along the Strait of Magellan within the last ten years, it is tolerably easy to believe that Tierra del Fuego, in spite of the bad name it has had, may become the home of a prosperous population; while even the bleak islands about it may not be left to utter desolation.

"NEL MEZZO DEL CAMMIN"

By A. B. Carr.

WEARY with upward toil myself I flung
  Upon a midmost rock there chanced to be,
Haply to yet find strength to climb among
  The far-off heights that beckoned still to me,
  When, as I turned my head, lo, suddenly
The path behind me, into vision sprung,
And all my journey since the day was young
  Lay like a map, clear for my eyes to see.
There was the blossoming mead my first steps knew,
  And there Armida's garden where I slept,
And yonder, where I fell. Ye Gods! how plain
The way my feet sought afterwards in vain
  But which I missed; and which had I but kept
I had scaled, even now, yon shining peaks of blue!

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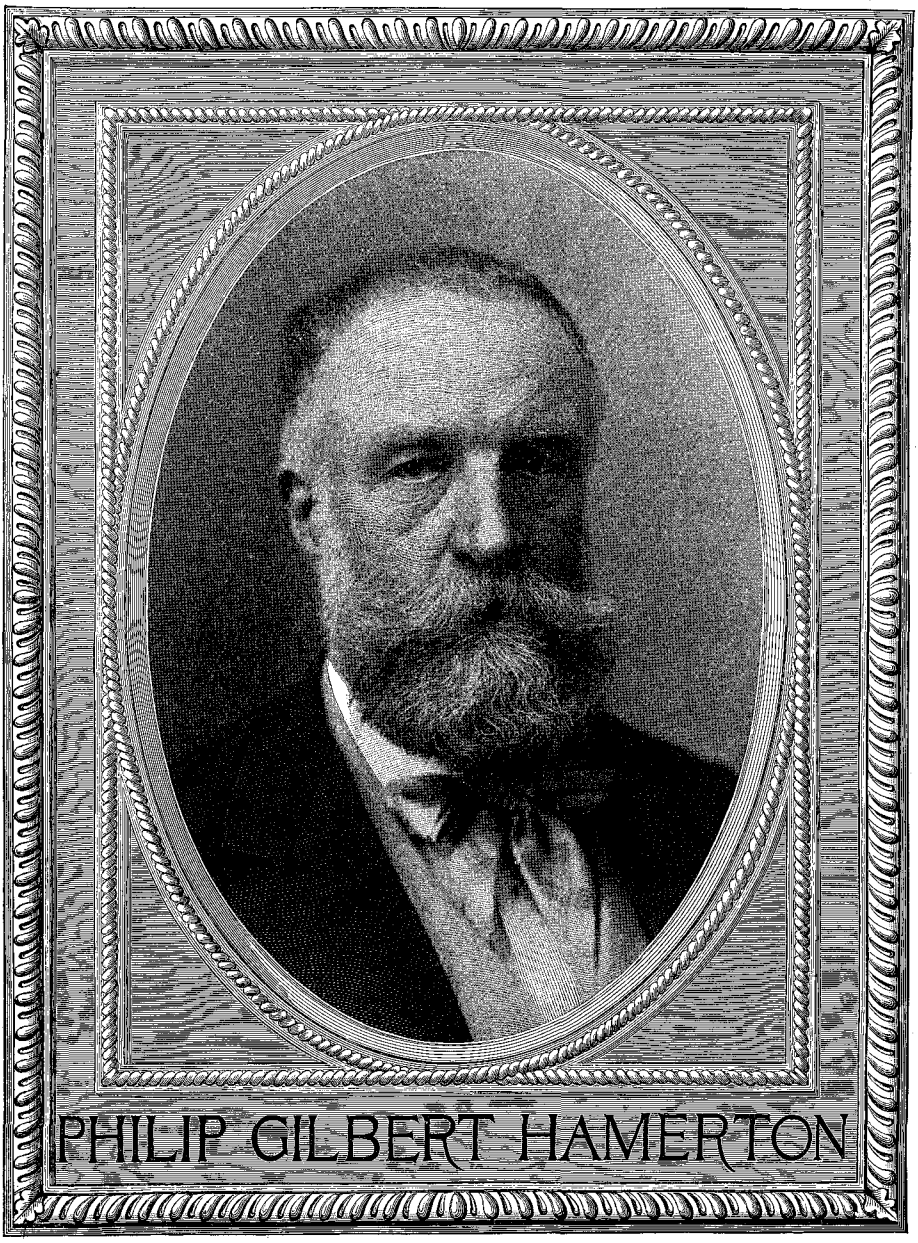

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

This portrait, from the last photograph taken of Mr. Hamerton (in the spring of 1894), conveys, with unusual success, the presence and expression of the writer and critic whose brief papers on contemporary art the readers of the MAGAZINE have followed during the past year, and whose more important works are to many of them so familiar. Mr. Hamerton, whose vigorous personality it was hard for his friends to connect with the possibility of ill-health, died suddenly on November 6, 1894, at his home at Boulogne-sur-Seine. A critic, writing since his death of his last MAGAZINE paper, speaks of his as "the hand to which readers must now cease to look for sane criticism and safe guidance through the pitfalls of modern taste." It was much more than this, as readers of his other work can testify; but the words describe much of the healthy influence he exerted through periodical literature, and emphasize the qualities which distinguished his writing—sanity, clearness, and independence of caprice; qualities which were also eminently characteristic of the man himself.

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THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER V

A MOUNTAIN WALK IN MIST AND SUNSHINE

CHILLON was right in his forecast of the mists. An over-moistened earth steaming to the sun obscured it before the two had finished breakfast, which was a finish to everything eatable in the ravaged dwelling, with the exception of a sly store for the midday meal, that old Mariandl had stuffed into Chillon's leather sack—the fruit of secret begging on their behalf about the neighborhood. He found the sack heavy and bulky as he slung it over his shoulder; but she bade him make nothing of such a trifle till he had it inside him. "And you that love tea so, my pretty one, so that you always laughed and sang after drinking a cup with your mother," she said to Carinthia, "you will find one pinch of it in your bag at the end of the left-foot slipper, to remember your home by when you are out in the world."

She crossed the strap of the bag on her young mistress's bosom, and was embraced by Carinthia and Chillon in turns, Carinthia telling her to dry her eyes, for that she would certainly come back, and perhaps occupy the house, one day or other. The old soul moaned of eyes that would not be awake to behold her; she begged a visit at her grave, though it was to be in a Catholic burial-place, and the priests had used her dear master and mistress ill by not allowing them to lie in consecrated ground; affection made her a champion of religious tolerance and a little afraid of retribution. Carinthia soothed her, kissed her, gave the promise, and the parting was over.

She and Chillon had on the previous day accomplished a pilgrimage to the resting-place of their father and mother, among humble Protestants, iron-smelters, in a valley out of the way of their present line of march to the glacier of the great snow-mountain marking the junction of three Alpine provinces of Austria. Josef, the cart-driver with the boxes, who was to pass the valley, vowed of his own accord to hang a fresh day's wreath on the rails. He would not hear of money for the purchase, and they humored him. The family had been beloved. There was an offer of a home for Carinthia in the castle of Count Lebern, a friend of her parents, much taken with her, and she would have accepted it had not Chillon overruled her choice, determined that, as she was English, she must come to England and live under the guardianship of her uncle, Lord Levellier, of whose character he did not speak.

The girl's cheeks were drawn thin and her lips shut as they departed; she was tearless. A phantom ring of mist accompanied her from her first footing outside the house. She did not look back. The house came swimming and plunging after her, like a spectral ship on big seas, and her father and mother lived and died in her breast; and now they were strong, consulting, chatting, laughing, caressing; now still and white, caught by a vapor that dived away with them either to right or left, but always with the same suddenness, leaving her to question herself whether she existed, for more of life seemed to be with their mystery than with her speculations. The phantom ring of mist enclosing for miles the invariable low-sweeping, dark spruce-fir, kept her thoughts on them as close as the shroud. She walked fast, but scarcely felt that she was moving. Near midday the haunted circle widened; rocks were loosely folded in it, and heads of trees, whose round intervolving roots grasped the yellow roadside soil; the mists shook like a curtain and partly opened and displayed a tapestry landscape, roughly worked, of woollen crag and castle, and suggested glen, threaded waters, very prominent foreground. Autumn flowers on banks, a predominant atmospheric grayness.

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The sun threw a shaft, liquid instead of burning, as we see his beams beneath a wave; and then the mists narrowed again, boiled up the valleys and streams above the mountain, curled, and flew, and were Python coils pierced by brighter arrows of the sun. A spot of blue signalled his victory above.

To look at it was to fancy they had been walking under water and had now arisen to the surface. Carinthia's mind stepped out of the chamber of death. The different air and scenery breathed into her timid warmth toward the future, and between her naming of the lesser mountains on their side of the pass, she asked questions relating to England, and especially the ladies she was to see at the Baths beyond the glacier-pass. She had heard of a party of his friends awaiting him there, without much encouragement from him to ask particulars of them, and she had hitherto abstained, as she was rather shy of meeting her countrywomen. The ladies, Chillon said, were cousins; one was a young widow, the Countess of Fleetwood, and the other was Miss Fakenham, a younger lady.

Carinthia murmured in German: "Poor soul!" Which one was she pitying? The widow, she said, in the tone implying, naturally.

Her brother assured her the widow was used to it, for this was her second widowhood.

"She marries again!" exclaimed the girl.

"You don't like that idea?" said he.

Carinthia betrayed a delicate shudder.

Her brother laughed to himself at her expressive present tense. "And marries again!" he said. "There will certainly be a third."

"Husband?" said she, as at the incredible.

"Husband, let's hope," he answered.

She dropped from her contemplation of the lady, and her look at her brother signified, It will not be you.

Chillon was engaged in spying for a place where he could spread out the contents of his bag. Sharp hunger beset them both at the mention of eating. A bank of sloping green shaded by a chestnut proposed the seat, and here he relieved the bag of a bottle of wine, slices of meat, bread, hard eggs, and lettuce, a chipped cup to fling away after drinking the wine, and a supply of small butter-cakes known to be favorite with Carinthia. She reversed the order of the feast by commencing upon one of the cakes, to do honor to Mariandl's thoughtfulness. As at their breakfast, they shared the last morsel.

"But we would have made it enough for our dear old dog Pluto as well, if he had lived," said Carinthia, sighing with her thankfulness and compassionate regrets, a mixture often inspiring a tender babbling melancholy. "Dog's eyes have such a sick look of love. He might have lived longer, though he was very old, only he could not survive the loss of father. I know the finding the body broke his heart. He sprang forward, he stopped, and threw up his head. It was human language to hear him, Chillon. He lay in the yard, trying to lift his eyes when I came to him. They were so heavy. And he had not strength to move his poor old tail more than once. He died with his head on my lap. He seemed to beg me, and I took him, and he breathed twice, and that was his end. Pluto! old dog! Well, for you or for me, brother, we could not have a better wish. As for me, death! . . . When we know we are to die! Only, let my darling live! that is my prayer; and that we two may not be separated till I am taken to their grave. Father bought ground for four—his wife and himself and his two children. It does not oblige us to be buried there, but could we have any other desire?"

She stretched her hand to her brother. He kissed it spiritedly.

"Look ahead, my dear girl. Help me to finish this wine. There's nothing like good hard walking to give common wine of the country a flavor—and out of broken crockery."

"I think it is so good," Carinthia replied, after drinking from the cup. "In England they do not grow wine. Are the people there kind?"

"They're civilized people, of course."

"Kind—warm to you, Chillon?"

"Some of them, when you know them. Warm is hardly the word. Winter's warm on skates. You must do a great

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deal for yourself. They don't boil over. By the way, don't expect much of your uncle."

"Will he not love me?"

"He gives you a lodging in his house, and food — enough, we'll hope. You won't see company or much of him."

"I cannot exist without being loved. I do not care for company. He must love me a little."

"He is one of a warm-hearted race— he's mother's brother; but where his heart is, I've not discovered. Bear with him just for the present, my dear, till I am able to support you."

"I will," she said.

The dreary vision of a home with an unloving uncle was not brightened by the alternative of her brother's having to support her. She spoke of money. "Have we none, Chillon?"

"We have no debts," he answered. "We have a claim on the government here for indemnification for property taken to build a fortress upon one of the passes into Italy. Father bought the land, thinking there would be a yield of ore thereabout; and they have seized it, rightly enough; but they dispute our claim for the valuation we put on it. A small sum, they would consent to pay. It would be a very small sum, and I'm my father's son, I will have justice."

"Yes!" Carinthia joined with him, to show the same stout nature.

"We have nothing else, except a bit to toss up for luck."

"And how can I help being a burden on my brother?" she inquired, in distress.

"Marry, and be a blessing to a husband," he said, lightly.

They performed a sacrifice of the empty bottle and cracked cup on the site of their meal, as if it had been a ceremony demanded from travellers, and leaving them in fragments, proceeded on their journey refreshed.

Walking was now high enjoyment, notwithstanding the force of the sun, for they were a hardy couple requiring no more than sufficient nourishment to combat the elements with an exulting blood. Besides, they loved mountain air and scenery, and each step to the ridge of the pass they climbed was an advance in splendor. Peaks of ashen hue, and pale dry red, and pale sulphur, pushed up, straight, forked, twisted, naked, striking their minds with an indeterminate ghostliness of India, so strange they were in shape and coloring. These sharp points were the first to greet them between the blue and green. A depression of the pass to the left, gave sight of the points of black fir-forest below, round the girths of the barren shafts. Mountain blocks appeared pushing up in front, and a mountain wall and wood on it, and mountains in the distance, and cliffs riven with falls of water that were silver skeins, down lower to meadows, villages, and spires, and lower finally to the whole valley of the foaming river, field and river seeming in imagination rolled out from the hand of the heading mountain.

"But see this in winter, as I did with father, Chillon!" said Carinthia.

She said it upon love's instinct to halo the scene with something beyond present vision, and to sanctify it for her brother, so that this walk of theirs together should never be forgotten.

A smooth fold of cloud, moveless along one of the upper pastures, and still dense enough to be luminous in sunlight, was the last of the mist.

They watched it lying in the form of a fish, leviathan diminished, as they descended their path; and the head was lost, the tail spread peacockwise and evaporated slowly in that likeness; and, soft to a breath of air as gossamer down, the body became a ball, a cock, a little lizard, nothingness.

The bluest bright day of the year was shining. Chillon led the descent. With his trim and handsome figure before her, Carinthia remembered the current saying, that he should have been the girl and she the boy. That was because he resembled their mother in face. But the build of his limbs and shoulders was not feminine. To her admiring eyes, he had a look superior to simple strength and grace: the look of a great sky-bird about to mount, a fountain-like energy of stature, delightful to her contemplation. And he had the mouth women put faith in for decision and fixedness. She did, most fully; and reflecting how

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entirely she did so, the thought assailed her—someone must be loving him!

She allowed it to surprise her, not choosing to revert to an uneasy sensation of the morning.

That someone, her process of reasoning informed her, was necessarily an English young lady. She reserved her questions till they should cease this hopping and heeling down the zigzag of the slippery path-track; but on the level of the valley, where they met the torrent-river, walking side by side with him, she ventured an inquiry: "English girls are fair girls, are they not?"

"There are some dark also," he replied.

"But the best looking are fair?"

"Perhaps they are, with us."

"Mother was fair?"

"She was."

"I have only seen a few of them, once at Vienna, and at Venice, and those Baths we are going to; and at Meran, I think."

"You considered them charming?"

"Not all."

It was touching that she should be such a stranger to her countrywomen! He drew a portrait-case from his breast pocket, pressing the spring, and handed it to her, saying, "There is one." He spoke indifferently, but as soon as she had seen the face inside it, with a look at him and a deep breath, she understood that he was an altered brother, and that they were three instead of two.

She handed it back to him, saying hushedly and only, "Yes."

He did not ask an opinion upon the beauty she had seen. His pace increased, and she hastened her steps beside him. She had not much to learn when some minutes later she said: "Shall I see her, Chillon?"

"She is one of the ladies we are to meet."

"What a pity!" Carinthia stepped faster, enlightened as to his wish to get to the Baths without delay; and her heart softened in reflecting how readily he had yielded to her silly preference for going on foot.

Her cry of regret was equivocal; it produced no impression on him. They reached a village where her leader deemed it advisable to drive for the remainder of the distance up the valley to the barrier snow-mountain. She assented instantly; she had no longer any active wishes of her own, save to make amends to her brother, who was and would ever be her brother; she could not be robbed of their relationship.

Something undefined in her feeling of possession she had been robbed of, she knew it by her spiritlessness; and she would fain have attributed it to the idle motion of the car, now and then stupidly jolting her on, after the valiant exercise of her limbs. She continued imaging her English home and her loveless uncle, as if the fire of her soul had been extinguished. "Marry, and be a blessing to a husband." Chillon's words whispered of the means of escape from the den of her uncle.

But who would marry me? she thought. An unreproved sensation of melting pervaded her; she knew her capacity for gratitude, and conjuring it up in her heart, there came with it the noble knightly gentleman who would really stoop to take a plain girl by the hand, release her, and say: "Be mine!" His vizor was down, of course. She had no power of imagining the lineaments of that prodigy. Or was he a dream? He came and went. Her mother, not unkindly, sadly, had counted her poor girl's chances of winning attention and a husband. Her father had doted on her face; but, as she argued, her father had been attracted by her mother, a beautiful woman, and this was a circumstance that reflected the greater hopelessness on her prospects. She bore a likeness to her father, little to her mother, though he fancied the reverse and gave her the mother's lips and hair. Thinking of herself, however, was destructive to the form of her mirror of knightliness; he wavered, he fled for good, as the rosy vapor born of our sensibility must do when we relapse to coldness, and the more completely when we try to command it. No, she thought, a plain girl should think of work, to earn her independence.

"Women are not permitted to follow armies, Chillon?" she said.

He laughed out. "What's in your head?"

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The laugh abashed her; she murmured of women being good nurses for wounded soldiers; if they were good walkers to march with the army; and, as evidently it sounded witless to him, she added, to seem reasonable: "You have not told me the Christian name of those ladies."

He made queer eyes over the puzzle to connect the foregoing and the succeeding in her remarks; but answered straightforwardly: "Livia is one, and Henrietta."

Her ear seized on the stress of his voice. "Henrietta!" She chose that name for the name of the person disturbing her; it fused best, she thought, with the new element she had been compelled to take into her system, to absorb it if she could.

"You're not scheming to have them serve as Army Hospital Nurses, my dear?"

"No, Chillon."

"You can't explain it, I suppose."

"A sister could go too, when you go to war, Chillon."

A sister could go, if it were permitted by the authorities, and be near her brother to nurse him in case of wounds; others would be unable to claim the privilege. That was her meaning, involved with the hazy project of earning an independence; but she could not explain it, and Chillon set her down for one of the inexplicable sex, which the simple adventurous girl had not previously seemed to be.

She was inwardly warned of having talked foolishly, and she held her tongue. Her humble and modest jealousy, scarce deserving the title, passed with a sigh or two. It was her first taste of life in the world.

A fit of heavy-mindedness ensued, that heightened the contrast her recent mood had bequeathed, between herself, ignorant as she was, and those ladies. Their names, Livia and Henrietta, soared above her and sang the music of the splendid spheres. Henrietta was closer to earth, for her features had been revealed; she was therefore the dearer and the richer for him who loved her, being one of us, though an overearthly one; and Carinthia gave her to Chillon, reserving for herself a handmaiden's place within the circle of their happiness.

This done, she sat straight in the car. It was toiling up the steep ascent of a glen to the mountain village, the last of her native province. Her proposal to walk was accepted, and the speeding of her blood, now that she had mastered the new element in it, soon restored her to her sisterly affinity with natural glories. The sunset was on yonder side of the snows. Here there was a feast of variously-tinted sunset shadows on snow, meadows, rock, river, serrated cliff. The peaked cap of the rushing rock-dotted sweeps of upward snow caught a scarlet illumination; one flank of the white in heaven was violetted wonderfully.

At nightfall, under a clear black sky alive with wakeful fires round head and breast of the great Alp, Chillon and Carinthia strolled out of the village, and he told her some of his hopes. They referred to inventions of destructive weapons, which were primarily to place his country out of all danger from a world in arms; and also, it might be mentioned, to bring him fortune. "For I must have money!" he said, sighing it out like a deliberate oath. He and his uncle were associated in the inventions. They had an improved rocket that would force military chiefs to change their tactics; they had a new powder, a rifle, a model musket—the latter based on his own plans; and a scheme for fortress artillery likely to turn the preponderance in favor of the defensive ones again. "And that will be really doing good," said Chillon, "for where it's with the offensive, there's everlasting bullying and plundering."

Carinthia warmly agreed with him, but begged him be sure his uncle divided the profits equally. She discerned what his need of money signified.

Tenderness urged her to say: "Henrietta, Chillon."

"Well?" he answered, openly.

"Will she wait?"

"Can she, you should ask."

"Is she brave?"

"Who can tell, till she has been tried."

"Is she quite free?"

"She has not yet been captured."

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"Brother, is there no one else?"

"There's a nobleman anxious to bestow his titles on her."

"He is rich?"

"The first or second wealthiest in Great Britain, they say."

"Is he young?"

"About the same age as mine."

"Is he a handsome young man?"

"Handsomer than your brother, my girl."

"No, no, no!" said she. "And what if he is, and your Henrietta does not choose him? Now let me think what I long to think, I have her close to me."

She rocked a roseate image on her heart and went to bed with it by starlight.

By starlight they sprang to their feet and departed the next morning, in the steps of a guide carrying, Chillon said, "a better lantern than we left behind us at the Smithy."

"Father!" exclaimed Carinthia, on her swift inward breath, for this one of the names he had used to give to her old home revived him to her thoughts and senses fervently.

CHAPTER VI

THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHER

THREE parts down a swift decline of shattered slate, where travelling stones loosened from rows of scree hurl away at a bound after one roll over, there sat a youth dusty and torn, nursing a bruised leg, not in the easiest of postures, on a sharp tooth of rock that might at any moment have broken from the slanting slab at the end of which it formed a stump, and added him a second time to the general crumble of the mountain. He had done a portion of the descent in excellent imitation of the detached fragments, and had parted company with his alpenstock and plaid; preserving his hat and his knapsack, or at least the contents. He was alone, disabled, and cheerful; in doubt of the arrival of succor before he could trust his left leg to do him further service unaided; but it was morning still, the sun was hot, the air was cool; just the tempering opposition to render existence pleasant as a piece of vegetation, especially when there has been a question of your ceasing to exist; and the view was of a sustaining sublimity of desolateness: crag and snow overhead; a gloomy vale below; no life either of bird or herd; a voiceless region where there had once been roars at the bowling of a hill from a mountain to the deep, and the sliced flank of the mountain spoke of it in the silence.

He would have enjoyed the scene unremittingly, like the philosopher he pretended to be, in a disdain of civilization and the ambitions of men, had not a contest with earth been forced on him from time to time to keep the heel of his right foot, dug in shallow shale, fixed and supporting. As long as it held he was happy and maintained the attitude of a guitar-player, thrumming the calf of the useless leg to accompany tuneful thoughts; but the inevitable lapse and slide of the foot recurred, and the philosopher was exhibited as an infant learning to crawl. The seat, moreover, not having been fashioned for him or for any soft purpose, resisted his pressure and became a thing of violence, that required to be humiliatingly coaxed. His last resource to propitiate it was counselled by nature turned mathematician; tenacious extension solved the problem; he lay back at his length, and with his hat over his eyes, consented to see nothing for the sake of comfort. Thus was he perfectly rational, though when others beheld him he appeared the insanest of mortals.

A girl's voice gave out the mountain carol ringingly above. His heart and all his fancies were in motion at the sound. He leaned on an elbow to listen; the slide threatened him, and he resumed his full stretch, determined to take her for a dream. He was of the class of youths who, in apprehension that their bright season may not be permanent, choose to fortify it by a systematic contempt of material realities unless they come in the fairest of shapes; and as he was quite sincere in this feeling and election of the right way to live, disappointment and sullenness overcame him on hearing men's shouts and steps; despite his helpless condition he refused to stir, for they had jarred on his dream.

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Perhaps his temper, unknown to himself, had been a little injured by his mishap, and he would not have been sorry to charge them with want of common humanity in passing him; or he did not think his plight so bad, else he would have bawled after them had they gone by; for the youths of his description are fools only upon system, however earnestly they indulge the present self-punishing sentiment. The party did not pass; they stopped short, they consulted, and a feminine tongue more urgent than the others, and very musical, sweet to hear anywhere, put him in tune. She said, "Brother! brother!" in German. Our philosopher flung off his hat.

"You see?" said the lady's brother.

"Ask him, Anton," she said to their guide.

"And quick!" her brother added.

The guide scrambled along to him, and at a closer glance shouted: "The Englishman!" wheeling his finger to indicate what had happened to the Tom-noddy islander.

His master called to know if there were broken bones, as if he could stop for nothing else.

The cripple was raised. The gentleman and lady made their way to him, and he tried his hardest to keep from tottering on the slope in her presence. No injury had been done to the leg; there was only a stiffness, and an idiotic doubling of the knee, as though at each step his leg pronounced a dogged negative to the act of walking. He said something equivalent to "this donkey leg," to divert her charitable eyes from a countenance dancing with ugly twitches. She was the Samaritan. A sufferer discerns his friend, though it be not the one who physically assists him; he was inclined by nature to put material aid at a lower mark than gentleness, and her brief words of encouragement, the tone of their delivery yet more, were medical to his blood, better help than her brother's iron arm, he really believed. Her brother and the guide held him on each side, and she led to pick out the safer footing for him; she looked round and pointed to some projection that would form a step; she drew attention to views here and there, to win excuses for his resting; she did not omit to soften her brother's visible impatience as well, and this was the art which affected her keenly sensible debtor most.

They managed to get him hobbling and slipping to the first green tufts of the base, where long black tongues of slate-rubble pouring into the grass like shore-waves that have spent their burden, seem about to draw back to bring the mountain down. Thence to the level pasture was but a few skips performed sliding.

"Well, now," said Chillon, "you can stand?"

"Pretty well, I think." He tried his foot on the ground, and then stretched his length, saying that it only wanted rest. Anton pressed a hand at his ankle and made him wince, but the bones were sound, leg and hip not worse than badly bruised. He was advised by Anton to plant his foot in the first running water he came to, and he was considerate enough to say to Chillon:

"Now you can leave me, and let me thank you. Half an hour will set me right. My name is Woodseer, if ever we meet again."

Chillon nodded a hurried good-by, without a thought of giving his name in return. But Carinthia had thrown herself on the grass. Her brother asked her in dismay if she was tired. She murmured to him: "I should like to hear more English."

"My dear girl, you'll have enough of it in two or three weeks."

"Should we leave a good deed half done, Chillon?"

"He shall have our guide."

"He may not be rich."

"I'll pay Anton to stick to him."

"Brother, he has an objection to guides."

Chillon cast hungry eyes on his watch. "Five minutes, then." He addressed Mr. Woodseer, who was reposing, indifferent to time, hard by: "Your objection to guides might have taught you a sharp lesson. It's like declining to have a master in studying a science—trusting to instinct for your knowledge of a bargain. One might as well refuse an oar to row in a boat."

"I'd rather risk it," the young man replied. "These guides kick the soul

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out of scenery. I came for that and not for them."

"You might easily have been a disagreeable part of the scene."

"Why not here as well as elsewhere?"

"You don't take care for your life?"

"I try not to care for it a fraction more than destiny does."

"Fatalism—I suppose you care for something?"

"Besides I've a slack purse, and shun guides and inns when I can. I care for open air, color, flowers, weeds, birds, insects, mountains. There's a world behind the mask. I call this life; and the town's a boiling pot, intolerably stuffy. My one ambition is to be out of it. I thank heaven I have not another on earth. Yes, I care for my note-book, because it's of no use to a human being except me. I slept beside a spring last night, and I never shall like a bedroom so well. I think I have discovered the great secret; I may be wrong, of course." And if so, he had his philosophy, the admission was meant to say.

"I would advise you," Chillon said, "to get a pair of Styrian boots, if you intend to stay in the Alps. Those boots of yours are London make."

"They're my father's make," said Mr. Woodseer.

Chillon drew out his watch. "Come, Carinthia, we must be off." He proposed his guide, and as Anton was rejected he pointed the route over the head of the village, stated the distance to an inn that way, saluted, and strode.

Mr. Woodseer, partly rising, presumed, in raising his hat and thanking Carinthia, to touch her fingers. She smiled on him, frankly extending her open hand, and pointing the route again, counselling him to rest at the inn, even saying: "You have not yet your strength to come on with us?"

He thought he would stay some time longer; he had a disposition to smoke.

She tripped away to her brother and was watched through the whiffs of a pipe far up the valley, guiltless of any consciousness of producing an impression. But her mind was with the stranger sufficiently to cause her to say to Chillon, at the close of a dispute between him and Anton on the interesting subject of the growth of the horns of chamois: "Have we been quite kind to that gentleman?"

Chillon looked over his shoulder. "He's there still; he's fond of solitude. And, Carin, my dear, don't give your hand when you are meeting or parting with people; it's not done."

His uninstructed sister said: "Did you not like him?"

She was answered with an "Oh," the tone of which balanced lightly on the neutral line. "Some of the ideas he has are Lord Fleetwood's, I hear, and one can understand them in a man of enormous wealth, who doesn't know what to do with himself, and is dead sick of flattery; though it seems odd for an English nobleman to be raving about Nature. Perhaps it's because none else of them does."

"Lord Fleetwood loves our mountains, Chillon?"

"But a fellow who probably has to make his way in the world!—and he despises ambition!". . . . Chillon dropped him. He was antipathetic to eccentrics, and his soldierly and social training opposed the profession of heterodox ideas; to have listened seriously to them coming from the mouth of an unambitious bootmaker's son involved him in the absurdity. He considered that there was no harm in the lad, rather a commendable sort of courage and some notion of manners; allowing for his ignorance of the convenable in putting out his hand to take a young lady's, with the plea of thanking her. He hoped she would be more on her guard.

Carinthia was sure she had the name of the nobleman wishing to bestow his title upon the beautiful Henrietta. Lord Fleetwood! That slender thread given her of the character of her brother's rival who loved the mountains, was woven in her mind with her passing experience of the youth they had left behind them, until the two became one, a highly transfigured one, and the mountain scenery made him very threatening to her brother. A silky-haired youth, brown-eyed, unconquerable in adversity, immensely rich, fond of solitude, curled, decorated, bejewelled by all the elves and gnomes of inmost solitude, must have marvellous attractions, she

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feared. She thought of him so much, that her humble spirit conceived the stricken soul of the woman as of necessity the pursuer; as shamelessly, though timidly, as she herself pursued in imagination the enchanted secret of the mountain land. She hoped her brother would not supplicate, for it struck her that the lover who besieged the lady would forfeit her roaming and hunting fancy.

"I wonder what that gentleman is doing now," she said to Chillon.

He grimaced slightly, for her sake; he would have liked to inform her, for the sake of educating her in the customs of the world she was going to enter, that the word gentleman conveys in English a special signification.

Her expression of wonder whether they were to meet him again, gave Chillon the opportunity of saying: "It's the unlikeliest thing possible—at all events in England."

"But I think we shall," said she.

"My dear, you meet people of your own class, you don't meet others."

"But we may meet anybody, Chillon!"

"In the street. I suppose you would not stop to speak to him in the street?"

"It would be strange to see him in the street!" Carinthia said.

"Strange or not!. . . ." Chillon thought he had said sufficient. She was under his protectorship, otherwise he would not have alluded to the observance of class distinctions. He felt them personally in this case because of their seeming to stretch grotesquely by the pretentious heterodoxy of the young fellow, whom nevertheless, thinking him over now that he was mentioned, he approved for his manliness in bluntly telling his origin and status.

A chalet supplied them with fresh milk, and the inn of a village on a perch with the midday meal. Their appetites were princely and swept over the little inn like a conflagration. Only after clearing it did they remember the rearward pedestrian, whose probable wants Chillon was urged by Carinthia to speak of to their host. They pushed on, clambering up, scurrying down, tramping gayly, till by degrees the chambers of Carinthia's imagination closed their doors and would no longer intercommunicate. Her head refused to interest her, and left all activity to her legs and her eyes, and the latter became unobservant, except of foot-tracks, animal-like. She felt that she was a fine machine, and nothing else; and she was rapidly approaching those ladies!

"You will tell them how I walked with you," she said.

"Your friends over yonder?" said he.

"So that they may not think me so ignorant, brother." She stumbled on the helpless word in a hasty effort to cloak her vanity.

Anxious to cheer her, he said: "Come, come, you can dance. You dance well, mother has told me, and she was a judge. You ride, you swim, you have a voice—for country songs, at all events. And you're a bit of a botanist, too. You're good at English and German; you had a French governess for a couple of years. By the way, you understand the use of a walking-stick in self-defence; you could handle a sword on occasion."

"Father trained me," said Carinthia. "I can fire a pistol, aiming."

"With a good aim, too. Father told me you could. How fond he was of his girl! Well, bear in mind that father was proud of you, and hold up your head wherever you are."

"I will," she said.

He assured her he had a mind to have a bugle blown at the entrance of the Baths for a challenge to the bathers to match her in warlike accomplishments.

She bit her lip; she could not bear much rallying on the subject just then.

"Which is the hard one to please?" she asked.

"The one you will find the kinder of the two."

"Henrietta?"

He nodded.

"Has she a father?"

"A gallant old admiral; Admiral Baldwin Fakenham."

"I am glad of that!" Carinthia sighed out, heartily. "And he is with her? And likes you, Chillon?"

"On the whole, I think he does."

"A brave officer!" Such a father would be sure to like him.

So the domestic prospect was hopeful.

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At sunset they stood on the hills overlooking the basin of the Baths, all enfolded in swathes of pink and crimson up to the shining gray of a high heaven that had the fresh brightness of the morning.

"We are not tired in the slightest," said Carinthia, trifling with the vision of cushioned rest below. "I could go on through the night quite comfortably."

"Wait till you wake up in your little bed to-morrow," Chillon replied, stoutly, to drive a chill from his lover's heart, that had seized it at the bare suggestion of their going on.

CHAPTER VII

THE LADY'S LETTER

Is not the lover a prophet? He that fervently desires may well be one; his hurried nature is alive with warmth to break the possible blow; and if they were not needed they were shadows; and if fulfilled, was he not convinced of his misfortune by a dark anticipation that rarely erred? Descending the hills, he remembered several omens; the sun had sunk when he looked down on the villas and clustered houses, not an edge of the orb had been seen; the Admiral's quarters in the broad-faced hotel had worn an appearance resembling the empty house of yesterday; the encounter with the fellow on the rocks had a bad whisper of impish tripping. And what moved Carinthia to speak of going on?

A letter was handed to Chillon in the hall of the Admiral's hotel where his baggage had already been delivered. The manager was deploring the circumstances that his rooms were full to the roof, when Chillon said: "Well, we must wash and eat;" and Carinthia, from watching her brother's forehead during his perusal of the letter, declared her readiness for anything. He gave her the letter to read by herself while preparing to sit at table, unwilling to ask her for a further tax on her energies: but it was she who had spoken of going on! He thought of it as of a debt she had contracted and might be supposed to think payable to their misfortune.

She read off the first two sentences.

"We can have a carriage here, Chillon; order a carriage; I shall get as much sleep in a carriage as in a bed; I shall enjoy driving at night," she said immediately, and strongly urged it and forced him to yield, the manager observing that a carriage could be had.

In the privacy of her room, admiring the clear, flowing hand, she read the words, delicious in their strangeness to her, notwithstanding the heavy news, as though they were sung out of a night-sky:

"Most picturesque of Castles!
May none these marks efface.
For they appeal from Tyranny. . . . ."

"We start at noon to-day. Sailing orders have been issued, and I could only have resisted them in my own person by casting myself overboard. I go like the boat behind the vessel. You were expected yesterday, at latest this morning. I have seen boxes in the hall, with a name on them not foreign to me. Why does the master tarry? Sir, of your valiance you should have held to your good vow, quoth the damozel, for now you see me more perplexed, and that you did not your devoir is my affliction. Where lingers chivalry, she should have proceeded, if not with my knight? I feast on your regrets. I would not have you less than miserable; and I fear the reason is, that I am not so very very sure, you will be so at all, or very hugely, as I would command it of you for just time enough to see that change over your eyebrows I know so well.

"If you had seen a certain Henrietta yesterday, you would have the picture of how you ought to look. The Admiral was heard welcoming a new arrival—you can hear him. She ran down the stairs quicker than any cascade of this district, she would have made a bet with Livia that it could be no one else—her hand was out—before she was aware of the difference it was locked in Lord F———'s!

"Let the guilty absent suffer for causing such a betrayal of disappointment. I must be avenged! But if indeed you

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are unhappy and would like to chide the innocent, I am full of compassion for the poor gentleman inheriting my legitimate feelings of wrath, and beg merely that he will not pour them out on me with pen and paper, but from his lips and eyes.

"Time pressing, I chatter no more. The destination is Livia's beloved Baden. We rest a night in the city of Mozart, a night at Munich, a night at Stuttgart. Baden will detain my cousin a full week. She has Captain Ambrane and Sir Meeson Corby in attendance—her long shadow and her short: both devoted to Lord F——, to win her smile, and how he drives them! The Captain has been paraded on the promenade to the stupefaction of the foreigner. Princes, counts, generals, diplomats passed under him in awe. I am told that he is called St. Christopher.

"Why do we go thus hastily? My friend, this letter has to be concealed. I know someone who sees in the dark.

"Think no harm of Livia. She is bent upon my worldly advantage, and that is plain even to the person rejecting it. How much more so must it be to papa, though he likes you, and when you are near him would perhaps, in a fit of unworldliness, be almost as reckless as the creature he calls madcap and would rather call countess. No! sooner with a Will o' the Wisp, my friend. Who could ever know where the man was when he himself never knows where he is. He is the wind that bloweth as it listeth—because it is without an aim or always with a new one. And am I the one to direct him? I need direction. My lord and sovereign must fix my mind. I am volatile, earthly, not to be trusted if I do not worship. He himself said to me—he reads our characters. 'Nothing but a proved hero will satisfy Henrietta'—his words! And the hero must be shining like a beacon-fire kept in a blaze. Quite true; I own it. Is Chillon Kirby satisfied? He ought to be.

"But oh! to be yoked is an insufferable thought, unless we may name all the conditions. But to be yoked to a creature of impulses! Really I could only describe his erratic nature by commending you to the study of a dragon-fly. It would map you an idea of what he has been in the twenty-four hours since we had him here. They tell me a vain sort of person is the cause. Can she be the cause of his resolving to have a residence here, to buy up half the valley—erecting a royal palace—and marking out the site—raving about it in the wildest language, poetical if it had been a little reasonable; and then, after a night, suddenly, unaccountably, hating the place, and being under the necessity of flying from it in hot haste, tearing us all away, as if we were attached to a kite that will neither mount nor fall, but rushes about headlong. Has he heard or suspected? or seen certain boxes bearing a name? Livia has no suspicion, though she thinks me wonderfully contented in so dull a place, where it has rained nine days in a fortnight. I ask myself whether my manner of greeting him betrayed my expectation of another. He has brains. It is the greatest of errors to suppose him at all like the common run of rich young noblemen. He seems to thirst for brilliant wits and original sayings. His ambition is to lead all England — in everything! I readily acknowledge that he has generous ideas, too; but try to hold him, deny him his liberty, and it would be seen how desperate and relentless he would be to get loose. Of this I am convinced: he would be either the most abject of lovers, or a woman (if it turned out not to be love) would find him the most unscrupulous of yoke-fellows. Yoke-fellows! She would not have her reason in consenting. A lamb and a furious bull! Papa and I have had a serious talk. He shut his ears to my comparisons, but admits that, as I am the principal person concerned, etc. Rich and a nobleman is too tempting for an anxious father; and Livia's influence is paramount. She has not said a syllable in depreciation of you. That is to her credit. She also admits that I must yield freely if at all, and she grants me the use of smiles; but her tactics are to contest them one by one, and the admirable pretender is *not* as shifty as the mariner's breeze, he is not like the wandering spark in burnt paper, of which you cannot say whether it is chasing or chased; it is I who am the shifty pole to the steadiest of mag-

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nets. She is a princess in other things besides her superiority to physics. There will be wild scenes at Baden.

"My diary of to-day is all bestowed on you. What have I to write in it except the pair of commas under the last line of yesterday—'*He has not come!*' Oh! to be caring for a he.

"Oh, that I were with your sister now, on one side of her idol, to correct her extravagant idolatry! I long for her. I had a number of nice little phrases to pet her with.

"You have said (I have it written) that men who are liked by men are the best friends for women. In which case, the earl should be worthy of our friendship; he is liked.

"Captain Abrane and Sir Meeson, in spite of the hard service he imposes on them with such comical haughtiness, incline to speak well of him, and Methuen Rivers—here for two days on his way to his embassy at Vienna—assured us he is the rarest of gentlemen on the point of honor of his word. They have stories of him, to confirm Livia's eulogies, showing him punctilious to chivalry. No man alive is like him in that, they say. He grieves me. All that you have to fear is my pity for one so sensitive. So, speed, sir! It is not good for us to be much alone, and I am alone when you are absent.

"I hear military music!

"How grand that music makes the dullest world appear in a minute! There is a magic in it to bring you to me from the most dreadful of distances. Chillon, it would kill me! Writing here, and you perhaps behind the hill, I can hardly bear it; I am torn away; my hand will not any more. This music burst out to mock me. Adieu.

"I am yours,

"Your HENRIETTA.

"A kiss to the sister. It is owing to her."

Carinthia kissed the letter on that last line. It seemed to her to end in a celestial shower.

She was oppressed by wonder of the writer who could run like the rill of the mountains in written speech, and her recollection of the contents perpetually hurried to the close, which was more in her way of writing, for there the brief sentences had a throb beneath them.

She did not speak of the letter to her brother when she returned it. A night in the carriage, against his shoulder, was her happy prospect, in the thought that she would be with her dearest all night, touching him asleep, and in the sweet sense of being near to the beloved of the fairest angel of her sex. They pursued their journey soon after. Anton was dismissed with warm shakes of the hand and appointments for a possible year in the future.

The blast of the postilion's horn on the dark highway moved Chillon to say: "This is what they call posting, my dear."

She replied: "Tell me, brother; I do not understand, '*Let none these marks efface,*' at the commencement, after 'most picturesque of Castles'—that is you?"

"They are quoted from the verses of a lord who was a poet, addressed to the castle on Lake Leman. She will read them to you."

"Will she?"

The mention of the lord set Carinthia thinking of the lord whom that beautiful *she* pitied because she was forced to wound him, and he was very sensitive. Wrapped in Henrietta, she slept through the joltings of the carriage, the grinding of the wheels, the blowing of the horn, the flashes of the late moonlight, and the kindling of dawn.

CHAPTER VIII

OF THE ENCOUNTER OF TWO STRANGE YOUNG MEN AND THEIR CONSORTING: IN WHICH THE MALE READER IS REQUESTED TO BEAR IN MIND WHAT WILD CREATURE HE WAS IN HIS YOUTH, WHILE THE FEMALE SHOULD MARVEL CREDULOUSLY.

THE young man who fancied he had robed himself in the plain homespun of a natural philosopher at the age of twenty-three, journeyed limping leisurely in the mountain maid Carinthia's footsteps, thankful to the Fates for having seen her; and reproving the remainder of superstition within him

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which would lay him open to smarts of evil fortune if he encouraged a senseless gratitude for good; seeing that we are simply to take what happens to us. The little inn of the village on the perch furnished him a night's lodging, and a laugh of satisfaction to hear of a young lady and gentleman, and their guide, who had devoured everything eatable half a day in advance of him, all save the bread and butter, and a few scraps of meat, apologetically spread for his repast by the maid of the inn; not enough for a bantam cock, she said, promising eggs for breakfast. He vowed with an honest heart that it was more than enough, and he was nourished by sympathy with the appetites of his precursors and the maid's description of their deeds. That name, Carinthia, went a good way to fill him.

Farther on he had plenty, but less contentment. He was compelled to acknowledge that he had expected to meet Carinthia again at the Baths. Her absence dealt a violent shock to the aërial structure he dwelt in; for though his ardor for the life of the solitude was unfeigned, as was his calm overlooking of social distinctions, the self-indulgent dreamer became troubled with an alarming sentience, that for him to share the passions of the world of men was to risk the falling lower than most. Women are a cause of dreams, but they are dreaded enemies of his kind of dream, deadly enemies of the immaterial dreamers; and should one of them be taken on board a vessel of the vaporish texture young Woodseer sailed in above the clouds—lightly while he was in it alone—questions of the past, future, and present, the three weights upon humanity, bear it down, and she must go or the vessel sinks. And cast out of it, what was he? The asking exposed him to the steadiest wind the civilized world is known to blow. From merely thinking upon one of the daughters of earth, he was made to feel his position in that world, though he refused to understand it, and assisted by two days of hard walking he reduced Carinthia to an abstract enthusiasm, no very serious burden. His note-book sustained it easily. He wrote her name in simple fondness of the name; a verse, and hints for more, and some sentences, which he thought profound. They were composed as he sat by the roadway, on the tops of hills, and in a boat crossing a dark-green lake deep under wooded mountain walls; things of priceless value.

It happened that, midway on the lake, he perceived his boatman about to prime a pistol to murder the mild-eyed stillness, and he called to the man in his best German to desist. During the altercation, there passed a countryman of his in another of the punts, who said gravely, "I thank you for that." It was early morning, and they had the lake to themselves, each deeming the other an intruder; for the courtship of solitude wanes when we are haunted by a second person in pursuit of it; he is discoloring matter in our pure crystal cup.

They stepped ashore in turn on the same small shoot of land, where a farmhouse, near a chapel in the shadow of cliffs, did occasional service for an inn. Each had intended to pass a day and a night in this lonely dwelling-place by the lake, but a rival was less to be tolerated there than in love, and each awaited the other's departure, with an air that said: "You are in my sunlight;" and going deeper, more sternly: "Sir, you are an offence to nature's pudency!"

Woodseer was the more placable of the two; he had taken possession of the bench outside, and he had his note-book, and much profundity to haul up with it, while fish were frying. His countryman had rushed inside to avoid him, and remained there pacing the chambers like a lion newly caged. Their boatmen were brotherly in the anticipation of provision and payment.

After eating his fish, Woodseer decided abruptly that, as he could not have the spot to himself, memorable as it would have been to intermarry with Nature in so sacred a well-depth of the mountains, he had better be walking and climbing. Another boat paddling up the lake had been spied: solitude was not merely shared with a rival, but violated by numbers. In the first case, we detest the man; in the second, we fly from an outraged scene. He wrote

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a line or so in his book, hurriedly paid his bill, and started, full of the matter he had briefly committed to his pages.

At noon, sitting beside the beck that runs from the lake, he was overtaken by the gentleman he had left behind, and accosted in the informal English style, with all the politeness possible to a nervously blunt manner: "This book is yours; I have no doubt it is yours; I am glad to be able to restore it; I should be glad to be the owner—writer of the contents, I mean. I have to beg your excuse; I found it lying open; I looked at the page; I looked through the whole; I am quite at your mercy."

Woodseer jumped at the sight of his note-book, felt for the emptiness of his pocket, and replied: "Thank you, thank you. It's of use to me, though to no one else."

"You pardon me?"

"Certainly. I should have done it myself."

"I cannot offer you my apologies as a stranger." Lord Fleetwood was the name given.

Woodseer's plebeian was exchanged for it, and he stood up.

The young lord had fair, straight, thin features, with large restless eyes that lighted quickly, and a mouth that was winning in his present colloquial mood.

"You could have done the same? I should find it hard to forgive the man who pried into my secret thoughts," he remarked.

"There they are. If one puts them to paper." . . . Woodseer shrugged.

"Yes, yes. They never last long enough with me. So far I'm safe. One page led to another. You can meditate. I noticed some remarks on religions. You think deeply."

Woodseer was of that opinion, but modesty urged him to reply with a small flourish. "Just a few heads of ideas. When the wind puffs down a sooty chimney, the air is filled with little blacks that settle pretty much like the notes in this book of mine. There they wait for another puff, or my fingers to stamp them."

"I could tell you were the owner of that book," said Lord Fleetwood. He swept his forehead feverishly. "What a power it is to relieve one's brain by writing! May I ask you which one of our universities?——"

The burden of this question had a ring of irony to one whom it taught to feel, rather defiantly, that he carried the blazon of a reeking tramp. "My university," Woodseer replied, "was a merchant's office in Bremen for some months. I learnt more Greek and Latin in Bremen than business. I was invalided home, and then tried a merchant's office in London. I put on my hat one day, and walked into the country. My college fellows were hawkers, tinkers, tramps, and ploughmen, choughs and crows. A volume of our poets and a history of philosophy composed my library. I had scarce any money, so I learnt to idle inexpensively—a good first lesson. We're at the bottom of the world when we take to the road; we see men as they were in the beginning—not so eager for harness till they get acquainted with hunger, as I did, and studied in myself the old animal having his head pushed into the collar to earn a food of corn."

Woodseer laughed, adding that he had been of a serious mind in those days of the alternation of smooth indifference and sharp necessity, and he had plucked a flower from them.

His nature prompted him to speak of himself with simple candor, as he had done spontaneously to Chillon Kirby, yet he was now anxious to let his companion know at once the common stuff he was made of, together with the great stuff he contained. He grew conscious of an over-anxiety, and was uneasy, recollecting how he had just spoken about his naturalness, dimly if at all apprehending the cause of this disturbance within. What is a lord to a philosopher? But the world is around us as a cloak, if not a coat; in his ignorance he supposed it specially due to a lord seeking acquaintance with him, that he should expose his condition; doing the which appeared to subject him to parade his intellectual treasures and capacity for shaping sentences; and the effect upon Lord Fleetwood was an incentive to the display. Nevertheless he had a fretful desire to escape from the discomposing society of a lord; he fixed his knapsack and began to saunter.

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The young lord was at his elbow. "I can't part with you. Will you allow me?"

Woodseer was puzzled and had to say "If you wish it."

"I do wish it: an hour's walk with you. One does not meet a man like you every day. I have to join a circle of mine in Baden, but there's no hurry; I could be disengaged for a week. And I have things to ask you, owing to my indiscretion—but you have excused it."

Woodseer turned for a farewell gaze at the great Watzman, and saluted him.

"Splendid," said Lord Fleetwood; "but don't clap names on the mountains, I saw written in your book. '*A text for Dada,*' you write. '*A despotism would procure a perfect solitude, but kill the ghost.*' That was my thought at the place where we were at the lake. I had it. Tell me—though I could not have written it, and 'ghost' is just the word, the exact word—tell me, are you of Welsh blood? 'Dad' is good Welsh—pronounce it hard."

Woodseer answered: "My mother was a Glamorganshire woman. My father, I know, walked up from Wales, mending boots on his road for a livelihood. He is not a bad scholar, he knows Greek enough to like it. He is a Dissenting preacher. When I strike a truism, I've a habit of scoring it to give him a peg or tuning-fork for one of his discourses. He's a man of talent; he taught himself, and he taught me more than I learnt at school. He is a thinker in his way. He loves nature, too. I rather envy him in some respects. He and I are hunters of wisdom on different tracks; and he, as he says, 'waits for me.' He's patient!"

"Ah, and I wanted to ask you," Lord Fleetwood observed, bursting with it, "I was puzzled by a name you write here and there near the end, and permit me to ask it: Carinthia! It cannot be the country? You write after the name: '*A beautiful Gorgon—A haggard Venus.*' It seized me. I have had the face before my eyes ever since. You must mean a woman. I can't be deceived in allusions to a woman: they have heart in them. You met her somewhere about Carinthia and gave her the name? You write—may I refer to the book?"

He received the book and flew through the leaves: "Here—'*a panting look:*' you write again: '*A look of beaten flame, a look of one who has run and at last beholds!*' But that is a living face, I see her! Here again: '*From minute to minute she is the rock that loses the sun at night and reddens in the morning.*' You could not create an idea of a woman to move you like that. No one could, I am certain of it, certain; if so, you're a wizard—I swear you are. But that's a face high over beauty! Just to know there is a woman like her, is an antidote. You compare her to a rock. Who would imagine a comparison of a woman to a rock! But rock is the very picture of beautiful Gorgon, haggard Venus. Tell me you met her, you saw her. I want only to hear she lives, she is in the world. Beautiful women compared to roses may whirl away with their handsome dragoons. A pang from them is a thing to be ashamed of. And there are men who trot about whining with it! But a Carinthia makes pain honorable. You have done what I thought impossible, fused a woman's face and grand scenery, to make them inseparable. She might be wicked for me. I should see a bright rim round hatred of her!—the rock you describe. I could endure horrors and not annihilate her! I should think her sacred."

Woodseer turned about to have a look at the person who was even quicker than he at realizing a person from a hint of description, and almost insanely extravagant in the pitch of the things he uttered to a stranger. For himself he was open with everybody, his philosophy not allowing that strangers existed on earth. But the presence of a lord brought the conventional world to his feelings, though at the same time the title seemed to sanction the exceptional abruptness and wildness of this lord. As for suspecting him to be mad, it would have been a common idea; no stretching of speech or overstepping of social rules could waken a suspicion so spiritless in Woodseer.

He said: "I can tell you I met her and she lives. I could as soon swim in that torrent or leap the mountain as repeat what she spoke, or sketch a feature of her. She goes into blood, she is a

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new idea of women. She has the face that would tempt a gypsy to evil tellings. I could think of it as a history written in a line: Carinthia, Saint and Martyr! As for comparisons, they are flowers thrown into the fire."

"I have had that—I have thought that," said Lord Fleetwood. "Go on; talk of her, pray; without comparisons. I detest them. How did you meet her? What made you part? Where is she now? I have no wish to find her, but I want thoroughly to believe in her."

Another than Woodseer would have perceived the young lord's malady. Here was one bitten by the serpent of love, and athirst for an image of the sex to serve for the cooling herb, as youth will be. Woodseer put it down to a curious imaginative fellowship with himself. He forgot the lord, and supposed he had found his own likeness, less gifted in speech. After talking of Carinthia more and more in the abstract, he fell upon his discovery of the Great Secret of life, against which his hearer struggled for a time, though that was cooling to him, too; but ultimately there was no resistance, and so deep did they sink into the idea of pure contemplation, that the idea of woman seemed to have become a part of it. No stronger proof of their ethereal conversational earnestness could be offered. A locality was given to the Great Secret, and, of course, it was the place where the most powerful recent impression had been stamped on the mind of the discoverer; the shadowy valley rolling from the slate-rock. Woodseer was too artistic a dreamer to present the passing vision of Carinthia with any associates there. She passed: the solitude accepted her and lost her; and it was the richer for the one swift gleam; she brought no trouble, she left no regrets; she was the ghost of the rocky obscurity. But now remembering her mountain carol, he chanced to speak of her as a girl.

"She is a girl?" cried Lord Fleetwood, frowning over an utter revolution of sentiment at the thought of the beautiful Gorgon being a girl; for, rapid as he was to imagine, he had raised a solid fabric upon his conception of Carinthia the woman, necessarily the woman —logically. Who but the woman could look the Gorgon? He tried to explain it to be impossible for a girl to wear the look; and his notion evidently was that it had come upon a beautiful face in some staring horror of a world that had bitten the tender woman. She touched him sympathetically through the pathos.

Woodseer flung out vociferously for the contrary. Who but a girl could look the *beautiful* Gorgon? What other could seem an emanation of the mountain solitude? A woman would instantly breathe the world on it to destroy it. Hers would be the dramatic and not the poetic face. It would shriek of man, wake the echoes with the tale of man, slaughter all quietude. But a girl's face has no story of poisonous intrusion. She indeed may be cast in the terrors of nature, and yet be sweet with nature, beautiful because she is purely of nature. Woodseer did his best to present his view irresistibly. Perhaps he was not clear; it was a piece of skiamachy, difficult to render clear to the defeated.

Lord Fleetwood had nothing to say but "Gorgon! a girl a Gorgon!" and it struck Woodseer as intensely un-reasonable, considering that he had seen the girl whom, in his effort to portray her, he had likened to a beautiful Gorgon. He recounted the scene of the meeting with her, pictured it in effective colors, but his companion gave no response, nor a nod. They ceased to converse, and when the young lord's hired carriage drew up on the road, Woodseer required persuasion to accompany him. They were both in their different stations young tyrants of the world, ready to fight the world and one another for not having their immediate view of it such as they wanted it. They agreed, however, not to sleep in the city. Beds were to be had near the top of a mountain on the other side of the Salza, their driver informed them, and vowing themselves to that particular height, in a mutual disgust of the city, they waxed friendlier.

Woodseer soon had experience that he was receiving exceptional treatment from Lord Fleetwood, whose man-servant was on the steps of the hotel in Salzberg on the look-out for his master.

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"Sir Meeson has been getting impatient, my lord," said the man.

Sir Meeson Corby appeared; Lord Fleetwood cut him short: "You are in a hurry; go at once, don't wait for me; I join you in Baden. Do me the favor to eat with me," he turned to Woodseer. "And here, Corby; tell the Countess I have a friend to bear me company, and there is to be an extra bed-room secured at her hotel. That swinery of a place she insists on visiting is usually crammed. With you there," he turned to Woodseer, "I might find it agreeable. You can take my man, Corby; I shall not want the fellow."

"Positively, my dear Fleetwood, you know," Sir Meeson expostulated, "I am under orders; I don't see how—I really can't go on without you."

"Please yourself. This gentleman is my friend, Mr. Woodseer."

Sir Meeson Corby was a plump little beau of forty, at war with his fat, and accounting his tight blue tail-coat and brass buttons a victory. His tightness made his fatness elastic; he looked wound up for a dance, and could hardly hold on a leg; but the presentation of a creature in a battered hat and soiled garments, carrying a tattered knapsack half slung, lank and with disorderly locks, as the Earl of Fleetwood's friend—the friend of the wealthiest nobleman of Great Britain!—fixed him in a perked attitude of inquiry that exhausted interrogatives. Woodseer passed him, slouching a bow. The circular stare of Sir Meeson seemed unable to contract. He directed it on Lord Fleetwood, and was then reminded that he dealt with prickles.

"Where have you been?" he said, blinking to refresh his eyeballs. "I missed you, I ran round and round the town after you."

"I have been to the lake."

"Queer fish there!" Sir Meeson dropped a glance on the capture.

Lord Fleetwood took Woodseer's arm. "Do you eat with us?" he asked the baronet, who had stayed his eating for an hour and was famished; so they strode to the dining-room.

"Do you wash, sir, before eating?" Sir Meeson said to Woodseer, caressing his hands when they had seated themselves at table. "Appliances are to be found in this hotel."

"Soap?" said Lord Fleetwood.

"Soap—at least, in my chamber."

"Fetch it, please."

Sir Meeson, of course, could not hear that. He requested the waiter to show the gentleman to a room.

Lord Fleetwood ordered the waiter to bring a hand-basin and towel. "We're off directly and must eat at once," he said.

"Soap—soap! my dear Fleetwood," Sir Meeson knuckled on the table, to impress it that his appetite and his gorge demanded a thorough cleansing of those fingers, if they were to sit at one board.

"Let the waiter fetch it."

"The soap is in my portmanteau."

"You spoke of it as a necessity for this gentleman and me. Bring it."

Woodseer had risen. Lord Fleetwood motioned him down. He kept an eye dead as marble on Corby, who muttered: "You can't mean that you ask me?——" But the alternative was forced on Sir Meeson by too strong a power of the implacable eye. He knew Lord Fleetwood. Men privileged to attend on him were dogs to the flinty young despot. He protested, shrugged, sat fast, and sprang up, remarking, that he went with all the willingness imaginable. It could not have been the first occasion.

He was affecting the excessively obsequious when he came back bearing his metal soap-case. The performance was checked by another look, solid as shot, and as quick. Woodseer, who would have done for Sir Meeson Corby or Lazarus what had been done for him, thought little of the service, but so intense a peremptoriness in the look of an eye made him uncomfortable in his own sense of independence.

The humblest citizen of a free nation has that warning at some notable exhibition of tyranny in a neighboring State; it acts like a concussion of the air.

Lord Fleetwood led an easy dialogue with him and Sir Meeson on their different themes immediately, which was not less impressive to an observer. He

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listened to Sir Meeson's entreaties that he should start at once for Baden, and appeared to pity the poor gentleman condemned by his office to hang about him in terror of his liege lady's displeasure. Presently, near the close of the meal, drawing a ring from his finger, he handed it to the baronet, and said: "Give her that. She knows I shall follow that." He added to himself, I shall have ill luck till I have it back, and he asked Woodseer whether he put faith in the virtue of talismans.

"I have never possessed one," said Woodseer, with his natural frankness; "it would have gone long before this for a night's lodging."

Sir Meeson heard him, and instantly urged Lord Fleetwood not to think of dismissing his man Francis. "I beg it, Fleetwood. I beg you to take the man. Her ladyship will receive me badly, ring or no ring, if she hears of your being left alone. I really can't present myself. I shall not go, not go. I say no."

"Stay, then," said Fleetwood.

He turned to Woodseer with an air of deference, and requested the privilege of glancing at his note-book again, and scanned it closely at one of the pages. "I believe it true," he cried; "I had a half recollection of it. I have had some such thought, but never could put in words. You have thought deeply."

"That is only a surface thought, or common reflection," said Woodseer.

Sir Meeson stared at them in turn. Judging by their talk and the effect produced on the earl, he took Woodseer for a sort of conjurer.

It was his duty to utter a warning.

He drew Fleetwood aside. A word was whispered, and they broke asunder with a snap. Francis was called. His master gave him his keys, and despatched him into the town to purchase a knapsack or bag for the outfit of a jolly beggar. The prospect delighted Lord Fleetwood. He sang notes from the deep chest, flaunting like an opera brigand, and contemplating his wretched satellite's indecision with brimming amusement.

"Remember, we fight for our money. I carry mine," he said to Woodseer.

"Wouldn't it be expedient, Fleetwood. . . ." Sir Meeson suggested a treasurer in the person of himself.

"Not a florin, Corby. I should find it all gambled away at Baden."

"But I'm not Abrane; I'm not Abrane! I never play; I have no mania—none. It would be prudent, Fleetwood."

"The slightest bulging of a pocket would show on you, Corby; and they would fall on you and pluck you to have another fling. I'd rather my money should go to a knight of the road than feed that dragon's jaw. I could surrender to him with some satisfaction after a trial of the better man. I've tried those tables, and couldn't stir a pulse. Have you?"

It had to be explained to Woodseer what was meant by trying the tables. "Not I," said he, in strong contempt of the queer allurement.

Lord Fleetwood studied him half a minute, as if measuring and discarding a suspicion of the young philosopher's possible weakness under temptation.

Sir Meeson Corby accompanied the oddly assorted couple through the town and a short way along the road to the mountain, for the sake of quieting his conscience upon the subject of his leaving them together. He could not have sat down a second time at a table *with those hands*. He said it—he could not have done the thing. So the best he could do was to let them go. Like many of his class, he had a mind open to the effect of striking contrasts, and the spectacle of the wealthiest nobleman in Great Britain tramping the road pack on back, with a young nobody for his comrade, a total stranger, who might be a cutthroat, and was avowedly next to a mendicant, charged him with quantities of interjectory matter, that he caught himself firing to the foreign people on the highway. Hundreds of thousands a year, and tramping it like a pedlar, with a beggar for his friend! He would have given something to have an English ear near him as he watched them rounding under the mountain they were about to climb.

(To be continued.)

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SOME OLD LETTERS

HE following letters were written by Ephraim Williams to his youngest son, Elijah, between the 16th day of January, 1749, O.S., and the 30th day of March, 1754.

They were found by me recently in a chest containing papers of the last century, in an old family garret where they had been lying entirely undisturbed since 1837; having been at that time removed from a still older family garret.

They were in a state of perfect preservation, folded as originally sent and received, each indorsed "Col. E. Williams" in the handwriting of the recipient, and snugly tied up together with a buckskin thong. Owing to not having been much handled there were no worn edges or folds, and the ink was quite black, though the paper was yellow with age.

They are neither political, gossipy, nor autobiographic, as so many published collections have been. Written by a plain New England puritan farmer, to his son—a student in Princeton College—they are published as some indication of the simple, monotonous life of those days; days when was being laid the foundation of character and of communities which have produced such results in our magnificent empire.

Ephraim Williams, the writer, was descended from Robert Williams, who early immigrated from England and settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts Bay Province. The family is a well-known one in New England. The branch so distinguished in Deerfield history is from this ancestor; as was William Williams of Connecticut, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Under Jonathan Belcher, provincial governor of Massachusetts, an Indian and Mission School was established in the western part of the territory lying next the Dutch settlements on the Hudson River. John Serjeant, tutor in Yale College, went as teacher and pastor among these aborigines (continuing as such until his death there in 1749); and Ephraim Williams was one of those sent by the Government—under treaty with the Indians—to reside among them, to anglicize and civilize, and to teach agriculture. This latter removed with his family from Newton (which his father had helped to settle, and where he himself was born in 1691) to Stockbridge in 1737.

Stockbridge communicated in those days with the rest of the world only by trails to the Connecticut and Hudson valleys; and its isolation is well described in the words of a map then indicating its location—"a wilderness of forty miles on the east, a wood of twenty miles on the west, and a great and terrible wilderness on the north of several hundred miles in extent which reached to Canada."

It was through this forest on the north that the French and their Indian allies came to harry the English settlements; settlements then feebly protected by a chain of rude frontier forts lying along the line of the Hoosack River and valley. These forts were commanded by Colonel Ephraim Williams—eldest son of this writer; the same who founded Williams College, and who led the Massachusetts troops in the Johnson Expedition against Crown Point in 1755, and was killed in the fight with Dieskau at the head of Lake George.

In this remote spot the writer lived and labored till failing strength unfitted him for active work; then he removed to the more settled Connecticut Valley, where one of his sons was a practising physician, and died at Deerfield in 1754.

He had baptized his children Ephraim, Thomas, Abigail, Josiah, Judith, Elizabeth, and Elijah; from which may be indicated his religious tendencies—so much more markedly shown in the tone of these letters. His eldest daughter, Abigail, became the wife of the missionary John Serjeant; and after his death she married Brigadier-General Joseph Dwight, distinguished alike

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in the military and judicial history of the colony. From this daughter have descended noted families of Western Massachusetts.

The son Elijah—(Benjamin of the flock), to whom these letters were written, had been sent to the recently established Princeton College, where he pursued his course under President Aaron Burr (then at Newark), whither most of these letters were sent. After graduation he returned to Stockbridge, engaged extensively in farming, mining, and milling. He established the iron works at West Stockbridge, and opened the first marble quarries there; was one of the original proprietors in the settlement of Lenox and Richmond; became a prominent citizen of Berkshire County, and died there in 1815 aged eighty-two.

I can only surmise what influence these letters had in forming the character of the young Elijah; possibly not more than fathers' letters usually have on collegiate sons. My impression is—based upon many contemporaneous papers—that he was of strong and sturdy character, and of great executive ability. It appears that at times he had conflicts with the church (of which Jonathan Edwards had been minister), in attempts toward his religious discipline; also that he was arrested and imprisoned at Boston, during the Revolution, for alleged complicity in a tory plot. In both which matters he came off victor.

These letters—whose religious formulas suggest the hebraistic thoughts of the writer—were sent as occasion permitted; many times through the forest to the Hudson River, where "Capt funda" took them in his sloop to New York and left them with "Mr. Buckee at Whitehall" to be forwarded as opportunity was had. I judge by comparison of dates that one month was not an unusual time for correspondence.

The remarkable spelling speaks for itself. It is variable (to say the least), after the manner of even educated people in those days; and quite uncertain, save in its phonetic character. As to the punctuation, that is reasonably past reproduction. Periods, commas, colons, dots, dashes, and other marks are so rife and so irregular in use that I have given up all idea of correctly exhibiting them (save in a few instances where the original is preserved in order to show the unique style) and have generally left only what I thought would best convey the ideas of the writer.

The reader will therefore please follow the instructions of Lord Timothy Dexter, and imagine some pages of punctuation marks to follow, then—"pepper to suit yourself."

JAMES F. DWIGHT.

I

To
Mr ELIJAH WILLIAMS
In
NEW-ARK
AT MR PRESIDENT BURR's—

STOCKBRIDGE Jany 16- 1749.

DEAR CHILD

I have been from home ever since the 13th of novbr last, returned last friday evening; a long and very expensive Jorney to Boston indeed, but have got Stockbridge affairs pretty well Settled: and expected to have heard from you on my arrival at home, but have not to my great Surprise: hopt you woold have embract all oppertunities to have let us heard from you and of your circumstances: &c

I hope you will not faill to write by your Brother: and also to improve all other oppertunities to let us know how you are and whether you make good proficiency or not: I am well pleasd at your compliance in going to New-ark since my going to Cambridge, and am told that I have acted the most prudent part, even by the best Judges.

Mr Billings and Madm send their Love to you & he intends to come & see you next Commencement; you must therefore know of the Pressident when & where it will be, & let me know as soon as you can. I hope you will wisely Redeem & improve time, for both your Temporal & Spiritual advan-

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tages, for time goes on Swift wings and once lost can never be recoverd: and among other things I ernestly desire you to take pains to learn to Sing, that you may on all ocations awake your Glory to praise God &c—Cary respectfully to all, and especially pay the most dutifull regards to the Revd President and let him pertake in all offices of love & Service; this will win his love and ingage him in all possible acts of friendshyp to you; and indeavor to win the love of boath tutors and all fellow Pupills. but above all get and keep in good terms with God & daily renew the dedication of your Selfe to be for him and him alone. let Secret Prayer be your constant practice and great delight and may a gracious God, here, accept, and Bless you. I coold get no money to send you but hope to do it early in the Spring. your mother sisters and friends Joyn with me in sending kind love to you

these from your affectionate father

Ephm Williams

II

Stockbridge March 15 1749 | 50

Dear Child

I write principlely to let you know of my Indisposition, having been confind ever since I came from Boston; and now Scarce able to set up and write these few lines: am full of Paternal Concern for your wellfare and best good. Intreet and advise and charge you to improve your time to the best advantage for Body & Soul. now is your day to work in, dont neglect it. time is flying on Swift wings and the past hour can never be recald: be diligent in your Studyes and I pray God bless and smile on you in them & give you abbility to make a Laudable proficiency in learning: endeavor to Excell, coppy after the best patterns: endeavor by your Courteous Carriage and dutifull behaviour to win the affections of all about you in and according to the Severall relations in which they stand; especially let the worthy Pressident have all possible Respectfull Regards paid him, and be allways ready to apply to him for Instruction and advice, and thankfull for all you receive: that will Ingage his affections and ready assistance which will be of great Service. one word in your favour from him may be by and by of vast and unknown Service to you. Shun vice in every Shape and every thing leading to it, especially bad company: (it is an old Saying a person is known by his company) a Stain or blot in your Charracter may be Soon got that will hardly ever wear out. and a good name is as presious ointment which spreads a wide perfume. he that walks with the wise shall be wise says Solomen but a companion of fools shall be destroyd: dont indulge any diversion that tends to bring a blimish. cards are what you have I hope been convinct. are attended with temtations not to be hazarded by those who are obligd to Shun all apperance of evil.

I beg of you to learn the rules of Singing if possible, that so you may freequently wake up your Glory, I mean your Tongue to praise God. I am rejoyct to hear so well of your proficiency by the hand of the pressident. give him no ocation to retract his good opinion but rather to strengthin him in it. I hope to send you wherewith to answer the demands on you there. Sometime in may if possible.

I have mislaid your Letter: desire you would write again directly and let me know once more when and where the commencement will be for I have forgot what you said about it: shod. there be a short vacanncy this Spring improve it to getting forward while others may be triffling; and at commencement visitt us if God continue Life and health. Daily ply the throne of Grace for pardon, Grace, & everything you need for this & the next Life: go to Christ as an allsufficient fountain of all good; get an Intrest in his favour, then you are happy & Safe, without it most miserable. Constantly ask his assistance and Blessing on your Studies, that is the most likely way to Excell. this do in the exercise of faith and then you may humbly hope for acceptance & a Blessing and have many gracious promises to incourage your hope: it is wisdoms voice they that Seek me early shall find me: and God

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never said to any of Jacobs Seed Seek ye me in vain.

I pray God keep and Bless you and abuntantly fit you to do Service for him in the world when I shall be Silent in the Dust. we all Send our Love to you & Respects love & Service to all Relletives & friends. I desire a line by the first oppertunity in which let me know the Several particulars of your weekly charge, that So I may conduct accordingly. there will be no difficulty now of Sending to Capt. fundas at any time: and I intreet you to mend your Spelling: practice and Care will soon do it; Spare no pains call in the assistance of an intimate friend, and every Spare minute may be improved:—

Your affectionate father—

EPHM WILLIAMS

III

June ye 10 1750

DEAR CHILD:

I have but a moment to write; and first, fault you for omiting your Duty by your Brother.

I am glad to here of your having got so into favr with the President, pray don't do any thing to forfit it but use all possible endeavors to increas it; don't forget these cautions: and if possible make proficiency in spelling writting & Singing: but above all secure an instrest in Christ and labour after a solid and well founded hope and assurance of it.

I send you Dr. Watts[ls] orthodoxy and Charity—Do.—Colemans Life there is very good things to be got in boath

I also send you Mr Wrights treatise on Being Born again and I Desire and charge you to read it frequently; it is an excelent Directory and the rules plain and practicable: and observe well his councils and cautions in his excellent discourse in the close from Exodus 23 v 2. And may God teach you to proffitt by all advantages for your Souls good; and besure to pray daily for his Spirritt to sanctifie all meens for your everlasting good, comfort, and Joy, both now and forever.

Mine with your mothers Love to you, and Service to all friends perticulerly to all Rellitives &c

Your very affectionate father

EPHM WILLIAMS

P. S. write by Mr. Woodbridge

IV

STOCKBRIDGE: March: 13th 1751

DEAR CHILD

These are to let you know I have had a very uncomfortable winter not one really well day; but am I hope through the goodness of God something better the now so poorly it is with some difficulty that I write. my advice is that you Improve all the advantages you now enjoy to prepare your selfe to do Service for God in your day and generation. now is the time, your advantages are great and your time at the school will be soon out: above all things keep close to God and let it be your constant daily practice to seek the Blessing of Heaven and all needful assistance from above, to Inable you to make proficiency in divine knowledge as well as Humane: give up and devote your selfe Soul and Body to God and beg ernestly his assistance protection and Blessing in all your ways and undertakings. wait on Christ in all His Holy ordinances: God has tied us to ordinances—the not himselfe.

leave nothing undone you shall wish you had done when Death comes. be allways actually as well as Habbittualy prepard for the coming and Kingdom of Christ, and then you may go on your way allways Rejoicing in hopes of the Glory of God

I woold Intreet you to endeavor daily to Improve your selfe in writting and Spelling, they are very ornimentall to a scholler; and the want of them is an exceeding great Blemish. I also doubt not you may with pains learn to bear a part in vocall musick; if your voice don't agree so well with the Tennor learn the Base, it is a Gracefull part of musick. as for your other studies the Revd President will best direct you: besure endeavor by your

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whole Conduct to gain in degrees of his affection by all possible dutifull Cariage towards him: one line of Recomendation from him may some time or other be of vast Service to you: Remember it. as to company, Shun all that is prophane and vicious as you woold the infection of the Plague: and Remember the Aphorisme of the wisest of Israels Kings (viz) He that walketh with the wise shall be wise but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

I have wrote to Cap^{t} Funda of Claverick to send you ten Pounds New York currancy as soon as possible, to Mr. Buckee at New York. to whome you must write, desiring him to deliver it to whome you shall direct him so soon as he shall Receive it.

Your Brother Josiahs wife brings this, don't fail of sending me a Letter by her at her Return; and lett me then hear of your wellfare and also informe me of your present Debts. I hope Co^{ll} Williams * will Return from England in a short time, by whome probbably I may be inabled to do further for you. let me know where you Board: I sho^{d} be very glad if you could get in with the President am sattisfied it might be greatly for your advantage—

I woold not have you think of coming to visitt us till the Commencement: it is so far and so chargeable: improve the vaguancy to the Best advantage, and Redeem time so that you may be Indulg^{d} longer in your visitt at the Commencement which will be very pleasing to the President as also to me. Cap^{t} Kellogg will probbabely come or send one or two Indian Boys † sometime in April or beginning of may; if they come do all in your power to keep them easey and contented & advise others to do so; don't let the least occation of offence be offer^{d} them at any time: appear their friend on all occations. I wish you the protection and guidence of Heven in all your Lawfull ways: may God Bless you & make you a Blessing in your day and Generation. with herty Love from me your mother and all of us I Subscribe your very affectionate father

Eph^{m} Williams

V

To
Mr. Elijah Williams
at newark In
newjersey—
to be left at M^{r} Buckee^{s}
In white Hall: newyork ‡

Dear Child,

I now write by the way of Albany hoping for a speedy conveyance: I woold inform you that. Cap^{t} fonda Promist Cap^{t} Kellogg some weaks ago he woold send you ten Pounds newyork curancy, which he then owed me; I hope you have got it before now; if not, or if you have, let me hear from you speedily: I very much wonder you sho^{d} be so negligent of your duty in wrighting to me. I did not think you could have omitted it for such a length of time: if you neglect your duty in other Regards in like manner, especially in the Concerns of your Soul; your case is deplorable. I once more solemnly charge you to keep close with God. in daily Secret prayer, from which you may reap abundance of comfort; the neglect of which will bring you much sorrow and bitter repentance if God ever shew you mercy. avoid bad Company; love them that behave well. incourage vertuous and manly actions, and venerate Piety wherever it appears. make a wise Improvement of time. Emulate to excell in learning, and don't forget former admonitions in many things I have cautioned you about; and besure let me have the Comfort of hearing well of you: and I pray God Bless you & quallify you for doing eminent Service for him when I shall Sleep with my fathers. we all Joyn in sending our kind love to you and are through the Goodnes of God prety well.

M^{r} Edwards is to be reinstald here

* This "Coll Williams" was his eldest son: and a great traveller and sailor for those days. J. F. D.

† These Indian boys were doubtless some of the scholars from the mission school referred to in the introduction. J. F. D.

‡ How many inhabitants living in New York City to-day know where, or what, is Whitehall. Most of them would probably say: "Why! at the head of Lake Champlain." J. F. D.

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the Second thirsday in August next.* Give my respects to Mr President and excuse my not writting to him now, my hurry woold not permitt.
my Service to all friends
from your affectionate father
EPHm WILLIAMS
STOCKBRIDGE July 7 1751

VI

To
Mr ELIJAH WILLIAMS
AT
NEWARK
NEW-JERSEY
PER FAVR OF Mr WRIGHT

STOCKBRIDGE Augt 26 1751

DEAR CHILD,

Yours by Mr Wright is come safe to hand; much rejoyce to hear of your wellfare. I Bless God for it. am Exceeding sorry to hear of Mrs Banks Death, a loud call to all the fammily in perticular to prepare for sudden Death: I expect you will be oblig[d] to look new quarters & Indeed was very Sorry when I heard you was in a Publick House. now if it be possible get in with the president; I have wrote to him to oblidge me & you. do you Second it forwith and be importunate, with great Submission for Admission. Seek and take his advice in every case wherein you think it may promote your proficiency in lerning: and besure seek it in your Soul Concerns.

I am in a very poor State of health have had last weak a most severe turn of the Asthma: am scarce able to sett up to wright this short line. I desire you to come on Board for New-york the day after Commencement to see me once more, it may be it will be the last oppertunity.

Send you 3 dollers by Mr Wright to pay your way along. will endeavor to gett a Horse to Capt fondas by then you Reach there. I am not able to Inlarge, refer you to Mr Wright for anything further.

We all send our kind Love to you & Service to friends.
from your most affectionate father
EPHm WILLIAMS

P.S.—Order matters so as to get to york the day after Com[t] if possible.

VII

STOCKBRIDGE Jany 27 1752.

DEAR CHILD,

I gladly Imbrace this oppertunity by your Brother to write you a short line to lett you know through the great goodness of God I am still mending as to my Health; wishing above all things my Soul may prosper and be in helth; and may that be your dayly care and prayer: and do remember that they who seek God early have a gracious Promise of finding him surely: give up your selfe to him daily and wait on him for his Blessing in all the ways of his appointment. draw neer to Christ at his Holy Table, it is a most scandalous neglect of multitudes to omit it: and I desire you woold let me know by a letter by your Brother, how much money you have got at New-York on Capt Kelloggs account, and how far that is likely to go. if you want any Books that the President thinks proper Buy them by means of his assistance: shall I hope be soon able to pay him again sho[d] you have any need to apply to him for any.

I hear last night 2d Hand from coz Elisha Williams of Weathersfield that his father is gott safe to Jamaca or Antego; had a very long and dangerous voyage, and the Ships crew perishd with famine had not they been Relieved and Supported out of his own Private Stores. perswade your Brother not to Buy any land in the Jerseys if you can possibly; I have laid a vastly better scheem for him hear: mine and your mothers & your sisters kind Love to you, and Respects to the President and sallutations to all friends.
from your very affectionate father
EPHM WILLIAMS.

* Jonathan Edwards was the successor of John Serjeant, coming to Stockbridge after the disruption at Northampton. He resided and preached and wrote there until 1758, when he went to Princeton to succeed his son-in-law, Aaron Burr, as president of the college.

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VIII

To
Mr. Elijah Williams
at
Newark
In the Jerseys
To the Care of Capt fonda*
to forward to
Mr Abraham Buckee
in new York for Speedy Conveyance
&cccc

Stockbridge Febʸ, 13 1752.

Dear Child

I rejoyce to hear of you wellfare and pray God continue your Health and give you wisdom and Grace to Improve it for His Glory and your and friends Joy & Comfort. I understand by your Brother what a sad complaint Madᵐ Wheeler makes of her Son Timothys Conduct: and how wickedly he imposd on her and Cap Wheeler: I desire you to go to her and find out whether she woold be willing and is desirous to inform me of the whole of his management and also how much the things were worth that were unjustly taken from Her, with a desire to me to discourse him on the affair: I believe I can make him ashamed of it and do her Justice, he is in a good capacity now to do it. lett the whole case be fully laid open & what evidence can be sent & Madᵐ Wheeler sign it with her own Hand. give my Humble Service to her & tell her I heard of it before but could not believe it till now. I suppose Capᵗ Wheeler and all on that side the question will assist: gett me Entelligence as soon as possible, I will serve her all in my power: if she dont act freely drop it I will have nothing otherwise to do with the Cause &c.

Blessed be God I am growing better I hope.

We all send our kind love to you & sallute all friends

Your affectionate fathʳ
E Williams

P.s. thank Madᵐ Wheeler kindly for the Receits she sent me, let me here from you as soon as may be.

* Will the reader please go with this letter from the frontier home of E. W. over to the Hudson River through the forest, two days' trip, to Claverack. Then see Captain Funda and ask him to take it along next time he sails his sloop down the river, and leave it at Buckee's —a house of call at the (now) Battery. There it will be stuck up over the mantelpiece, till some one happens to be going over to the Jerseys: to whom Buckee— "Prithee take this letter to the young Englishman Williams residing with the scholar Burr at New-ark." That's the way it was done doubtless.

In 1893 our Post-office Department expended $81,074,-104, part of which was used in carrying your letter from Whitehall to the Fort at Berings Straits—7,000 miles perhaps—for two cents. J. F. D.

IX

Stockbridge April 12 1752.

Dear Child

I cant forbear writing to you hopeing they will be of some service thᵒ they bring me no present Returns. We now send you to mʳ Buckees by mʳ Timothy Hopkins 3 Shirts & 2 pair of Stockings; if you want thred Stockings you must buy them: besure get your things carefully Repaired in Season. (an old saying) A Stitch in time saves nine: if you want money lett me know it. I look for Coˡˡ Williams Home from Antigua every day, hope to be able to answer your demands soon after. Prthe Remember not to Loose a minutes time you can possibly Spare in perfecting your Selfe in Spelling wrighting & Singing: these things are Essentials in a Scholler, and greatly ornimental, especially the 2 former: a Scholer and poor writer & poor Speller is a perfect Solecism. I hope the President is not wanting in giving you his friendly instructions; but above all things look to God for a Capacity to learn & a Heart & wisdom to improve all advantages while you are favourd with them. Take time by the forelock, it is bald behind; one Hour lost can neve be Recovd: our time is very short our work very Great & our account will be very Strict, & our sentence will be ereversable: ply the throne of Grace for all you want, Erly Importunate seekers are likely to be sure finders. Walke with the wise, be not a Companion of fools; be not wise in your own Eyes, be Humble watchfull prayerfull. Remember before Honour is Humillity.

let me hear from you by Mʳ Hopkins if possible &c—

We all send our love to you. these come from your most affectionate & concernd Father

Ephᵐ Williams

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X

(No date, but probably written in May, 1752.)

DEAR CHILD

I have to inform you that on Lords day the first of this Instant I was all in a moments time seized with a fit of the numb Palsy which deprived me of all sence & strength on my left side from head to foot and all most deprived me of Speech for some time; but by the Blessing of God on the meens used I am so far Recovered as to be able to sett up and write a little & walk the room some little matter: may the thretning Providence be sanctified, to me & to you, to quicken us in our preparations for a sudden Death: this is of Infinite Concernment. our life is a vapour that appears for a little time & than vanishes away. give your Selfe first to the Lord and then to his Church & People according to the will of God. that is the way to Comfort here & happiness hereafter.

I must inform you for may be this may be the Last oppertunity I may have to Instruct and Caution you for your best Good, that I have observ[d] you have made but poor proficiency in writting & Spelling; and in Reading even in the Bible: you are exceeding apt to miss words and dont observe your Stops: and you Read too fast: I beg of you to take the utmost pains to mend all those Defects: it will be esteemd an unpardonable crime to come out of Colledge: as you certainly will: so resembling one that never saw one unless you double your diligence, in amending those things: I know not what proficiency you make in other parts of learning but if they are of a Peice with what I have mentioned: and you dont amend: it woold have have been better and more especially for you that you had never gon to Colledge: a schollar: that can neither write nor Spell nor Read: is a terrible Solecism: I intreet you will take all possible pains to fitt and quallifie your Selfe so as to be an Honour to your family: to your Selfe & a great Blessing in the world in whatever Station divine Providence may fix you; and further I intreet you to learn to Sing: tho it is not so nattural as could be wisht, yet I knowe divers persons that could not sing much better than dumb persons that by taking pains have lernt to sing one part: either tenor or Base. and do it very gracefully: and that that has been done by others under like disadvantages may be done by you: your Brother Eph[m] earnestly desires you woold mend in every article mentioned in the Premises or he says your Sisters will be the Better Schollars—but care and pains and dilligence will surmount every difficulty: emaginable. The time now before you at Colledge will presently be out: and then the great advantages you now injoy for these things will end in great measure. So that it is now or perhaps never with you.

Your desirable Cozen John Williams of hatfield was sudenly carried out of the world by the nervous feevor and the Co[ll] his father in an exceedingly Low state: and your Brother Thomas the last we heard from him exceeding dangerously sick & his life allmost despaired of & what may be the next news God only knows. we are every moment liable to Death in unthot of ways: your Brother got an unhappy fall from his Horse, which begun his Illness—tho he was all most recovered got out to soon and got cold and emediately Relapst. it is a month since we have heard from him: want sadly to hear and am all most afraid. Your Brother Josiah has sold his farm over the River for near four and seventy hundred Pounds and is going back again over the Pond. and Josiah Jones is going also: and we are going to Build a sawmill just by their doars there now directly: your Sister Josiahs wife has a great mind her Brother Thomas should come and settle close by them: the land that we have contrived for him to have if he will come is one Hundred acres Joyning on your Brothers, their Housis may be within 3 or 4 score Rod of each other: and the Hundred acres will not cost above one hundred Pounds their currancy: and just by the sawmill. & a Black Smith they will want forth with: among them. for there is like to be 6 or 7 fammily very soon. I desire you woold discourse with some of your

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uncle days folks. and let them know these things: if you can, see Thomas him selfe: I suppose it will be greatly for his advantage tho it be 3 mile from meeting, it is a good level Road not one Hill in it: and it will be handy to where the meeting House must stand in that society over the Pond, which will not be long first; and the sawmill so neer it will be easy building: and there is the best of timber on the Land for Building. if Mr day or any of his Brothers have a mind to come or if he cant they must convey a letter to your Brother or to me as soon as possible for there are persons anough stand ready to buy but we will let nobody have the land till we hear from them. you had best go to Brother days as soon as may be and read him this parregraff, We all send you & Brother days family our kind Love & Mr Jonathan Sergt & family and Sister Coopers with sallutations to all friends. pray get us an answer to these Requests, as soon as may be and let me know if you have got the money that Capt Kellog wrote for &c

I am your very affectionate father—

Ephm Williams

P.S.—I woold have wrote to Brother day & Mr Sergt do you tell them but I am not able the doctors will not allow me to write nor Read but a few minutes at a time: and the Berer is just going also: tell Mr Sergt I expect to send him his money for Mrs. Sergts Tomb-Stone in a very short time if an oppertunity presents for safe conveyance &c.

E W——s

XI

Stockbridge June 17 1752

Dear Child

I with much difficulty wright you a few lines Just to let you know, that my Health & Strength seem to Decline Daily, and I dont Expect to continue long here unless some Remarkable appearance of Heaven shold Prevent: may a Gracious & merciful God prepare me for whatever his Holy will shall be concerning me. I desire to be Humbly waiting on God my Salvation for all things needful either for my Comfort here or my Happiness hereafter; it is also my earnest desire & Prayer to God to Bless you and make you a Blessing to inable & dispose you to Improve your time & pressent oppertunities & advantages for boath Soul & body dilligently wisely & faithfully. now or never is the time to provide for Eternity. now or never is the only time to quallyfie your Selfe to serve God & your Generation: let me therefore press you Husband well your time, while you injoy such a preasious season. not one past moment can ever be Recald. indeavor to perfect your Selfe in every thing that is likely to Serve your best Intrist. I desire you woold observe in your wrighting to make proper Distances between words: dont Blend your words together: & use your utmost endeavors to Spell well, consult all Rules likely to help you: & such words as Require it allways begin with a Cappitol Letter: it will much Grace your wrighting: try to mend your Hand in wrighting every day all oppertunities you can possibly get to Consult Letters. observe Strictly Gentlemens meathod of wrighting and superscribing it may be of Service to you: you can scarce Conceive what a vast disadvantage it will be to leave the Colledg & not be able to write & Spell well: learn to write a pretty fine Hand as you may have ocation: as for other parts of learning I hope I need not say anithing: the Pressident will he tells me let you know anything you ask of him: and gladly Serve you all in his powr. never be backward in asking his advice: it may greatly Serve you hereafter. he tells me you have made a laudable proficiency the last year. may God inable you to go on & prosper & Bless your Studyes. Seek to him. ply the throne of Grace Day & night & cease not till you have obtaind a well Grounded hope that you are safe in Christ that your Sins are frely pardond & you are Sanctified & Justified in the name of the lord Jesus & by the Spirrit of God. See your own nothingness & utter unworthiness of any mercy. See your polution & vileness & cry mightily to God: for clensing by the Blood of Christ, and for his Holy Spirit to enlighten & Sanctify you &

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Confirm you daly more & more to his moral likeness & Image: there is but one thing that deserves our highest care & most Ardent desires, and that is we may answer the great End for which we were made; viz to glorify God & do all the good we possibly can to our fellow men, while we live in the world. Carefully improve time precious time. when you cease from labour & other Studies, fill up your time in Reading meditation & Prayer and let your Heart be Imployed as much as possible in divine thoughts and allways look up to Christ for strength & Grace to inable you to perform every duty of the Christian life: beg his assistance in all things, he is a very libberall giver & never said to the Seed of Jacob Seek ye me in vain. & I pray God give you understanding in all things. Behave with all possible Respect to the Revd President: he will sett you an example of all that is truly valluable: keep Company with the wise & you will grow wiser. Shun bad Company as much as possible, they are only a pest to humane society & ought to be carefully avoided: Conversation that will proffitt is realy valluable & such only is. I want to hear the Pressidents determination as to his voyage to Great Brittain: let me hear from you by the first oppertunity, and as often as may be: besure write by madm Edwards: we are all beside my selfe in some measure of Helth & send our kind Love to you & pleases to salute the Pressident & all friends. Remember & practice the above precepts. and I pray God Bless them to your advantage &c—
from your carefull & most affectionate Father

Ephm Williams

Elijah Williams

XII

Stockbridge March 29 1753

Dear Child,

I have received your Letter of Feby: 28. 1753. with Joy, & Bless God to hear of your Health & Proficiency. I observe you have mended much in your wrighting & Spelling. nevertheless you have left Room to Grow, therefore shall chearfully continue my Instruction to you &nd propose what Rule well observd will be of Service to you; viz Attend the Rules laid down in the youths Instrucktor in the English Tounge: from Dixon Bailey Owen and Strong: Printed at Boston 1746. I direct you to furnish your Selfe with one Speedily. you must not follow my Hand wrighting for an Example, for I am apt to mistake: I never had but Common English Learning:, I was when young several winters under Capt Goddard master, he was a Excellent master, a good Speller & charming wrighter also fine Arithmetition. Kept School at Boston many years and once told me as he was once walking down King Street met Judge Davenport, who stopt a minute, and said Capt Goddard there is one word I have often seen in your writing which you all ways spell wrong; —Sr your Servant; & he said he never forgot it in his life; I wou'd have enlarg'd but am not able. I beg of you to git the Book I directed you too, and spend some time Every day in Looking into it, let me have a speedy answer. I commend you to the Grace of God & remain.

yr affectionate father

Epm Williams

P.s. presst my Service to ye Predt & his Lady

XIII

Stockbridge June 4th 1753

Dear Child

I gladly imbrace every oppertunity to know how the State of my Helth stands, & that of friends. I have been seemingly growing better till a few days since a remarkable Providence hapend, by which I lost perhaps 2 quarts of Blood in about 24 Hours: but I hope it is Stopt; what will be the Event time will Reveal. I refer the Circumstances of this affair to Mr Badgers information &c It seems to me you a little forgett the 5th Commt in neglecting to write to me in my age & under such a complication of Bodily mallidies: it will not be but a little time

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before all Correspondence of this kind will cease for Ever &c ; & this is the best Season for Speedy conveyance, therefore improve it. Remember to Improve well present time, our all depends on it Respecting Boath time & Eternity : the Book of Sollomons wise Proverbs is an Excellent Peice to be dailly Read. I mean Some portion of it : and indevour to Treasure it up in your memorie & allways look to God for his blessing on it. It is perhaps as well adapted as any of the Sacred wrighting to make you wise to Salvation. I hertily wish I had made it my business in youth to have made it master of the whole, & perhaps my memorie was then able to have attaind to : it would have in Some measure quallified me to entertain Conversation the most proffitable on all most all ocations &c &c. But I trespass on my doctors direction in writting so much as this : therefore bid you farewell. Mercy & Truth be with you : Amen : If oppertunity present give my Duty to Gov^{r} Belcher & Lady : & inform his Excelency that Providence has forbid my writting more than 25 moneths, my Head will not bear Reading or writing & Tell if I dare presume to aske such fav^{r} it would be to Receive a short line from his Exelency &c

& give my Regards to the President & his Spouse & sallutations to all friends perticculerly Sister Cooper & M^{r} Jonthar Serg^{t} & Spouse and all sisters fammily. & I hope the money will infallibly Come at Com—t

We all send you our Loves : your sister dwights poorley.

yours affectionately
E. Williams.

XIV

(Addressed to Stockbridge)

Dearfield Aug^{t} 14th 1753.

Dear Children.

(Viz) Elijah, Judith and Elizebeth, Williams.

I hope I may live to see you again by Gods leave, but it very uncertain. For wheather I shall be able to take a Jorney to you & Return hear before Winter is quite uncertain, unless I sho^{d} gett helpe from a difficulty that yett remains. I was taken with a Pain in the Pitt of my stomach & through my body in left side down to my Hip ; & Can not be free from it never since, night nor day : ever Breath I drow Effecs me : but 2 days past it is mov^{d} higher up near my sholder but still from my stomach to my back. unless that is mov^{d} I shall not be able to Ride. sho^{d} it be so, I shall have a great desire to see Elijah before you go to the Jerseys before Commencement ; if your mother can be spard to come here, so timely as you can, come with her. and I shall be very glad to se Elize hear before she returns to Weathersfield, which I perceive they trust she proposses to do shortly. I desire also Elijah will not enter into now new bargain with his Brother unless he will sell him the one Hundred & fifty-five acres of Land, and at the Price he took it, till I have an oppertunity to see you. I have a great desire you sho^{d} go to Cambridge Colledg the winter coming ; I think further learning may prove more for your advantage than money or land :—
but above all things Improve time to the best purposes : time is very short & very pressious. now is the accepted time and now is the day of Sallvation. and a very little time more may be in which your Eternity Depends. I must beg you to be close in your attendance on the Publick worshyp of God, & dayly seek God in your clossett : & Christ has sufficiently and graciously incourag^{d} you so to do. I would gladly inlarge but I cant stoop to wright it so hurts my stomach. the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with each one of you. Amen.

My most affectionate Love I send you, & desire to hear from you seveally by a Line &c

from your most affectionate father
Eph^{m} Williams

P—s.—Judith I desire you to send me 2 good choice cheeses, one old one & one new, I will pay you to content for them—I will send my leather bags to bring them in &c.

E— W——s

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XV

(Addressed to Stockbridge)

SPRINGFIELD Sep^{br} 1– 1753

DEAR CHILD

I have Receivd yours the day before yesterday but have had no oppertunity to discourse with your Brother. nevertheless I had rather you sho^{d} come Home than take in a stranger; if your Inclination is to manage the Farme you must either have an eye Steadely over the Servants otherwise it will come to nothing. I dont know what he means by leaving the Stock & negroes you dont know what Stock there is. I believe some of the young oxen at Massachusetts * he intends to sell at Hatfield, you had best look to that. and as to the negroes you had best agree what you must give for them in case you sell them when you please and buy other helpe unless they please and lett him know. if I sho^{d} not come back to live at Stockbridge, he is to Remember I must have an Equivelent for all my Privelidges. (viz). the House Room, a Horse allways kept, firewood fitted at the door, and allso Two acres of land at the door: all which will undoubtdly be worth one Hundred Pounds p^{r} year old tenor &c &c— then there is & will be a great Charge to bring forward the farm forthwith, or it will be of small proffitt. and every Stroak Cutt on the farm will be more proffitt to him than to you when it returns into his Hand—especially if the lease be short. the Swamp must be flowd before winter. & there must be propprer sheads sett up before winter and more barn Room. all such things and necessary Charge of finishing the House will be his proffitt & ought to be at his Expence &c—but I cant on a Sudden & in my pressent Hurry do but little about it I believe you had need to be well advised & Counceld: wish Co^{ll} Dwight † was to advise in the Case, he will be at Home anone: and I hope to see you before you finish any bargain: till I see you you cant act nothing leagally till your of age &c; wheather you will not be oblidg^{d} to go to the Jerseyes before your mother comes down I dont know but conclude you must & if so there will be time to Informe me further, before anything further is compleated. dont be concernd at all with Collhoon: I can gett better helpe, he has no more Contrivence than a babe &c—but I wish you may be well directed & that the Smiles of Providence may allways attend you: & that above allthing your Soul may Prosper & be in Health &c—

In utmost Hurry from your Loveing father.

EPH^{m} WILLIAMS

ELIJAH WILLIAMS

* This means Fort Massachusetts, situate near Greylock Mountain and commanded by his Son Col. E. Williams. J. F. D.

† His Son-in-law.

XVI

To
M^{r} ELIJAH WILLIAMS
IN
STOCKBRIDGE
P^{r} M^{rs} GRAVES.

DEERFIELD, Octo^{br} 11—1753

DEAR CHILD

I have but a minute to write in, but least what I sent by the way of Hoosuk sho^{d} fail, I would now tell you if it be possible gett buck wheat Straw of the Indians, you may for a trifle; it is high time to do it; and lay a good Cock Round each Tree; but dont lett the Straw come within two foot of the body of the trees least the mice bark the trees; in the Spring of the year you may lay the Straw near the tree, it need not be renewed more than once in two or three year if you lay it about a foot thick at first, and about 7 or 8 feet Round from the tree. you Cant Conceive the benefitt of it, you never need to plow up your orchard any more in case you practice doing so: unless you do the orchard so directly your orchard will begin to decay forthwith. I am more sencible of the want of aples than perhaps you may be aware of. I have sent as farr as northfield & northampton and all the Towns Round to gett 6 Barrills of apples, & dont yet know I can gett any at all; so that you need not feer takeing too much pains about

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bringing on a good orchard. The Indians and father Elias allways Rais buck-wheet, and the straw Rotts where it is thresht in the feild; you may allways gett a supply which I sho[d] Esteem a great privilledge :—

Tell your sisters they must send my things & your mothers things as you can gett oppertunity: if you send the things I wante seasonably to Poontoosuk,* Co[ll] Bicle will Bring my things when he comes down, which will be pretty soon. I hope you have gott some shrub for me, want it; it is a sickly time still with us & in the neighbouring Towns. M[r] Williams of Hadley very Dangerously sick if Living. I want to hear of your wellfare, for which I am ever concernd: I wish Elize could contrive to lett me see her as she goes to weathersfield, if she purposses to winter there. Co[ll] Dwight lodg[d] with us & M[r] Quincy the last night but one; was then well, hoped to gett home next satturday night.

Wee are in some comfortable measure of Health hear, I mean in your brothers fammily: lett me hear from you by the first oppertunity: mine with your mothers Love to all of you. wishing you all Happiness hear and Eternall Happiness & Blessedness in the Comeing world &c.—from your very affectionate father

EPH[m] WILLIAMS.

P—s—I want the Red Jackit & blue millatary Britchis & the Green old winter Jackit some good chease & the shrubb &c &c &c

XVII

(Addressed to Stockbridge.)

DEERFIELD nov[br] 7th 1753

DEAR CHILD

I write to lett you know the doct[r] is come home & left his wife in a hopefull way of getting well, but exceeding weak. She has nott gone once across the Room as yet; he left her last friday morning; he is in some hopes of her being able to come about a fortnight hence: it was a wonderfull deliverance from emediate death. We think it very strange we dont hear from you from no quarter at all: We did expect to se Eliza before now. woold have her come by Westfeild: it is so late it is not safe comeing by poontoosuk, if you don't keep the old Horse very well he will never be able to come again, and his shoos must be Remov[d] & Sharpt.

You must send the things that have been sent for: & also the thing I put over my head to keep my Ears warm which I button under my chin: your mother desires you to send her a quarter of a yard of callico, of your sister Dwights; the same peice you talkt of getting her a Gown for; she wants it to border her petticoet with. Cloe wants her shoos extremely, and I shod be very glad you would gett me a pair of very good Doublesold shoos for winter if you can gett M[r] Bancroft to make them for upper leather the same thick calve skin he made my pumps of & if you have got some of Turners sole leather I believe that will be good. I can not stir out abroad my shoes are so thin: & tell your Brother Eph[m]† I want to see him very much before he goes to Boston—he will no doubt come by northampton—I desire him to be sure to come hear, before he goes down &c &c: I am very apt to take cold if I stir abroad, otherwise I am much as I have been of some time. the rest of us are pretty welle. we dont hear from Cap[t] Kellog since I wrote you before. We all send you our kind love to all of you. and Service to friends. wishing you Soul Prosperity as well as Bodily. & am your affectionate & very thoughtfull-Father—

EPH[m] WILLIAMS

XVIII

(Addressed to Stockbridge.)

(No date: written from Deerfield in the winter of 1754.)

DEAR CHILD

I much wonder you have not let me hear from you till now; it seems to be forgotten by you, as you may find written in the 4th Chapter of Proverbs

* Poontoosuk was the old, and Indian name of Pittsfield—still retained in the lake north of that town. J. F. D.

† This son—Col. Williams—was then a member of "The General Court" of the Province.—J. F. D.

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which I desire you to read; the whole of it frequently: & I desire all of my Children to do likewise. & the Contents of that Chapter also: & frequently Read the whole Book, they are excellent Aphorisms of the wisest of men, worthy of your daily study and close application, and earnest prayer to God for his Blessing on. I never forget you in my daily supplications to God in my closit & in our social worship in the family. Remember what God says by the mouth of his Prophite in and Christ says in Matthew 6th Chap^{r} & 6 verse: there you will find a blessed & gracious promise of being heard & Rewarded openly.

I am under as comfortable a state of Health as I have been of late: but that is poorly and my limbs much fail me especialy my knees my thighs & rms and my out ward man is sencibly failing daily. Pray for me all of you that my Inward man may be Renewed day by day. Remember former Councels and keep close to God: and then you may hope he will keep you from temptations or deliver from them and preserve blameless to his heavenly kingdom. Amen: I cant write but a very little, it distresses my Head so that I cant bear it, therefore you must lett me hear from you the oftenner. I much want to hear from you but much more to see you all. I hope God will give me leave and oppertunity to do so once more but if he does not, his will be done. I commit all of you my Dear Children to the tender care & keeping of the good Providence and special grace of God who is able to keep what we thus commit to him, & will keep all such as do so till that day to whome be Glory forever. Amen. I long to hear the unhappy differences at Stockbridge were happyly ended. then I should hope the God of Love and Peace would be and abide with you all. Pray for it earnestly daily and commit all your ways to God, and he will direct your steps for you. I hope you will come and see me as soon as you can. I have wrote to your Brother to come this way from Boston and hope he will be hear by the weak after next at furthest. I expected he woold have been hear with you in december, and I want some money extremely. I hear it is likely the Court will Rise next Weak. If your Brother and you sho^{d} be hear about the weak after next, and there sho^{d} be good slaying I sho^{d} be glad to come with your mother and give you a visitt but I have but one Horse—

I send my most affectionate and kind Love to all of you & sallutations to all friends. and Pray that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may be with you all: Amen.

from your loving and tender father

Eph^{m} Williams.

XIX

(Addressed to Stockbridge.)

Deerfield, March 30th—1754.

Dear Child:

Wee want much to hear and know, the perticuler circumstances of the Plott* against the English at Stockbridge. Pray don't fail of leting me know as soon as possible. Your mother purposses to sett out home next monday by the way of Poontoosuk: if she fails you might Send a Horse for her the latter end of next weak &c—I have got from Roxbury some choice frute Ciences (*sic*): they are wrote on severaly: those for Cherys are very fine from England. I think there is but four of them. they are long enough to make two Each of them: graft them on the little Chery tree close to the Bee House. Cutt all the limbs of and sett all the cyons on that topp: it will be more likely to live then to leave any of the limbs alive to suck away the sap from the Cyons: & Cutt of every limb of the pare trees & graft boath those trees with orange pares toward the tops of those trees. & Cattern and Genitia pears all on the peare trees: all the other Cyons which I send & them which you coold graft on thorns don't move them till next year so that if they live they then may be transplanted—

But above all things take care to gett your Soul Ingrafted in the true olive Christ Jesus & you will be safe & Happy for Ever. Amen &c—my love to all of your

from your tender father

Eph^{m} Williams

* Hostile Indian troubles.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

My young friend Felix has been holding forth to me upon the importance of substituting, in thought and speech, the word "civilization" for the word "culture." "Culture," Felix says, is not so much what we need in this new country, as "civilization." By civilization, as I understand him, he means something more than that we should eat with forks instead of knives. He means, I take it, that we should learn to be better worth talking to, better worth eating with, better worth living and associating with generally, and more worthy of being alive. Perhaps he feels as others have felt, that we lack distinction, and would have us get it, but whatever our need is, as he sees it, he doesn't think that "culture" expresses the means by which we may supply it. It is true that "culture" suggests somewhat exclusively the cultivation of the intellectuals, the reading of books, the study of languages, the hearing of hard music, and the inspection of difficult pictures. Felix does not deny that "culture," so understood, may help on the civilization that he cries out for, but he maintains that people may be civilized without being especially intellectual, and without attaining to any very notable flights of culture. To his sort of civilization, to know good books is a help, but hardly as much so as to know good people. Religion is a great power in promoting it. The arts and travel help it much; the sciences and trade not so directly. Yet people may be ever so learned, ever so pious, and travelled, and picture-wise, and yet not be civilized; so that to square with his ideal is no play-day undertaking.

And yet it is a useful ideal and worth taking some thought about. The people who are the most civilized may or may not be the worthiest people, but they are the pleasantest, and the ones who seem to get the most out of life. The French are undoubtedly better civilized than the Americans, and given the same apparatus, they are able to have more fun with it. In that particular they are ahead of the Americans; yet that they are worthier than the Americans is what even their hardiest admirer would hesitate to aver, and what no good American would admit for a moment. Their capacity for legitimate enjoyment seems to be greater than ours—for illegitimate enjoyment too, it may be, but that we do not envy them. If they get more pleasure than we do out of talk, out of eating and drinking, out of art and music and the theatre, out of family life and their social relations generally, in respect to those matters their civilization is better than ours, and they are fit examples for our emulation.

While "culture," according to the common acceptance of it, is largely the cultivation of the mind, civilization, as Felix understands it, would seem to be the cultivation of the sympathies, the tastes, and the capacity for giving and receiving sound pleasures. The most civilized man is the man with the most catholic appreciation, the man who can be the most things to the most people, the man, to put it briefly, who knows best how to live. The man who is civilized can use all the culture he can get; but he can get on and still be civilized with a very moderate outfit of it. But the man who has culture and has not

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civilization is very badly handicapped. He may get a certain satisfaction out of living, but he will *contribute* only very moderately to the satisfaction of others. He may be respected, but he will hardly be cherished.

Provided he has books enough and is of an intellectual turn, a man may get culture all by himself, but he will hardly get a high degree of civilization except by rubbing against other persons. That is one reason why the most important of all civilizing agencies is the family. What libraries and picture-galleries are to culture, rightly regulated homes are to civilization. What a strong and thoroughly civilized family, that knows its business and improves its opportunity, can do toward the civilization of a raw American city, can only be appreciated after long residence in cities where such families do not exist. It should be an encouragement to Felix and a source of satisfaction to all of us, that so sane an observer as Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, states as one of the chief bases of his hopes for the duration of our Republic, that "a better family life prevails among our people than was known to any of the republics that have perished, or, indeed, to any earlier century."

In Mr. Robert Grant's paper upon "Income," mention was made of a father whose anxiety all centred in the provision for the future of his girls, his belief being that to bring up a daughter in luxury and then leave her with less than $5,000 a year, was, "a piece of paternal brutality." Mr. Grant takes issue with this opinion, and I agree with him; though perhaps for somewhat different reasons and with a wider application. "Luxury" is perhaps an unfortunate word, since it may be interpreted into habits of folly or extravagance, which would of course take the force out of an adverse argument; but if it means —what the father undoubtedly *did* mean —the enjoyment of the opportunities for reasonable pleasure and freedom from care which money affords — then there could not be a more wrong-headed theory of the education of girls, or boys either, than that which would deprive them of these things because the chances are that they cannot always continue to have them. Not even the old exploded theories as to the systematic physical "hardening" of children were more erroneous. Teachers of hygiene no longer talk about these as though warm clothing, proper food, and civilized habits did not produce a race better fitted to meet the physical struggle for life than do privation and chilliness; all the figures are against them, like those compiled as far back as our Civil War, which showed how invariably the well-nourished troops from communities where a higher standard of living prevailed, outmarched, outstayed, and — other things being equal — outfought those to whom the "hardening" process seemed to have been most thoroughly applied by circumstance.

In other than physical matters, the lesson seems slower to learn. Yet the capital furnished by a properly exercised but unworn, unfagged, undiscouraged mind and morale, may be no less valuable than that of an unexhausted constitution. *Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus*, is good moral hygiene. Those worthy citizens who still preach the gospel of Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, are generally found insincere when brought to book, or else are among the men whom nothing educates. If my choice were free, I would rather give my boy the memory of a fairly happy and untrammelled life up to twenty, and leave him nothing then but a consequent reasonable optimism, an unsapped courage, and a disposition to regard money as a means rather than an end, than keep him constantly face to face with a spectre of possible poverty, fill him full of premature cares, and leave him five thousand or twenty-five thousand a year and no memories, or well-grounded healthy tastes, or world to live in, indeed, except such as he commonly sets out to make for himself under these circumstances, which is worse than nothing. And though with girls there may be a very considerable difference in their power to decide the conditions of their life by their own effort, I cannot be made to believe that they will have less of that power, when need comes upon them, because of a well-filled past and a well-rounded development amid a

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certain degree of comfort. As a matter of fact and observation, among the girls one knows who have been left to make their living, after a youth in which someone has made it for them, which have made the best success of it? According to my own report, those whose best practical capital has been what they absorbed, rather perhaps than consciously acquired, during their time of "luxury." Running over the names of a dozen who have made themselves a competence from nothing, I am myself surprised at the proportion which supports my theory; and of the rest, I doubt if anyone attributed her success to the hardening of needless economies.

Unhappily, the most of us have no choice and must do our pinching whether or no; but if we have a choice, let us not worry because we have given our children more than they can always have. It is possible to make worse investments for them than those in the savings-bank of memory.

How is it about gossip? Is there a justification for it? Does it serve any purpose useful enough to warrant its existence? Does a person who refuses to take part in it show himself superior to his fellows, or does he shirk an obligation that he owes to society? When Jack Hairbrain's attentions to young Mrs. McFliget become audaciously conspicuous, and the whole community sits around and discusses them, is the community engaged in a valuable work that demands to be done, or is it merely giving evidence of its malicious dispositions and the emptiness of its mind?

There are offences against society which it is the duty of the district-attorney, when he learns of them, to bring to the notice of the grand jury, to the end that their perpetrator may account to the law for his actions. There are also doings which society regards as offensive to itself, of which the district-attorney can take no notice, and which are not of sufficient turpitude to engage the grand jury's attention. But in every household there are self-constituted grand jurors who sit on malfeasances of this sort when the gossips bring the news of them. Yet the gossips, instead of being commended for their vigilance, are pretty generally execrated, and most of us, when we share their labors, do it at some cost to our own self-respect, and very likely execrate ourselves.

Now, it is possible that in the loftiness of our conceptions we condemn ourselves overmuch, and restrain a propensity that has been cultivated in us for good. Gossip that pries into hidden proceedings, that suggests worse motives than appear, that carries tales and makes defamatory suggestions, is one thing. Gossip that discusses facts that are patent is another. If we should see Jake Hardman running away with Charles McFliget's pocketbook, we should think ill of ourselves if we did not cry "Stop Thief!" and join in the chase after the rascal. But suppose we think we see Jack Hairbrain in the act of robbing McFliget of the affections of his wife. Are we really entitled to think better of ourselves for holding our tongues and overlooking this apparent larceny, than if we expressed our sentiments freely one to another? If there is enough talk, Flora McFliget's ears will be close-stopped indeed if some of it does not find its way into them. Is it a kindness to her or to Jack to let their behavior pass unnoticed? When there is a bridge down on the railroad and a train is coming, it may be disconcerting to the engineer to halloo and wave a red flag at him, but after all it is kinder to jar his nerves a little while there is still time to pull up, than out of an extreme politeness to let him go to destruction.

Besides, have we not ourselves and our own morals to consider, and how it may affect our own standards of behavior to look on without remonstrance at such doings as Jack's and Flora's? If we ignore that sort of impropriety when it is done in plain sight, we may come presently to think there is nothing amiss in it, and even to take a turn at it ourselves.

It seems possible that because gossip is disagreeable it does not get even the moderate amount of credit that is its due. It is conceded to be lively talk, but it is felt to be unamiable and even mean. But if it were wholly bad, decent people of strong convictions about right and wrong would not countenance it, whereas such people

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do at times countenance and even take part in it, and not without occasional good results.

People do not abstain from crimes for fear of being talked about, but they do oftentimes check themselves in indiscretions out of regard for us gossips, and what we may say about them. Newspapers take pretty complete charge of society nowadays, and with some slight help from the courts see that human conduct is regulated before it gets intolerable. But the newspapers cannot take cognizance of everything, and some things which they are compelled to overlook it may be our province as gossips to see to. If Jack Hairbrain and Mrs. McFliget actually elope, the newspapers will attend to their case down to its remotest details; but so long as their dispositions are susceptible of cure, a worse thing may happen than for the gossip's court to take note of their case and try to laugh them back to good behavior.

WHEN an experienced writer, essayist, journalist, traveller, and a man of the world, deliberately introduces into a picture of New York life a fascinating heroine whose most indispensable diversion is her cigarette, we are bound to take her seriously and to ask ourselves what is the range and importance of the element in our society of which she is a type. Of course there is nothing essentially immoral in cigarette smoking. In an American woman it offends because of its present associations in the American mind. It has no such associations in some other countries, and if the practice spreads it may gradually cease to have any such associations here. But as yet it calls up images, if not reminiscences, of the *petit souper* and of other things which do not go well with the American idea of womanhood not only pure but innocent.

I suppose that there is no question that the charming creature who exhales the odor of tobacco and vague adventure through the pages of the novel in question is not singular in her taste and habit, and that there is a certain number of women in a certain region of "society" who, without her antecedents or her aspirations, have succeeded in acquiring the cigarette art, and like it. Probably the liking is not for the physical effect, which must have been intensely disagreeable at first, but for that taste of freedom implied in doing things suggestive of naughtiness, but not at all involving it. How great this number is, no one can accurately say; but I imagine its relative importance can easily be exaggerated, and its relative importance is the only real importance it has. In a community where wealth and leisure and the occupations compelled by idleness advance and multiply rapidly, as they do in New York, the number of women who thrust their eager feet just across the line fixed by old conventions may be considerable and its proportion to the total still be insignificant. And though the influence of such a number may seem to be formidable, I do not believe it will in reality prove so. What is likely to happen is either that the now utterly objectionable habit may become far enough established to cease to have any peculiar suggestiveness; or if this does not occur, that it will be abandoned as its novelty wears off. The latter alternative is the more probable. In any case I have no present fear that our wives or daughters will go far in the direction in which the cigarette smoke of current fiction is discreetly but distinctly puffed. The forces that make for essentially sound and wholesome womanhood in American society are not the creation of yesterday, and manners really involving these forces are not fixed by the ladies who decree the fashions in gowns.

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FLOWERS OF THE AIR.

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

From the painting by F. S. Church by courtesy of Mr. John Gellatly.

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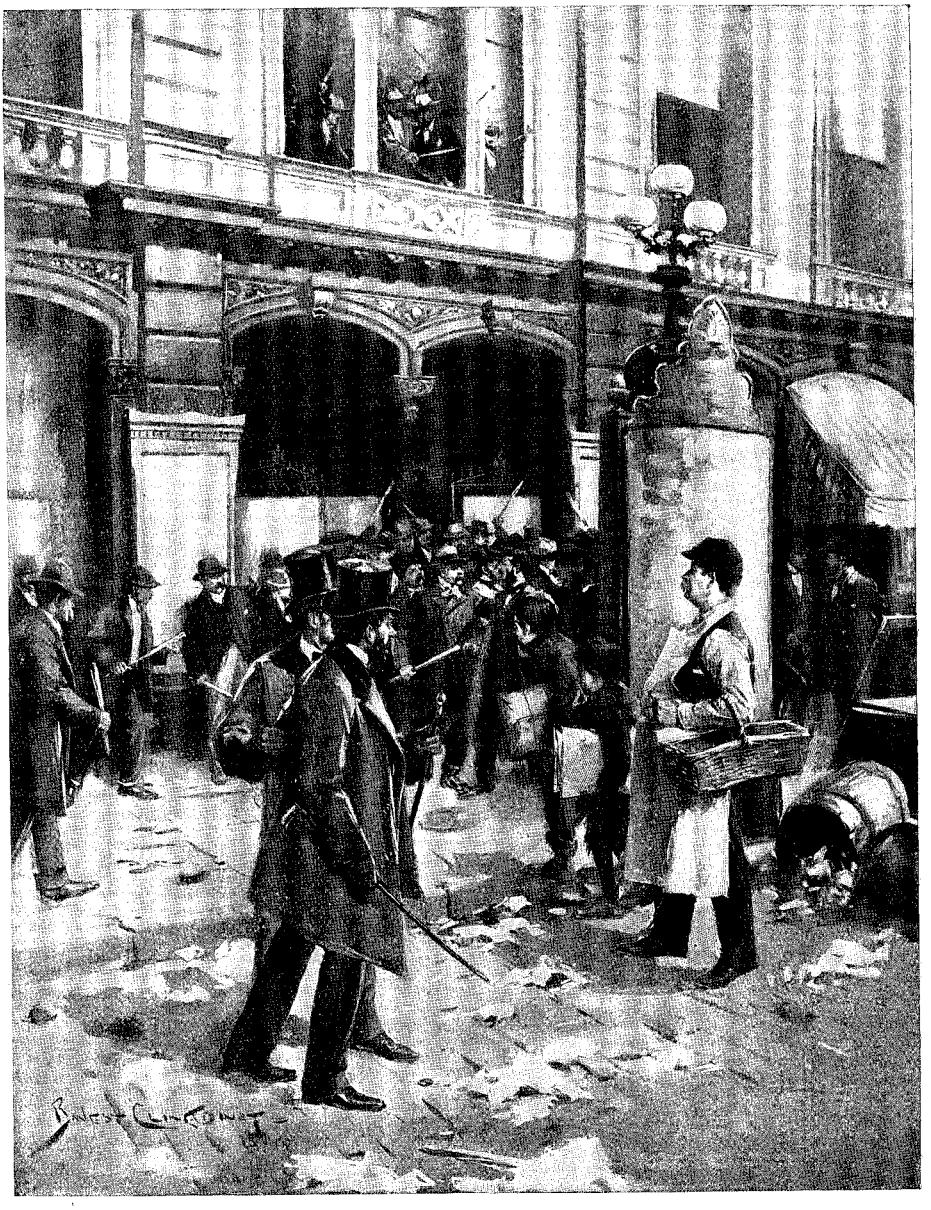

FISK AND GOULD'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

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